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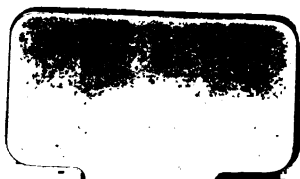
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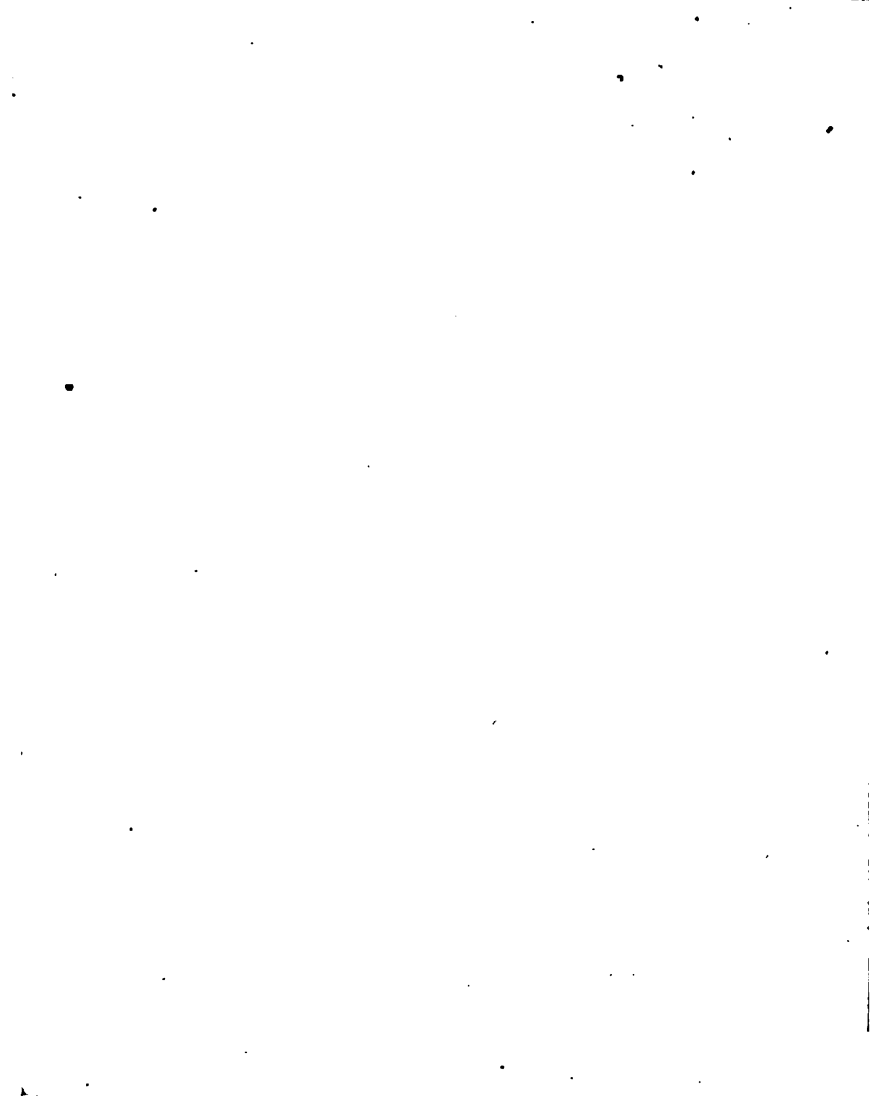
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Peter Parley's MAGAZINE.

A. CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

FOR

YOUNG PEOPLE.

LONDON:


DARTON AND CO., 58, HOLBORN HILL,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

MDCCCL.

LONDON: LEWIS AND SON, FINCH-LANE, CORNHILL.



P R E F A C E.

EMPUS FUGIT."—Time flies. Yes, time flies, my young masters, and with its flight old Peter Parley gets older ; but he hopes his heart gets mellow and his spirit riper for heaven. They ought to be doing so at all times, but especially in such times of sickness and of death as we have lately had. They would indeed make Peter Parley sad, if gratitude for mercies past and hopes for the future did not keep him happy and cheerful, even in the midst of troubles ; and therefore, he must, as usual, wish all his readers a merry Christmas, a happy new year, and all the delights of this season of gladness and mirth.

In the gloomiest time we ought not to be entirely cast down, my young friends, but should encourage a heavenly cheerfulness within us ; for in all his dispensations God is ever good to us. Though days of darkness come, yet the darkest cloud "throws its silver lining on the night," to tell us of brighter things beyond it. And so long as the bud puts forth its blossom in the spring, and the rain-

bow shall beautify the heavens, our minds may look up with faith and holy confidence to our heavenly Father, who though for a moment He may seem to turn away his face, will never forsake those that trust in Him.

Let us, then, make merry in our hearts, my dear children. Let us praise the name of Him who has saved us from the perils of this fearful time. Let us rejoice not in words, but in deeds. Let us show our thankfulness to God in acts of devotion to each other, love to our Redeemer, by affectionate duty to our parents, kindness to our schoolfellows and playmates, and charity to all mankind; for, by so doing, we may be assured of cheerfulness here and happiness in the world to come.

Be merry, but be wise at the same time, so says

Your old and affectionate friend and companion,

Peter Parley.



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PETER PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.

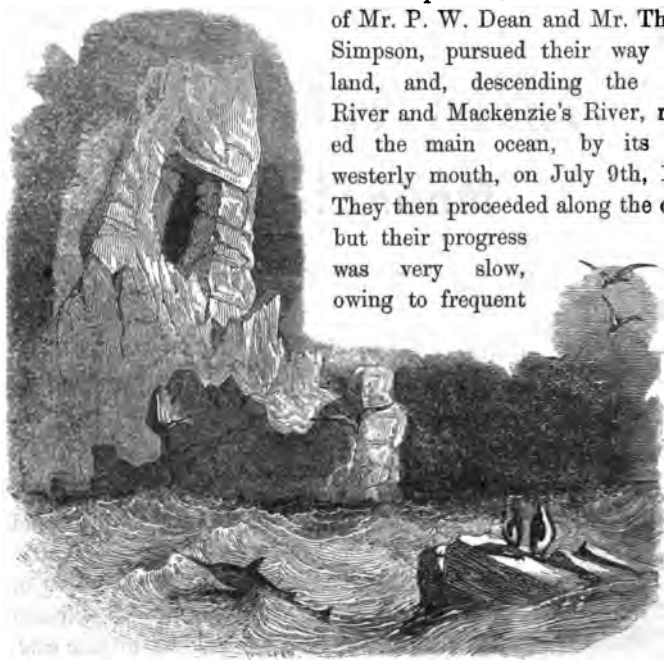
The Polar Regions.

DISCOVERY OF THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

THE polar regions have always been very interesting ; and they have become more so of late years, and especially at the present moment. Our countrymen are now pursuing their perilous voyages of discovery among those desolate countries, exposed to all the horrors of long winters and intense cold, to verify a discovery made in the year 1836, namely, that the whole of America is an island ; that is to say, that an ocean separates its most northern coast, in the west, from all parts of the eastern

hemisphere ; or, in other words, the discovery of the North-West Passage.

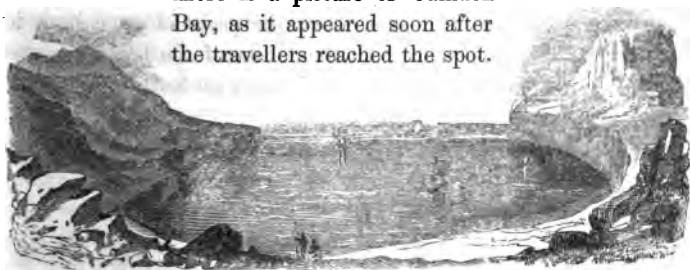
A party, fitted out by the Hudson's Bay Company, consisting of fourteen persons, under the direction of Mr. P. W. Dean and Mr. Thomas Simpson, pursued their way overland, and, descending the Glow River and Mackenzie's River, reached the main ocean, by its most westerly mouth, on July 9th, 1837. They then proceeded along the coast; but their progress was very slow, owing to frequent



obstructions from the ice, cold dense fogs, and strong head-winds. On the 11th Point Kay was reached ; and here they were detained

by a compact body of ice until the 14th, when they again continued their route till the 17th, and were then compelled to seek the shore in Camden Bay. Here they were suddenly closed in upon by vast mountains of ice, although for some short time after their arrival the bay appeared smooth and open as any of the finest bays in England.

Here is a picture of Camden Bay, as it appeared soon after the travellers reached the spot.



At the bottom of this bay a most picturesque branch of the rocky mountains rears its lofty peaks above those otherwise flat shores; at their bases flows Coleville River, two miles broad at its mouth, to the south of which stands Cape Halkett, where the travellers were detained by a north-east gale the whole of the following day. The country, extending to the foot of the mountains, appeared to consist of plains, covered with short grass and moss, a favourite resort of rein-deer, of which they saw numerous herds. Observations determined Cape Halkett to be in lat. $70^{\circ} 43' N.$, long. $152^{\circ} 14' W.$, which I should advise my young friends to look for on the map, as that is the way to understand geography.

From Cape Halkett the coast turns off suddenly to the N.N.W., and presents to the eye nothing but a succession of low banks of

frozen mud. A little further on, the coast is formed of gravel-reefs, near the extremity of which, at Point Pitt, the land turns more to the westward; here they were detained by ice till the following afternoon, when an opening presented itself, and they pursued their route. It blew a cutting blast from the north-east and the salt-water upon the oars and the rigging. At midnight they reached a narrow projecting point, across which the peaks of some high ice-bergs appeared. This point was the limits of the boat-navigation, and here Mr. Simpson undertook the journey on foot.



Simpson started on the 11th of August, with five men; Mr. Dean and other five men remained in charge of the boats. The pedestrians carried with them their arms, some ammunition, old canvas, and a few trinkets for the natives. The party proceeded in a north-westerly direction, but, after a walk of ten miles, the land suddenly turned off to the southward, forming an inlet as far as the eye could reach. At this moment they fell in with a party of Esquimaux, from whom they obtained the loan of one of their skin

canoes, to carry the party to Port Borrow. On the preceding page are pictures of two Esquimaux in their fur dresses.

Dean's Inlet is five miles from this place, yet, so low is the land, that the one shore is just visible from the other in the clearest weather; it now again blew strongly from the north-east, bringing back the cold, dense fog; but the traverse was effected by the aid of the compass; the waves ran high, and the skin boats surmounted them with great buoyancy. The party encamped on the west side of the inlet; the banks there were frozen with mud ten or twelve feet high; the country within was perfectly flat, abounded in small lakes, and produced a very short grass; but nowhere had the thaw penetrated more than two inches beneath the surface, while under the water, along the shore, the bottom was still impenetrably frozen. Not a log of wood was to be found in this land of desolation, but the party followed the example of the natives, and made their fire of the roots of the dwarf-willow in a little chimney of turf. Next morning, against three, the fog cleared for awhile; but it was still bitterly cold, and the swell beat violently on the outside of a heavy line of ice, which lay packed upon the shore.

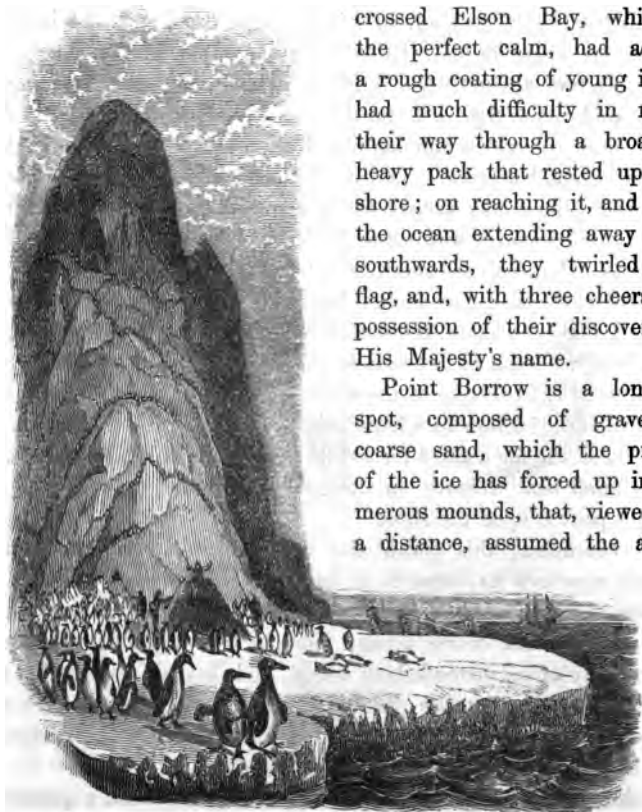
After weathering this point, the coast diverged westerly, and the party appeared to come to a large bay, which was, however, only four miles in width—this was called Mackenzie's Way, and, after passing it, the course tended more to the west-north-west; a compact body of ice extended all along, and beyond the reach of vision, to seaward; but the party carried their light vessel within that formidable barrier and made their way through the narrow channels close to the shore.

At midnight they passed the mouth of a fine deep river, a quarter of a mile wide; and in less than an hour afterwards, the rising sun

gratified them with a view of Point Borrow, stretching out to the north-north-west. They soon

crossed Elson Bay, which, in the perfect calm, had acquired a rough coating of young ice, but had much difficulty in making their way through a broad and heavy pack that rested upon the shore; on reaching it, and seeing the ocean extending away to the southwards, they twirled their flag, and, with three cheers, took possession of their discoveries in His Majesty's name.

Point Borrow is a long, low spot, composed of gravel and coarse sand, which the pressure of the ice has forced up into numerous mounds, that, viewed from a distance, assumed the appear-

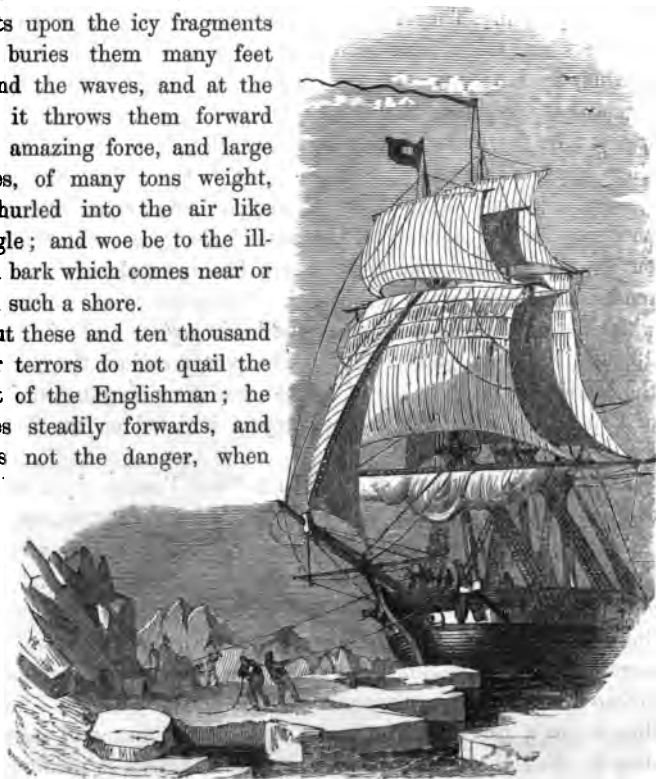


ance of high boulder rocks. At the spot where the party landed, enormous quantities of puffens were seen, which, at a distance, looked like great numbers of natives, and which shew little fear at their approach. They lined the tops of the rocks in enormous numbers, and might have been taken for a gigantic army entrenched in their icy fortresses. Upon an examination of this spot, the first object that presented itself was an immense cemetery; the bodies lay exposed in the most horrible and disgusting manner, and many of them appeared so fresh, that the men became alarmed that the cholera, or some other dreadful disease, was raging among the natives. To the northward, enormous icebergs covered the ocean, but on the western side there was a fine open channel, which extended all along to the southward. Observations were now made, which determined the position of the landing-place to be in lat. $71^{\circ} 23' 33''$ N., long. $156^{\circ} 20'$ W. The party reached the mouth of the Mackenzie on the 17th of August, and Fort Norman on the 4th of September, from whence their report is dated on the following day.

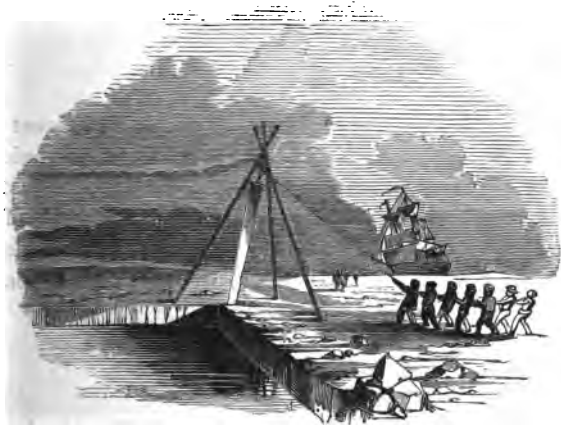
Such is the discovery of the North-West Passage, by a union of overland travels and sea voyages. At the present moment other discoveries are being made by our enterprising countrymen. In these cold regions great dangers are passed through, and many obstacles, of the most formidable kind, present themselves:—sometimes the ships are suddenly hemmed in by ice, on all sides, which increases daily in thickness, in which case there is no other way left to free themselves from the most horrible death by cold and hunger, than to cut a passage through the hard ice, by means of saws, and then to drag the ship through the small channels so produced; at

other times great storms arise, and no language can describe the terrific effect produced by the collision of the ice and the tempestuous ocean. At one moment it bursts upon the icy fragments and buries them many feet beyond the waves, and at the next it throws them forward with amazing force, and large pieces, of many tons weight, are hurled into the air like shingle; and woe be to the ill-fated bark which comes near or upon such a shore.

But these and ten thousand other terrors do not quail the heart of the Englishman; he moves steadily forwards, and heeds not the danger, when



science is to be benefited and new discoveries made; and let us hope that the arctic voyagers, of whom we have received no intelligence for some time past, may return safe and sound long before Peter Parley publishes these pages.





A Curious Fact.



THE following letter, from an intelligent young correspondent, has come to us, accompanied by a private letter from a gentleman whose trustworthiness in every way is beyond the reach of doubt, which in the fullest manner confirms the accuracy of the statement. It will remind our readers of the old saying, that, "a cat has nine lives."

" November 1st, 1848.

' DEAR MR. PARLEY,

" I AM desirous to tell you of a fact, which must be interesting to you and to your readers who are at all curious about natural history.

"The fact is this:—A lady in this street, Mrs. H——, has a cat, which brought forth a litter of three kittens, on Saturday the 23rd of September, in the morning; in the evening two of the kittens were drowned in a pail of water; when they were dead, or supposed to be so, they were buried with great care in the garden by a grandchild of the lady and a servant; the servant dug a hole, in which the dead kittens were laid, side by side; they were then covered over, and the place marked with stones.

"Last night the sound of mewing was heard in the garden, which was supposed to be that of the surviving kitten; but, on the servant



going to bring it into the house, she found, to her astonishment, one of those which had been buried, and which had evidently just crawled out of its burial-place through a hole which it had scratched for itself. I have just seen the kitten. It was put to the old cat, who

was at first frightened at its appearance, it being all covered with garden-mould ; but she took to it, and, by the morning, had made it quite clean. The kitten looks like one of not more than one day old, and its eyes are not open. The other kitten, buried with it, was found in its grave, quite putrid. The one which was not drowned is fine and well grown.

“The servants very particularly turned the ground over, and could find no other body but the putrid one, and the lady’s grandchild, afore-mentioned, when she saw the one that had crawled out, knew it; therefore it appears that this little creature staid in the ground for six weeks and three days.

“Is not this a very curious fact ?

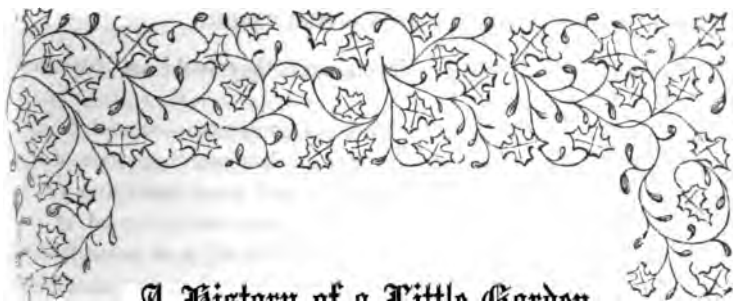
“I hope you will insert it.

“Therefore, I remain

“Your young friend and constant reader,

“R. B. W.”





A History of a Little Garden.

WHEN Peter Parley was a boy, he was very fond of his garden. His grandfather (blessed be his memory) had granted him a slip of ground, and had suffered him to buy a spade and a hoe, a rake and a trowel. Then his mama gave him a little wheelbarrow; and he only wanted a few seeds and a little hard work to make a little Eden. And Peter Parley can assure his young readers that this little hard work made Peter Parley very happy, and the garden was quite a treasure to him. Adam and Eve were happy, before the Fall, in their garden; so that a garden is co-ordinate (there's a hard word) with innocence. But let my young friends recollect one very important fact regarding the subject, that Adam and Eve were not happy in their garden, by lounging about in it or looking at it. They were put in it to dress it and to keep it.

They had something to do, or depend on it they would not have been happy.

A friend of mine—a clear, kind, old gentleman—named Noyce, has a beautiful garden, and I am sure he has ever been one of the happiest of men. And to see him pot and plant, train and water, and pet his plants, would do any one a great deal of good at any time, and especially at the present time, when all is so beautiful and green about us. But to my story.

A few years ago, a man came over from Ireland, and settled at Twickenham; and his name was Murphy—Pat Murphy, I verily believe. He was very poor, but he was very honest; he loved to work in the garden, and nothing pleased him so much as to plant seeds in the ground and see the plants grow, when they came up.

Now, this poor Irishman had lost his wife before he came to Twickenham; but he had only one son, whose name was Peter—a namesake of mine, you will see. This boy he brought with him. He was a good child, and loved very much to work in the garden with his father. He had a little spade, with which he dug up the ground, and a little hoe, with which he destroyed the weeds. He would lay out the ground in beds, and these he would plant with seeds. In a few days these seeds would spring up; and then little Peter would spend his time in pulling up the weeds and in loosening the ground round his plants.

He was very fond of flowers, which he used to raise in earthen pots. He had roses, pinks, daisies, myrtles, and many other things. Some of these were very beautiful, and Peter loved them almost as much as if they had been his brothers and sisters. He spent whole days in taking care of them, and was never so happy as among his

flower-pots and his little beds in his garden. Here is a picture of one of his flowers.



Peter's father was very glad to find his son so industrious, and that he took such delight in innocent pleasures; and would often talk to him about flowers, and tell him some interesting stories about them, and sometimes about the remarkable insects with which they are infested. On one occasion his father exhibited to Peter a very curious insect indeed, called the "walking leaf," which looked to him at first very much like a leaf, and, till it began to move, he

could scarcely believe it to be an animal. It was of a pale yellow or slightly brown colour, and looked like a faded or withered leaf; and when Peter began to examine it, he found it to be very remarkably shaped. The head is joined to the body by a very long neck, as you see it in the cut. The breast is very long and narrow. The wings are veined and transparent. The hindmost legs are very long,



the next shorter, and the foremost pair of thighs are terminated with spines, the others having membranes, which serve them for wings in their flight. This animal exhibits the wisdom and beneficence of the Creator in a remarkable degree.

Thus the father, although he was poor, was still happy; and Peter,

though his feet were bare in summer, and though he laboured all day, knew no sorrow. But at length the poor Irishman was suddenly taken sick, and died. Péter, as I said before, had no mother, and now the poor boy had no father. He had, indeed, no friends, and the persons whom he knew were too poor to assist him. He was taken care of by an old woman for a few days; but she was no longer able to find him food, and he was therefore obliged to leave her.



He was very young, and now, alas! destitute of everything;—his little straw hat was worn out, and he had nothing to wear upon his head; his shoes were nearly gone; his clothes were thin, and, as he went out in the morning to beg some one to give him food in the market, he shivered, and his teeth chattered with cold.

He went along the streets for some time, and he met a great many people, but he dared not beg too importunately. He was very hungry, for he had eaten nothing the day before; but he did not like begging. He wandered about for several hours; at length he came to a baker's shop. The windows were filled with gingerbread and everything that was good to eat. He put his little foot upon the step, and was about to enter; but the baker looked sharply at him, and Peter, finding his heart faint within him, walked away.

He proceeded in his walk through some of the fine streets, looking wistfully at the nice things he saw in the shop-windows; but he had no money, and he felt that he had no friends.

But he was now starving with hunger, and he resolved to enter some house, and ask for a piece of bread. At the moment he came to a large house, belonging to some rich man. There was a large gate, by which to enter the path that led to the house. This he pushed gently open; and, as he approached, he fancied that he could smell the flavour of baked meat-pies and nice things steaming from the kitchen. "Surely," thought Peter, "the people that have so many good things will not refuse me a crust of bread." But Peter was mistaken.

However, he ventured hurriedly down the avenue that led to the house. He then came to the back part of it; and if the smell of the roast and the fried, the boiled and the baked, assailed him before, it did now. And the tears which were in his eyes seemed suddenly to come into his mouth, for his mouth watered at the very smell of the good things. But before he knew what to say or do, a woman appeared at the door of the mansion, and cried out as loud as her voice would permit her, "There's Chartists—murder—Towser,

Towser, Towser—seize him, boy, seize him.” Whereupon a dog rushed out upon Peter, who ran away as quickly as possible, and, knocking down a poor woman, who stood at the gate with two children, made away from the place without once looking behind him.



Sad, and almost broken-hearted, the poor boy now wandered through the streets. But he was sorely ashamed of himself for being so poor—and a very proper shame it was in him not to do anything wrong in his poverty. So, quite dejected and almost broken-hearted, he retired to a remote part of the city, and walked about in the narrow lanes till the evening.

It soon began to rain and grow dark. Peter sat himself down

upon a stone, and gave himself up to grief. He was chilled with the cold night-wind, for his head and feet were bare and his clothes full of holes.

And now the rain came down in showers. Peter was wet to the skin; yet he had no home, and therefore he continued to sit upon the stone, with his head resting upon his hand. He remained for a long time faint with hunger, and trembling with the wet and cold. At length he thought of his poor father, and of the happy days he had spent in attending his flowers. He thought of his poor mother, too, whom he remembered very well, though she had been dead two years.

And now for the first time he began to weep. No one saw him, for it was very dark, and few people passed along the narrow street. His tears mingled with the rain that ran down his cheeks, and his sobs might have been heard amid the pattering of the rain that fell from the houses.

But, alas, there was no one to hear except God, who was close to the little boy. And Peter thought upon Him who was a Father to the fatherless; and he fell down upon his knees, and he prayed earnestly to God to help him in his extremity, and he thought of Him who said, "If God so clothe the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you." And the little boy had faith.

About this time a man was passing by the place where Peter sat. It was so dark, that he saw nothing; but he thought he heard the voice of some one in distress. He stopped and listened. He then distinctly heard the sobbing prayers of the child. At this moment some person happened to go near the place with a lanthorn. The light shone on a little boy that was sitting alone on a stone. The

kind-hearted man was touched with pity, for he saw that the child was weeping, and that he was exposed to the cold night-air and the drenching shower.

He approached, and asked the boy why he was there. Peter told him his story; and the good man wept in sorrow. "But come with me, my boy," said he, "come with me; and, if you are a good boy, I will be your father, and you shall want for nothing."

Peter now took hold of the man's hand, and trotted along the pavement with his bare feet. They soon reached the house, and Peter warmed himself before a good fire. He had then a bowl of bread-and-milk, and afterwards was provided with a warm bed. As he lay down, he thanked the Good Being who had thus turned his sorrow into joy; and his heart was full of gratitude to the kind man who had brought him home to his house. After a night of sweet sleep, Peter waked up and again offered his thanks to Heaven.

I need hardly tell you the remainder of Peter's story. He lived with the man who had brought him home, and by his good conduct won the favour of all who knew him. When he grew up, he chose to be a gardener; and, as he was very industrious, he laid up a good deal of money, and built himself a small house. By the side of it was a neat little garden, where he raised vegetables and flowers. These he used to sell, and thus he lived very happily.

And so, my little readers, all persons, however poor, may become happy, if, like the Irish boy, they put their trust in God, and their shoulders to the wheel.



HOW ELEPHANTS ARE CAPTURED.



IN India, elephants are captured not only singly, but in herds, by being driven into a series of inclosures called keddah. This consists of three inclosures, one within the other, formed of very strong stockades and deep ditches. The third, or innermost inclosure, is the strongest of the three. They are connected with each other with massive gates and bars.

When a herd is discovered by persons in the first instance sent out to look for it, about three hundred people are employed to surround it. They are in parties of two or three, at the distance of, at first, twenty or thirty yards from each other. This circle is gradually formed into an oblong, leaving room for the herd to advance in the direction of the keddah. The people in the rear of the

elephants now make a noise with their kettles, rattles, drums, horns, &c., to cause the elephants to advance. The elephants, only desirous of not being molested, continue feeding, and moving in the direction required. Should they move towards the sides of the oval, fires are lighted and everything is done to force them towards its centre and to continue their course. In this manner they are gradually brought to the first broad gateway of the keddah.

As soon as they have entered the first inclosure, fires are lighted all round it, and particularly at the entry (or entries, for sometimes there are more than one), to prevent the animals from retiring. The elephants, finding themselves ensnared, scream and make a loud noise; but seeing no opening except the entrance to the next inclosure, after many fruitless attempts to retrace their steps, by crowding the first inclosure, at last, though unwillingly, dash through the gateway into the next inclosure. The leader enters, and the rest follow, and the gate through which they passed is instantly shut.

The same means are now taken to drive the elephants through into the third inclosure as were used in getting them through the second. They are surrounded by fires on every side, and frightened by the various noises and shoutings of the persons stationed around. Should they attempt to burst through any of the stockades, they are immediately met with flaming brands, spears and hideous noises, which in the end have the effect of frightening them through the second gateway.

When the herd are fixed in the third inclosure (the keddah, properly so called), they are exceedingly furious and make various attacks to break through, but, generally, without effect. Here they

remain for some time, care being taken to supply them well with water, by means of the ditch surrounding the place in which they stand. After a few days, the door of the outlet is opened, and this having a passage strongly secured, leading to it with double gates, one of the elephants is suffered to enter it, and is enticed, by various fruits and food thrown to him from a small scaffolding above. As soon as the elephant has passed between the gates, they are immediately secured, and firmly barricadoed by pieces of thick timber being placed across them in the form of an X. When the elephant finds himself a close prisoner, he becomes furious, and exerts all his force to break down the bars that surround him, by butting against them with his head, and swings his trunk about them, screaming and roaring hideously.

After he has fatigued himself with this confinement, strong ropes with running nooses are laid down, and, as soon as he puts a foot within the noose, it is immediately drawn tight and fastened to the pallisade. His hind-legs are then tied together, and a strong rope is put twice round his body, close to his fore-legs, like a girth. He has other ropes fastened to his back and loins, so as to prevent his using a single limb injuriously ; and, lastly, a couple of cables, with running nooses, are placed round his neck and tied to the posts, and ropes on each ; and thus, by the superior power of man's mind, the gigantic elephant is made a captive. But, after all, it is not force and ingenuity alone that subjugates the elephant,—kindness is also requisite. Those who are employed in putting the ropes round his body and over his head, have others near them, who occasionally feed him with a bunch of cocoa-nut leaves, or sugar-cane, and otherwise try to divert and soothe him.

As soon as the elephant is secured in the way described, the ends of the two cables which were fastened round his neck are brought forward to the outer end of the outlet, where two tamed elephants, which are trained to the business, are waiting, and to them these cables are made fast; the door at the end of the passage is then opened, his legs are untied and he is led out by the tamed elephants, and, if very unruly, is still obliged to be secured to the trunks of large trees.

While led forth and guided by the tame elephants, the wild one is generally somewhat quiet and subdued, but as soon as they leave him, to perform the same office to other elephants, he becomes outrageous, and makes a last violent effort to recover his liberty. During this period, cocoa-nut leaves and plantain-trees are brought to him for food. In the agony of distress, he tosses them contemptuously away, or tramples them with indignation under his feet. The cravings of hunger will, however, at last induce him to eat. This, however, he does with great reluctance at first, but after a few hours he will feed very heartily, and at last become resigned to his fate.

Whole herds of elephants are captured in this way; but, occasionally, a small party of hunters endeavour to seize the males, which often sally forth from the forest alone in search of richer provisions. The places where these elephants feed are known to the hunters, and they advance towards them in the evening with four trained female elephants, which decoy them along, all such time as ropes can be put round their legs without the animals being aware of it. This is, however, a very hazardous task, and often the elephants, suspecting the design, bursts forth with great fury, and destroy all within

their reach. If secured, he is left to the charge of a keeper, who is appointed to attend, instruct and tame him.

The plan pursued in taming the elephant is to supply him with enticing food, and to sooth and caress him by a variety of little arts. The keeper coaxes and flatters him, scratches his head with a long bamboo, drives away the flies that sting and annoy him, and keeps him cool by squirting water over his body; in a few days, he advances cautiously to his side, and pats and strokes him with his hand, speaking all the time in a soothing tone of voice; and thus, in a little time, he begins to know his keeper, and to obey his commands.

This obedience to his conductor seems to proceed partly from a sense of gratitude;—as it is, in some measure, voluntary, for when even an elephant takes fright, or is determined to run away, all the exertions of his keeper cannot prevent him, either by beating or driving the pointed iron hook into his head, with which he directs him;—and this kindness, mingled with a proper degree of authority, is never forgotten.

USES OF ELEPHANTS.

THE uses of elephants in India are greater than they would be in Europe, because the roads, in many parts, can never be brought into a state fit for wheel-carriages. India is a burden country, and, as a beast of burden, the elephant is inestimable. A male elephant, full grown, can carry about a ton weight, and travel with it fifty miles a day, and then, if properly used, he will retain this power for upwards of a hundred years; so that he who purchases a good elephant, may be said to purchase an estate for his grandchild. But carrying

is not the only useful purpose to which the elephant can be applied ; he can be used also for drawing, and thus the elephant will be even more valuable in India, in proportion as the country improves. It has already been connected with the power and state of eastern nations, from very early times ; and is now a most useful appendage to an Indian army. He is an appendage of royalty, for which purpose himself and the *houdah*, or crib, which is fastened on him, are both decked out in the most gorgeous manner, and princes and rulers ride on him, in all the pomp for which an eastern clime is so celebrated.

In India elephants are most abundant in the thick woods on the left bank of the Ganges, and in the forest of Chittagong, further to the east. Here they exist in numerous herds, which occasionally invade the cultivated fields, eating large quantities of green sugar-canes, rice, bananas, and other crops, and trampling down and destroying the remainder with their great feet. But they are also very bold and formidable in their invasion, and, unless people can rise, *en masse*, and drive them off with torches and cannon-shot, they must be content to look on and behold the ruin of their fields, till it shall please the elephants to retire.

The sagacity of the elephant is well known. He is worshipped by the Hindoos as the emblem of wisdom, as the Greeks did the owl. He is sensible of injuries, and also of kindness ; and, what is more singular still, the elephant is sensible of ridicule, which has been often illustrated.



Something about Hawks.



THE hawk, or falcon, is a very fierce tribe of birds, which prey on each other; the smallest of them, the kestrel hawk, though one of the most beautiful, is the most ferocious.

One of these birds was observed to seize a young blackbird, just able to fly, which it was in the act of carrying off in its talons. The old blackbird gave chase, with loud cries, and apparent determination to rescue her young one, when the hawk, having allowed her to approach unmolested, in an instant dropped the young bird, caught up the screaming parent and carried her clean off.

The hawk has strength to support a great weight, as the following story will show:—

A gentleman in Yorkshire, walking in the fields, saw a hawk

attempting to fly off with some prey it had just pounced upon, but evidently prevented by the weight from rising to any height above the ground; it was pursued by a hare, which, whenever it came within her reach, attacked it with her paws, and at last succeeded in knocking it down, when it dropped its prey. At this moment, the gentleman ran up, and both the hawk and hare made their retreat. He found the hawk's prey to be a fine leveret (the name for a young hare), which the parent, though so timid an animal, had thus bravely attempted to rescue. The poor little creature was bleeding, and the gentleman left it in a furrow, hoping that it would soon recover, and that the mother would soon find it, and reap the reward of her tenderness.



Though the hawk tribe are thus bold and fierce by nature, they are capable of being tamed. A sparrow-hawk was once trained to live in a dove-cot with pigeons; they at first deserted it, but after-

wards became good friends with the hawk, and he was never known to touch one, though they are his natural prey;—not even any of the young, unfledged ones, helpless and tempting as they must have been.

Owls are also rapacious birds, of which they form the third family. There are nearly sixty species of owls, but not more than eight found in our island. The most beautiful of all these is the great snowy owl; he is, however, a very rare bird. The common white owl is well known; it frequents our barns and outhouses, or the hollow trees in woods. Owls destroy rats, mice, and all sorts of vermin, and often roost in old towers, such as those in the cut on the preceding page.





THE EAGLE.

CHILD of the sun, 'tis thine to rise
 Upwards, in grandeur, to the skies,
 As if the sun's resplendent face
 Was made to be thy dwelling-place.
 The mountain's snowy peak thy throne ;
 There, there, thou sittest, all alone.
 Beneath thee roars the dashing sea,
 But it is scarcely heard by thee ;
 Beneath thee swells the thunder-cloud,
 Whose growl is sullen, deep and loud ;
 Beneath thee tempest, gale and storm,
 The earth, and air, and sea deform.

But thou art calm, and fixed and true,
And soar'st upon the placid blue ;
Thine eye, still upward, turned to gaze
Upon the sun's resplendent blaze.
Upwards, still upwards, dost thou soar,
Unheeding still the tempest's roar,
And all the glooms and clouds that throw
Their shadows on this earth below.

Like thee, the Christian looks on high
Unto a pure and cloudless sky ;
Like thee, exalted in his flight,
He mounts from darkness unto light ;
Like thee, above the storms and strife,
And all the tumults of this life,
He turns away, with scornful wing,
And towards heaven would upwards spring,
And, 'mid its brighter glories shine,
Lost in the blaze of light divine.

W. MARTIN.





Gold Finding in California.



OLD has been known from the earliest ages, and has been found in every part of the world. Its value depends upon the labour requisite to obtain it.

The greatest quantities of gold are met with in the sands of rivers and on the surface of the earth, in small grains, or pieces, of irregular forms or sizes; sometimes it is found in veins, and with the ores of silver, with lead and copper.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth gold was found in considerable quantities in the alluvial soil, near the low hills in Cornwall. One specimen weighed as much as ten guineas. And a few years ago it was thought that the Wicklow Mountains, in Ireland, would have supplied all the world, paid the national debt and made every one rich. The gold was found in grains and in lumps, and thousands of

people rushed from every part of Ireland to this land of promise. One large lump found weighed twenty-two ounces, and some, even more. In some countries, however, lumps of gold have been found weighing from thirty to forty pounds.

The richest mines, before those of California became celebrated, were those of Hungary and Transylvania, there being above forty worked in these provinces; and from them vast quantities have been taken; and Russia, for more than thirty years, has been distributing gold throughout the world, in regular supply.

But America furnishes the largest quantity of gold. In Brazil the gold is found in the sand, and lies principally in a bed of rounded pebbles, called *cascalho*, immediately over the solid rock; it is washed by a running stream let upon it, and appears in the form of grains, at the bottom of a dam made to receive it.

The new mines or districts of gold in California is at the distance of at least 8,000 miles from England, in a direct line, but by Cape Horn at least 16,000. They lie along the banks of a small river, called the Sacramenti; and the virgin ore is found on the earth, in the clefts of rocks, in the sands, or mud—in lumps, grains, and irregular masses.

The circumstances that led to the discovery of this remarkable deposit of gold began with the excavation of a trench, or ditch, for a mill-race, or course to carry off water from the tail of a mill, or to direct a stream to its head. The persons digging soon found something better than common mould in their labours. They tried to conceal their good luck, and took as much gold as they found, and very quietly put it away into secret places. But some of the Indians, who did the severest part of the labour, "got scent" of the discovery,

and the secret was blown—from California to America, north and south, from America to Europe, and from Europe to every part of the world.

In a short time the whole of American enterprise was in motion. The persons near the spot first rushed to the scene of wealth ; they picked the gold from the rocks with their knives, in lumps, sifted it from the sands, and picked it up from the ground in small particles. Others, from more remote places, followed. People from the United States succeeded, and, in a few months, from eight to ten thousand persons hurried to the spot, and began gold-hunting with all the avidity of sporting-dogs for game, under the fiercest burning sun, the most intense heat, and with scarcely any food or covering. Sailors left their ships, soldiers their forts, clerks their desks, labourers their service, and all hunted for gold, gold, gold !

The scene of operation lies in the vicinity of Sutter's Fort, on the banks of the Sacramenti, the stream of which is about three hundred yards wide, and navigable for a considerable distance above its junction with the Americanos. The mine embraces about five hundred square miles. The ore is, of course, very abundant ; in one instance, five loads of earth, after being washed, yielded £4,000 in gold.

Three forms are assumed by the raw material,—granulated, of the size of medium gunpowder, mixed with iron, or in plates from one-eighth to one-twelfth of an inch. Up to the middle of September, the quantity of ore dug exceeded half-a-million in value.

The lucky finders do not, however, realize on the spot the true value of their labours ; for gold is there only of the value of copper with us. Twenty-four dollars, or £5, is paid for a few Seidlitz powders ; spades and shovels sell for twenty and thirty dollars each, and

clothing is so high, that a coat has been sold for a pound of gold in weight.

Thousands and tens of thousands will flock to California, all eager for the "accursed metal," all full of dreams of wealth, of greatness, of pride, of vanity. The struggle will soon commence between the weak and the strong, between those who have got much and those who have got little. Murder and bloodshed, vice of every kind, drunkenness, cruelty, revenge, all the bad passions, will be let loose, and hundreds upon hundreds will never enjoy their gold.

But, even if they did, gold is not wealth. Labour, alone, is wealth; the comforts, conveniences, and amenities of life are, alone, wealth. Those countries which have the most gold are not the richest, but often the poorest, the most destitute, and the most unhappy of nations, and so far from a gold-producing country being the happiest, it is generally the most miserable of nations. The horrid details which abound in the history of South America result from the cursed lust of gold; and the desolate appearance of wide tracts of that country proceeds from the search for that metal. Dr. Walsh mentions that, at a very early period, two parties, meeting on the banks of the river where San Jose was afterwards built, instead of agreeing in their objects and pursuing together their operations, set upon each other like famished tigers, impelled by a hunger still more fierce—the cursed lust of gold. A bloody encounter ensued, in which many were killed on both sides; and the river was from that time called the "Rio dos Mortas," or, river of deaths.

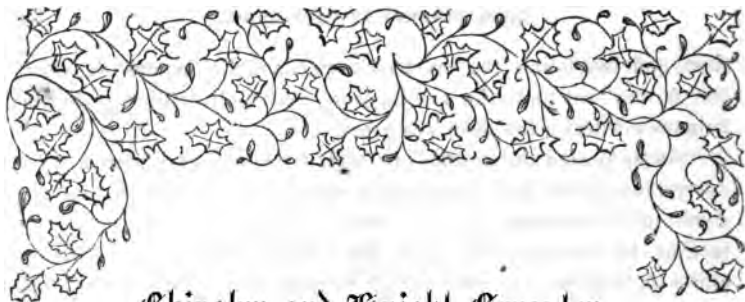
Dr. Walsh visited the farm of a gentleman who had been seduced from agricultural operations by the indication of the presence of gold upon his lands. After describing the modes of collecting the gold

dust, and extracting the precious metal, and the expense to which the farmer was put, the results were extremely trifling; but the ruinous effects on the farm was great.

"As we passed through it," he said, "for several hundred acres everything green had disappeared, and had left behind it a red desert of barrenness, on which nothing hereafter would grow. It is thus, in extracting the gold, the fertility of nature is destroyed, and such is always the effect of all districts where the scraping, and washing, and digging for gold is carried on."

In these remarks, it is Peter Parley's object to show that national industry is of more value than mines of gold and silver. Possessing these only, a country must be very poor; whereas, by well-directed industry, a value may be imparted to humble materials greatly surpassing that of the precious metals; to give, in fact, in one year, to a mass of cotton fibres a value far exceeding that of all the mines and streams of America, or the greatest riches of California.





Chivalry and Knight-Errantry.

KNIGHT-ERRANTRY is characteristic of a bygone age, and knave-errantry of the present. But it will not be displeasing to my young friends, I dare say, to have a few words with the days that are gone by, days in which I am perhaps right in thinking there was much more sterling worth and sterling honesty than in the present, although then, as now, people sometimes made fools of themselves.

Most boys are fond of stories of knights, and like to play with helmets and battle-axes, swords and truncheons. There are, too, boys of a larger growth, who delight in this kind of amusement. There was Lord Eglintoun's tournament, kept during three days' rain—Scotch rain, that comes down by bucketsful. And there is,

every now and then, a grand fancy ball, in which knights and ladies, of ancient times, are very sadly represented by modern noodles. •

A few words on chivalry and knight-errantry will not, therefore, be out of place. Chivalry arose out of the feudal institutions of our



ancestors. In the eleventh century knighthood had become an established and well-defended institution, but it was not till the fourteenth that its honours were confined to the nobility.

The crusades gave a religious turn to the spirit of chivalry, and made the knights of all Christian nations known to each other; then

arose the religious orders of knights—the Knights of St. John, the Templars and others; and, at last, knights began to make themselves ridiculous. Some of them would single out some single young lady, put her glove in his helmet, declare and vow she was the most peerless, the most perfect, beauty in the world; and if any other knight, having the glove of some other young lady in his helmet, happened to cross the path of the first, a fight was sure to follow; and sometimes blood was shed.



The education of a young knight was as follows:—

The young and noble stripling, when about twelve years old, was

sent to the court of some baron, or noble knight, where he spent his time chiefly in attending on the ladies and acquiring skill in the use of arms, in riding, fencing and spearing. A considerable portion of his time, however, was spent in performing the part of "my pretty page" among the ladies, which, of course, had a very ill effect upon him, in some things, and gave him very odd notions, and some odd feelings.

After a time, as he grew older, and the stripling became more experienced in the use of arms, and thus qualified himself for war, he became an (*escuyer*) esquire, or squire. This word is generally supposed to be derived from *escu*, or *scudo*—shield; because, among other things, it was the squire's business to carry the shield of the knight whom he served.

The third and highest rank of chivalry was that of knighthood, which was not conferred before the twenty-first year, except in the case of distinguished birth or great achievements.

The individual preparing himself for this high office underwent a great number of ceremonies, some of which were truly ridiculous. The novice prepared himself by fasting, by prayer and by confession; religious rites were then performed; and then, after promising to be faithful, to protect ladies and orphans, *never to lie nor utter slander, to live in harmony*, with some twenty or thirty other vows of much less importance, the youth received the *accolade*, a slight blow on the neck with the flat of the sword, from the person, prince, king or queen, who dubbed him knight, who, at the same time, pronounced a formula to the following effect:—

"I dub thee a knight, in the name of St. Michael!" or some other patron saint; "be faithful, bold, and fortunate!" This was

often done on the very eve of battle, to stimulate the new knight to deeds of valour, or, after the combat, as a reward to bravery.

Though no one could wish for the return of the age of chivalry, yet we must remember that chivalry exercised, in some respects, a salutary influence at a time when governments were unsettled and laws little regarded. Though chivalry often carried the feelings of love and honour to a fanatical excess, yet it did much good in preserving the purity of one and the perfection of the other.



Before knight-errantry was established, we had many knights of great celebrity. The patron saint of England is St. George, who was called the great martyr. Perhaps my young friends may not be all of them acquainted with the story of St. George and the Dragon, in which, on the sovereign, he is depicted as combating

without a rag on; so I shall tell it them from the golden legend itself.

“When the noble knight, St. George, arrived at a city of Lybia, called Sylene, his courage was called mightily to the proof. Near this city was a stagnant lake, or pond, wherein dwelt a dragon, who was so fierce and venomous, that he terrified and poisoned the whole country. The people, therefore, assembled to slay him, and, when they saw him, his appearance was so horrible, that they fled. Then the dragon pursued them, even to the city itself, and the inhabitants were nearly destroyed by his very breath, and suffered so much, that they were obliged to give him two sheep every day to keep him from doing them harm. At length the number of the sheep became so small, that they could only give him one sheep every day, and they were obliged to give him a man instead of the other.

“At last, because all the men might not be eaten up, a law was made that they should draw lots, to give him the youth and infants of all ranks; and so the dragon was fed with young gentlefolk and poor people, till the lot fell upon the king's daughter.

“Then the king was very sorry, and begged the people to take his gold and silver instead of his daughter, which the people would not accept, because it was according to his own law. And the king wept very much, and begged of the people to give the princess eight days before she should be given to the dragon to be devoured. And the people consented.

“Now, when the eight days were gone, the king caused his daughter to be dressed as if she were going to her bridal, and, having kissed her, he gave her his blessing; and the people led her to where the dragon was. St. George had just come home, when

he saw the princess, and, demanded why she was there, and why she wept, and tried to comfort her ; and when she saw he would not be satisfied, she told him. Upon this, St. George promised to deliver her, but she could not believe that he had so great a power to do her such a service ; and therefore begged him again to go away.

“ While the twain were thus talking, the dragon (of course) appeared, and began to run towards them ; but St. George, being on horseback, drew his sword, signed himself with the cross, and rode violently, and, smiting the dragon with his spear, wounded him so sorely, that he threw him down. Then St. George called to the princess to bind her girdle about the dragon’s neck, and not to be afraid ; and, when she had done so, the dragon followed, as if it had been ‘ a meke beeste and debonayre.’ And she led him into the city, which, when the people saw, they fled for fear to the mountains and valleys, till, being encouraged by St. George, they returned ; and he promised to slay the dragon, if they would believe and be baptised. Then the king was baptised, and upwards of 15,000 men, besides women and children. And St. George slew the dragon, and cut off his head ; and the people took four oxen and drew the body out of the city. And the king built a church, and dedicated it to Our Lady and St. George.

“ This blyssyd and holy martyr, Saynte George, is patron of this realme of Englonde, and the crye of men of warre ; in the worshyp of whom is founded the noble ordre of the gartre, of which the gartre is an important part, and the motto

“ ‘ Honi soit qui mal y pense.’ ”

Translated thus :—

“ Any sort of quills make pens.”



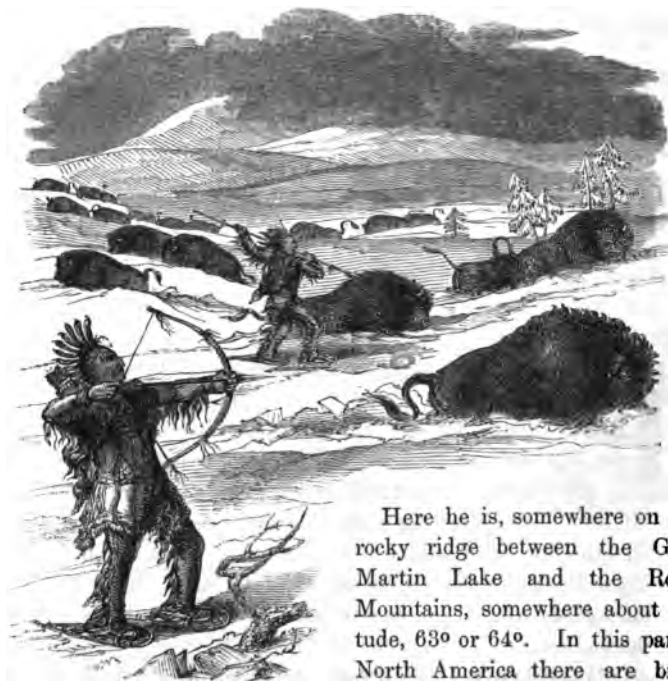
Bison Shooting.



PERHAPS my young friends may have heard of the great feats performed by royal personages with the gun. Of how a certain gentleman, having three men to load his fowling-pieces, two lords to cock them, and a third to show the birds, did so much havoc among pheasants and other wild fowl, as to astonish even the court, which professes never to be astonished at anything. But if my young friends want to know what sport is—real, fair, good, wholesome, manly sport is—he may best learn it from the Indians.

Peter Parley does not call it sport to run a poor hare to death, nor to slaughter game on the *battue* system, when hundreds of unfortunate victims are driven within a circle, to be shot down like chickens in a farm-yard; but I would call it sport to hunt wild

horses with the lasso, wild bears with a rifle, or even bison with a bow and arrow, like my friends here, the Indians.



Here he is, somewhere on that rocky ridge between the Great Martin Lake and the Rocky Mountains, somewhere about latitude, 63° or 64° . In this part of North America there are broad tracts, much prairie land, marshes

overgrown with bulrushes, salt springs and lakes, and several well-known salt-licks, or lakes, where bison are sure to be found at all

seasons of the year. They do not frequent any of the districts formed of primitive rocks, but where the soil is more friable and fertile.

The bison, or wild bull of America, has been known in England under the name of *bonassus*; and Peter Parley well remembers the time, some years ago, when the first was brought to London. It was quite the rage of the day; everybody would ask you if you had seen the bonassus. It was described by some folks to be half a lion—half a bull—something of a horse—a little of the pig, or wild boar, with a touch of the dromedary. I went to the exhibition and saw the animal, and a rough-looking animal it was, certainly; glaring eyes, rough mane, black, horned, dreadful to look at. Some years after, these animals became more common, and one was at the Zoological Gardens; this one killed its keeper in a fit of rage, and, to my thinking, looked as much like a murderer as any animal I ever saw.

But, to the bisons in a wild state. They wander, constantly, from place to place, either from being disturbed by the hunters or in quest of food; they are much attracted by the soft, tender grass which springs up after a fire has spread over a prairie. In winter, they scrape away the snow with their feet, to reach the grass. The bulls and cows live in separate herds the greater part of the year, but at all seasons one or two bulls generally accompany a large herd of cows.

The bison is generally a shy animal, and takes to flight instantly on *winding* an enemy, which his acute smell enables him to do at a great distance. The favourite Indian method of killing the bison is by riding up to the fattest of the herd, on horseback, and shooting

it with an arrow. When a large party of hunters are engaged in this way, the scene is very imposing, and the young men have many opportunities of showing their skill and agility. The horses seem to enjoy the sport as much as the riders, and are very nimble in eluding the shock of the animal, should it turn on its pursuer.

The most general plan, however, in shooting the bison, is by crawling towards them from to-leeward, and then to discharge a stout arrow at them. The Indians thus slaughter, or, rather, knock down, as many as they can, and afterwards dispatch them with their spears, as seen in the cut.

The flesh of the bison, when in good condition, is very juicy, and equal to beef. The hump of flesh on its back is named "Boz," out of compliment to Mr. Dickens, who is said to have been very fond of it, when in America. Bisons are often seen in herds of three, four and five thousand, flocking the plain as far as the eye can reach; and large parties of Indians, thousands strong, surround them on every side, till, at last, they pounce on them, with loud yells, and knock down with their arrows as many as they can, till the herd scampers off. They then skin, salt, or dry them, for the purposes of sale and consumption.





Waterspouts at Sea.

IN our temperate regions we do not meet with phenomena so extraordinary as in the warmer parts of the earth. Between the tropics—that is, between those lines on the globe marked tropic of cancer and tropic of capricorn, which includes what is called the torrid zone—various extraordinary things occur which spread devastation over very extensive tracts of country, and at sea will even sink the proudest armaments. The tornado, the whirlwind, waterspout, and burning wind of the desert are all known by the description of travellers; but very few of these come within our own experience.

These phenomena have been attributed by various authors to many different causes. Some have supposed the whole of the effects to be caused by electricity; others have considered the rarefied state of the air by the heat of the sun to be the cause of the greatest of

these convulsions. Peter Parley thinks they may be owing to both these causes combined. It has, however, always been noticed that these appearances are attended by baffling and variable winds and sudden calms, and generally by some demonstration of the presence of electricity.

To explain the phenomenon of the waterspout, let us suppose that, from some cause or other, say the heat of the sun, the air over some particular spot in the ocean becomes so rarefied as to produce a kind of partial vacuum. The consequence of this will be, that all the dense mists of the atmosphere which immediately surround the spot will have a tendency to rush forward from every quarter to one common centre, that is, the wind will blow from all quarters at once. If we suppose the currents of air to travel at the same rate as in the case of a hurricane, namely, from seventy to eighty miles an hour, we may well conceive the immense force with which they would meet in the centre. The result of the sudden concussion would resemble, in all points, the effect of a sudden waterspout or whirlwind.

If the currents of air were all moving with equal velocity, the course of the waterspout, or whirlwind, would be in direct lines upwards; but, as this is not the case, a rotatory or whirling motion is given to it, and the forces of the various currents will also oblige it to drift, as it were, on the surface of the sea.

When met at sea, waterspouts are considered by mariners as dangerous visitants, and, in order to disperse them, guns are fired. In the cut, a ship is bringing her guns to bear on the waterspout. So great a concussion of the air is produced by the discharge of the artillery, that the waterspout is broken by the report, if not by the shot.

Sometimes ships come close to the sphere of the waterspout's attraction, and are capsized by it. Sometimes a sudden rushing of



the air towards a focus, which has been stated to be one of the causes of waterspouts, has been the occasion of curious effects. An

intelligent whaleman of Nantucket told me—although I, as everybody knows, am no American—that three of the vessels in the fleet to which he belonged, which were out in search of whales, happened to be becalmed, lay in sight of each other at about a league distance, if I remember right, forming a triangle. After some time, a waterspout appeared about the middle of the triangle, when a fresh breeze sprang up, and every vessel made sail, and then it appeared to them all, by the setting of the sails and the course each vessel stood, that the waterspout was to the leeward of every one of them.

The tropical hurricane on land, which proceeds from a similar cause to the waterspout at sea, is more dreadful in its effects. Sometimes whole cities are destroyed or overthrown; and the hurricane of the West Indies, only a year ago, was so tremendous, that hundreds of ships were sunk in the harbours; forts, castles, buildings of every description, from the hut of the negro to the palace of the governor, were overthrown; plantations rooted up, trees carried to immense distances, while the whole country had a lamentable aspect: the blighted plains were covered with the limbs of trees, the naked hills stripped of their verdure, and the whole country laid desolate. I shall give a more particular account of hurricanes another time.





About the Gauchos of South America.

ONE of the most remarkable nations in America are the Gauchos. They dwell on the eastern side of the vast chain of the Andes. If my young friends look at the map, they will see that these mountains run in a line, north and south, leaving a strip of land between them and the sea on the western side, while the eastern consists of a vast plain, in some places, above a thousand miles broad. To this plain the name of Pampus has been given, and the Gauchos are a people inhabiting this Pampus, whose habits of life very much resemble that of the Arabs.

In almost every part of the Pampus wild horses and cattle roam about in all their native liberty; and one of the chief employments of

the Gauchos is to capture them, and either tame them for sale or kill them for some other object. The mode of catching these animals is so extraordinary, that had not I once been a witness of



something very like it, and not also had testimony from writers of established reputation, I could scarcely have credited the accounts I have heard.

I remember once making a visit to the Borough-road school, and my friend Crossley brought me into contact with some South American youths, who were learning the British system of instruction. These boys were adepts at throwing the lasso in a small way. With a little coil of string I have seen these boys watch the appearance of an unfortunate dog in the street, or an unfortunate cat on a wall—and, in a twinkling, before the dog or cat could have the slightest idea of what was in store for them, they would find themselves looped by the leg, head or tail as fast as a rock. The whole feat was performed with such dexterity and apparent ease, that I could no longer doubt the various accounts I had heard of the Gauchos.

The Gauchos, from very infancy, is preparing himself for his after life. Captain Hall saw little fellows, just able to run about, lassoing or capturing cats, and entangling the legs of dogs in the manner I have already mentioned. In due time, they become very expert in their attacks on poultry, and afterwards in catching wild birds. By the time they are four years old, they are on horseback, and immediately become useful in driving home the cattle; and by degrees they acquire that dexterity in catching wild animals which is so remarkable.

The mode of capture is by throwing a lasso over some part of the animal. A lasso (from the Spanish *lazo*, a slip-knot) consists of a rope made of twisted strips of untanned hide, from fifteen to twenty yards long, and about as thick as the little finger.

If it be proposed to capture a wild bull, two mounted Gauchos ride at full gallop, each swinging the lasso round his head. The first who comes within reach aims at the bull's horns, and, when he

sees that the lasso will take effect, he stops his horse and turns it half round the bull, continuing his course till the whole cord has run out. The horse, meanwhile, knowing by experience what will happen, leans over as much as he can in the opposite direction from the bull, and stands prepared for the violent pull which the bull will shortly give him.† Sometimes the check is so abrupt and violent, that the bull is not only dashed to the ground, but rolls along at the full stretch of the lasso, while the horse is drawn sideways and ploughs up the earth with his feet for several yards. In capturing a horse instead of a bull, the lasso is thrown round the two hind legs, and the Gauchos ride a little on one side; the jerk pulls the entangled feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side without endangering his head or face. Before the horse can recover his shock, the rider dismounts, and, taking his cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head. He then forces a powerful bit into the animal's mouth, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the cloak from his head, upon which the horse springs upon his legs and endeavours, but in vain, to disencumber himself of his master, who sits quite composed on his back.

During the war of independence in Chili, the lasso was used as a weapon of great power in the hands of these people, who made bold and useful troops, and never failed to dismount cavalry or to throw down the horses of those who came within their reach.† There is a well authenticated account of a party of eight or ten of them, who had never seen a piece of artillery till a cannon was fired in the streets of Buenos Ayres. Notwithstanding the effect of the fire, they galloped furiously up to it, threw their lassos over the cannon,

and, by their united strength, overturned it. It is also related, that a number of armed boats were sent to effect a landing at a certain part of the coast, guarded only by Gauchos. The party in the boats caring little for those unprovided with fire-arms, rowed confidently towards the shore. The Gauchos, meanwhile, were watching their opportunity, and the moment the boats came sufficiently near, dashed into the water, and, throwing their lassos round the necks of the officers, fairly dragged every one of them out of their boats





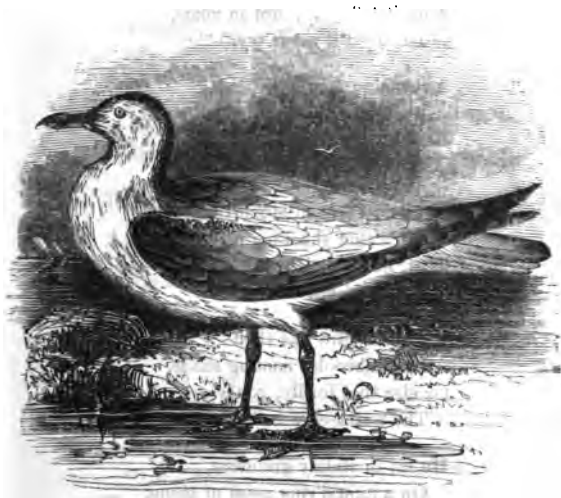
THE OWL'S CONCERT AND FANCY BALL, AT SUDBROOK PARK.



N a dew-bespangled lawn,
In summer time so gay,
A blackbird met a thrush,
At early dawn of day.

Said he, "Of course me meet
To night at Crumble Tower,
Where the owls receive their company,
Who love a latish hour.

"As ev'ry bird of song
Is certain to be there,
I also must make one,
Or else my friends would stare."



The thrush, he said, "I well
With such visits might dispense,
Yet owls are soonest ruff'd,
So I fear to give offence.

THE OWL'S CONCERT

"Now, as we shall have music,
They'll ask us both to sing;
Therefore, I would advise you
Your sweetest airs to bring.

"I'm going home to practise;
So blackbird, dear, good bye!
And, if I find I'm not in voice,
To sing I'll never try."

As evening was approaching,
Each bird, both great and small,
Began to plume her toilette,
To feather for the ball.

Lord Owl was so much troubled
With that shocking pain the gout,
That, had he wished it ever so,
He could not walk about.

No water-cure was then
In Sudbrook's cooling shade,
Or else that lordly, gouty owl
The water-cure had made.

He sat in stately grandeur,
On a mould'ring mass of stone,
Whilst his lady and her daughter
Received the guests alone.

Dr. Goose's well-fed goslings
First waddled up the room;
Then, strutting, came Lord Peacock,
With his showy crest and plume.

'Squire Pheasant ; Yeoman Partridge ;
 Miss Lark, so light and airy ;
 A bullfinch famed for piping ;
 An elegant canary ;

Thrush, blackbird, martin, swallow,
 With a turkey and a peahen,
 And also young Cookrobin,
 With little Jenny Wren.

Beau Starling never came,
 But sent a civil note,
 In which he said that he was caged,
 And could not thus get out.

The pensive Lady Nightingale
 Soon join'd the motley throng ;
 Four glowworms, as torch-bearers,
 Her attendants, came among.

Beneath a lordly, spreading oak
 Each bird now dropped his wing.
 But some were hoarse, and some had colds,
 And some declined to sing.

At last a martin twittered,
 "Let's drink to Mr. Jesse,
 The friend of all the feather'd throng ;
 You cannot, sure, do less."

So Mr. Jesse's health was drunk,
 Beneath the old oak tree ;
 The birds they flutter'd, gave a chirp,
 And cheer'd with three times three.

THE OWL'S CONCERT

'Twas now each bird's endeavour
 To dance, to sing, or say
 Something new and *tonnesh*,
 To pass the time away.

Miss Owl, with much entreating,
 Scream'd out a loud bravura—
 So bad her voice, so out of tune—
 That no one could endure her.



When the lark rose up to sing,
 The owl it walked away,
 Because she said it put her so
 In mind of vulgar day.

Then, from a thorn, sweet Philomel
 Warbled a plaintive strain
 With such pathetic sweetness,
 All begged for it again.

To rouse their drooping spirits
 Cornet Bullfinch tuned his pipe;
 And Dandy Chaffinch waltzed
 A round with Mrs. Snipe.

Parson Rook, so often hoarse,
 Affected them a song,
 Which, like his drawling homilies,
 Was half-an-hour too long.

Dick Sparrow and Miss Swallow,
 Each known as an ill-bred bird,
 Twitter'd so long and loudly,
 That more was said than heard.

And the pie said to the jay,
 Which, you know, was very pert,
 "The room is so ill lighted,
 I cannot see you flirt."

A bat announced the supper,
 And all adjourned soon
 To a fine old gothic cloister,
 Well lighted by the moon,

And everything was there
 That the daintiest bird could wish;
 So they peck'd about accordingly,
 Each at his favourite dish.

The old Dame Owl now gave a toast,
 Which temperance had taught her;
 A toast of Dr. Ellis's,
 And that is "toast-and-water."

THE OWL'S CONCERT AND FANGY BALL.

From that day forth, in Sudbrook Park,
Was many a watering rout,
To cure the spleen, the bile, the cramp,
Rheumatics and the gout.

The supper was scarce over
When the lark proclaimed the day,
Then, nodding all a kind farewell,
The birds flew all away.

But Sudbrook, from that day, became
A place where "birds of feather"
Could meet, for health and comfort's sake,
And live in love together.

W. MARTIN.





An Eastern Story ;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF SELIM THE LITTLE.

SELIM the Little was never very large. He was the son of a shoemaker of Bagdad ; and, put to school at an early age, he made rapid progress, and was able to read the Koran before he was twelve years old. This is considered a great feat in Turkey, and, in those days, was looked upon as a perfect miracle. So Selim the Little was looked upon as a wonder ; and Selim's schoolmaster was looked upon as a prodigy little inferior.

The old schoolmaster was a dervish, and a man of the most profound sanctity ; he not only taught Selim to read the Koran, but instructed him in all the mystical parts of religion, and initiated

- him in all its ceremonies; he even went further, and taught Selim how to converse with spirits and to summon genii to his presence; and, to crown the whole, he laboured to teach his pupil to be content with the bare necessities of life, and to ask no more.



To impress the latter precept upon the youthful mind of Selim, Mustapha, his schoolmaster, took advantage of some of the natural hankerings which Selim sometimes exhibited for things not absolutely necessary, to give him a lesson. One day the youth observed a very nice white cockatoo in the hands of a fair lady, and he was

immediately desired to procure it. "It is not necessary!" said the pedagogue. "Give it me! give it me!" and then Selim cried a bit. The dervish, therefore, said, "It is necessary to his happiness, for he seems miserable without it!" and so Selim obtained the pigeon.

Some time after, passing through the streets of Bagdad, he observed, in the market-place, a very nicely caparisoned pony; it was of a beautiful black colour, and was one of the prettiest creatures ever seen. "Oh, what an elegant beast!" cried Selim; "what a delightful creature! do let me have it!" "It is not necessary for thy happiness!" said the tutor. "Yes it is! yes it is! I shall be miserable without the dear pony!" and then Selim shed tears, as before. The dervish, convinced by this argument, set his young pupil on the pony, to the amazement of the standers-by, who knew the dervish to be wise.

Selim tried the paces of the animal round and round the market-place; but all at once a small fly stung the pony on the hock. The startled animal immediately made a plunge, tossed up his head, and dashed through the market-place, upsetting wares, disturbing merchants, tumbling over dervishes, and wofully frightening all the faithful. At last, after many vain endeavours to keep his footing, Selim was thrown, with great force, into the stall of an apothecary, who was vending his medicines at the corner of the bazaar.

He was some time before he recovered the effects of the fright and fall, being in an insensible state till the following morning, when he found himself stretched in his father's stall, with the old man bending over him in great grief. "Ah me," said he, "here is my son—my fig of promise, my almond of hope, my rose of delight, my pomegranate of comfort, my melon of duty, my palm-tree of learning

and knowledge—destroyed for ever, and all through riding a pony!" And then the impious cobbler, without any further lamentation, began to tear his beard and his clothes; as if tearing them were the best way to mend the matter. Selim, however, came at last to his senses, and, when he found himself at home and in the hands of his father, seemed for awhile to be satisfied.

The pains of the youth's bones continued for several days; and, as he began to recover, he began to think of his former folly, and also of the chances he appeared to have lost by his temerity; for his tutor, the dervish, seemed to have forsaken him entirely, and his only fate now seemed to be to follow the trade of his father, and to cobble leather soles and understandings instead of human ones, which would have been his business, had he continued to prepare himself for the learned profession. While cogitating as to what fortune intended him for the future, the dervish suddenly entered the apartment, and, with a severe look, said to the youth, "Young man, art thou satisfied?"

"Satisfied!" quoth Selim; "if broken bones, a flattened nose, two black eyes, and the loss of four teeth will satisfy a lad, truly I am!"

"Thou seest," said the dervish, "that what thou didst require was not necessary for thy happiness."

"I did not covet broken bones," replied [the] youth, "but a pony to ride, to prevent fatigue and to save time in travelling; but let me once get from this bed, my good old tutor, and I promise, upon the green cabbage of the prophet, never to ask for that which will not be necessary to make me happy."

"Henceforth," replied the dervish, "thou art doomed to the life

of thy forefathers ; thou must take upon thee the botching of soles ; cobblers are happier fellows than kings ; to be truly happy, be content to live as a poor man ; ask for no more than thou requirest and thou shalt be happy ; betake thee to thy bench, take thy lapstone on thy knee, thy awl in thy hand, make thy wax-end, but let it not be thy *last*."

So saying, the dervish disappeared, and Selim was left with the pleasing reflection that he had to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Soon after his father died, and left him his whole kit ; and Selim set up for himself in an obscure street in Bagdad, putting over his door the following notice :

"Understandings improved and soles saved."

But Selim's trade proved a sorry one. He found it very difficult to get understandings to improve. He, however, obtained a few "botchings," which just kept him from starvation ; but a fit of sickness coming on, which prevented Selim from working, he was reduced to the utmost extremity, and began to bewail his hard fate, and to upbraid Providence in its dispensations. "Here I am," said he, "the slave of misery and toil ; the day brings me nothing but hard work, the night a livid and heavy sleep ; I hardly know when the sun rises, in my dark abode, nor when he sets ; to-day I am full of care, to-morrow full of sickness ; life is a burden, and death would be a gain ! " And then Selim shed tears like a gum-tree.

At this moment the door opened, and the dervish again appeared. "What wouldest thou ? " said the holy man.

"I am miserable !" said Selim.

"Why miserable ? "

"I have not the necessaries of life; I am sinking in sickness and in poverty. O that I had never been born! Why are creatures brought into the world, when Heaven denies them what is necessary for their happiness?"

"What would be necessary for *thine*?" asked the dervish.

"Had I but a drachm a day, I could procure all that I require!" replied the youth.

"A drachm is a small thing to make a man happy. Thou shalt have it. Here are eight drachms; in eight days I will return, and shouldest thou require anything more, I will give it thee, provided it be NECESSARY; but take care not to ask for anything that cannot be proved to be necessary, for the moment thou shalt ask for anything superfluous, I shall give no more."

Selim was overjoyed. "Here," said he, "is more than I could earn by working night and day! A drachm a day;—why I shall be happy as a king! Nothing to do! I will walk; I will ride;—no, not ride!—well, I will dance, caper, sing, eat, drink, be merry; I will lead such a happy life! and——"

Just at that moment Selim cast his eyes upon his miserable room, and stopped short in his joy. "Alas!" said he, "I have plenty to obtain food; but what a miserable apartment this is to live in—only one stool, only one table, only a straw bed, and only one covering! Dance and walk about in these tatters! What a fool I was to talk of a drachm a day! I want clothes; I want furniture, bedding, and many other things beside food! What is food without a decent place to eat it in?"

On the eighth day the dervish appeared, and no sooner did Selim see him enter the room, than he threw himself at his feet with tears in his eyes.

"What is amiss?" said the dervish.

"Holy father," replied the youth, "thou art good; but I am foolish. Look at this misery! I have enough to eat, but what I eat is in wretchedness. I can't move out for want of clothes; I can't keep in, for the smallness of the room makes me sick. I want a bed, furniture and clothes!"

The dervish smiled benignantly, and said, "Thou art right, all these things are necessary. Here is money to buy thee furniture and clothes. Thou shalt have for the future *two drachms* a day. Farewell! in eight days I will return!" And the dervish withdrew.

Next morning Selim rose betimes. He went to the bazaar; he bought a couch, a mat, hangings, curtains, and various articles of taste to ornament his dwelling; but, alas, when they were brought home Selim was sore discomfited, for he felt that his wretched apartment was not at all fit for his purchases. "This will never do," said he, "to put all these fine things into this dark hole; the ceiling looks as if it would soon fall, and my beautiful table will be crushed to atoms. I must have a better place than this before I can be comfortable, and, thanks to the dervish, this will soon be done, for he has told me that he will give me everything that is necessary, and to have a house that will not fall on one's head is surely necessary!"

At the time appointed the dervish again returned, and, finding the case to be as Selim represented it, gave him a sufficient sum to purchase a house in a healthier part of the city, which Selim lost no time in laying out to the best advantage.

Behold him now in one of the principal streets, with a nice little house, comfortably furnished, with good clothes on his back, with

good food to eat, with leisure for walking and talking, and in the enjoyment of many, very many blessings. But Selim did not feel exactly comfortable; there seemed to him to be one thing necessary, the want of which made his nice house and his furniture little better than so much dross, and himself little better than so much nothingness. Selim felt very much like a pump without a handle, a table without a leg, a fiddle without a bow, or a man without a wife.

Aye, that was it; he was alone,—he had no one to share his good fortune, no one to speak to, to ask counsel of, to help, to assist, to love. Selim was very uncomfortable; he was not absolutely miserable, but still felt not as he fancied he should feel to be really happy; so the next day the dervish made his appearance, Selim revealed the feelings of his mind. The dervish pondered awhile, and at last said, “Thou art right, a wife is *the one thing necessary!* Here is the money; go and buy thee a wife!”

Wives are not obtained so easily in Turkey as they are in England; they must be bought with a good round sum, and the place to buy them is in the market. Selim went, with the money in his pocket, and soon saw in the bazaar a female slave, as beautiful as an angel, with dark eyes, like fishponds, hair like the flowing river, a mouth of coral, and teeth of pearls. He asked the price, found it within his means, and took his wife home with him, and fancied himself happy.

The slave, who was, indeed, very beautiful, fancied that she ought to have adorned the harem of the sultan, and when she was carried home to Selim's small, though comfortable house, was very much disappointed. There were no large mirrors to reflect her beauty, no sweet scents, or spices, to perfume her, no luxurious baths, and she,

therefore, fell into a fit of sorrow, from which all the efforts of her husband could not remove her. Now Selim was very fond of his wife, and, like a good man, felt it was his duty to make the wife of his bosom happy; he therefore threw himself again at the feet of the dervish, and told him all his sorrows.

"It is necessary," replied the holy man, "for thy comfort, for thy peace, for thy happiness, that thy wife should be happy; it is not necessary for her to have a sultan, but it is necessary that she should have the luxuries to which she lays claim. Here is enough money to procure all thou desirest; take it, and be happy."

Everything was now procured to make Selim's wife happy, and Selim gave himself up to luxurious ease. His neighbours looked upon him as a rising man, and invited him to their houses, where they entertained him with great hospitality; and, in a few months, he had received invitations from all the respectable inhabitants of that quarter of the city.

The dervish had promised to visit Selim again at the end of the year, and the time had at last arrived. When he entered, the young man was sitting in a disconsolate posture, before his couch, upon the ground. He scarcely raised his head when the dervish approached.

"What! still unhappy?" said the holy man, "I hoped when I had granted all thy desires, that thou wouldst have been truly happy, but still thou art in sorrow. Whence the sorrow?"

"Must I not live as others live?" replied Selim, in a sullen tone. "When I have been treated with hospitality, is it not ingratitude not to return it?"

"Assuredly it is necessary to return the hospitality we accept; not to do this were mean and paltry!"

"And I have not the means of doing this. I have not dancing and singing women; and, worst of all, I have not a cook who can furnish an entertainment like those I have received."

"A cook shall not be wanting," said the dervish, "who might serve at the table of the caliph. Hast thou now asked all?"

"My wife," replied Selim, "requires more attendants; she must also have a little establishment to herself—her own slaves—her own whims!"

"Thou doest well to remember the wants of thy wife; these, too, shall not be wanting. There is a spacious building, which joins the court of thy house, this shall be henceforth thy wife's; she shall there make merry with her friends, and to-morrow it shall be furnished with pretty slaves, to do her bidding."

So far so well.

Some months elapsed before the dervish again visited Selim; at last, however, he presented himself, and found him moody and perplexed; there was a deep frown upon his brow, his tongue was white, and his lips dry and hot.

"What is the matter?" said the Dervish, "hast thou not all that is necessary to make thee happy?"

"I have a fever!" replied the young man; "I die for fresh air; the weather is hot; the plague has set in; all my friends are gone to their country-houses in the mountains, and I am obliged to remain here, desolate and deserted! I am parched; I am dry with heat, and the plague hovers over my dwelling!"

"Go instantly!" said the dervish; "it is necessary for thy health, for thy life! Here is money; go as thy rank befits thee! Go, with Zelemi, to enjoy health and happiness where evil is not!" So saying, he placed in Selim's hand enough money for all his requirements.

Selim went to his country-house ; he returned ; again he took up his abode in the country, and enjoyed himself in rural occupations. He had cattle and horses in abundance ; his gardens were extensive, and beautiful as those of Holly Lodge itself ; and he pleased himself with all that was about him, and caressed his wife and his children daily.



Unfortunately, however, there was, at one corner of the estate, a spot, which joined the possessions of a poor man named Abiram ; and the cattle of Selim would often trespass on the ground of the poor man, and, in one night, eat up all he had. He complained, but in vain ; the herdsmen of Selim were much too great to listen to him ; and at length he carried his case before the *cadi*. As the complaint was just and the facts proved, Selim was adjudged to pay the damage, and the costs also, on which he returned to his house angry and revengeful.

"In a week," said he, "I will see my good dervish, and I will have this miserable cottage. It is not to be borne that, in the midst of my felicity, I am to be in danger of being perpetually annoyed by fellows of this stamp! I will have the fellow's cottage, that is the only way to settle him!"



He therefore waited with impatience the visit of the dervish, to whom he revealed his new troubles. The dervish listened with profound attention. "The piece of land and cottage belong to the caliph;" said he; "present thyself to him to-morrow; I am his good genius as well as thine, he will grant what I shall counsel him!"

The next day Selim presented himself before the caliph, and, prostrating himself, was ordered to stand upon his feet.

"Selim," said the caliph, "behold in me thy mentor! Desiring to reward a virtuous man, could I find one, and to render at least one man happy, I fixed my mind on thee. Thou hast been given all that I thought necessary for thy well being, but there is no limit to human gratification; so soon as man's necessities are supplied, he covets luxuries; when these are granted, he requires means for excess; when these are given, his pleasures are next found in the exercise of the bad passions. Thou shalt not have this poor man's cottage! it shall remain within thy sight, to remind thee of the state from which my desire of goodness hath raised thee! thou, also, shall remain as thou art, to remind me that man's necessities have no defined limits, and that the power of the great Haroun al Raschid is unable to satisfy the wishes of one man, or even to grant him the necessities of life!"





The Mississippi.

VERY often Peter Parley goes to see sights; and he has seldom been more pleased than by his visit to the Egyptian Hall, to see the Panorama of the Mississippi. It is, indeed, an extraordinary production, and one of the most taking parts is that which represents a prairie on Fire.

I remember once, when I was in America—for, although I am not an American, yet I have been there, and many people think I am a Yankee, which is their mistake—we—that is, myself and a party—were wending our way towards the town Buffalo; and we had the opportunity of seeing this tremendous spectacle.

We were toiling on through a wild region, with little fresh water, and exposed to the attack of the wild Indians; we had to cross a ravine, a matter of great difficulty to the wagon in which we tra-

velled, but, having succeeded, we were suddenly startled by a loud cry, and this was followed by a tremendous report. An Indian attack was the startling cry of all sides, but a calamity of a different kind awaited us. The cartridges in the wagon had exploded, from some unknown cause, and the long, dry grass of the prairie had caught fire.

Before we could reach the high and rugged bluff, the flames were dashing down its sides with frightful rapidity, leaping and flashing across the gullies and around the hideous cliffs, and roaring in the deep yawning chasms with the wild and appalling noise of a tornado. As the flames, from time to time, struck the dry tops of the cedars, reports, resembling those of muskets, would be heard, which resembled the discharge of infantry.

The wind was blowing fresh from the west, when the prairie was first ignited, carrying the flames with great speed over the very ground on which we had travelled during the day. The wind lulled, as the sun went down behind the mountains in the west, and now the fire began to spread slowly in that direction. The difficult passage by which we had ascended was cut off by the fire, and night found poor Peter Parley and his party still in the valley, unable to discover any other road to the table-land above. Our situation was a dangerous one, too, for, had the wind sprung up and veered to the east, we should have found much difficulty in escaping.

If the scene had been grand previous to the going down of the sun, its magnificence was increased tenfold, as night, in vain, attempted to throw its dark mantle over the earth:—the light from miles and miles of inflammable and blazing cedars, illuminating earth and sky with a radiance even more lustrous and dazzling than

that of the noon-day sun. Ever and anon, as some of our comrades would approach the brow of the high bluff above us, he appeared not like an inhabitant of the earth; a lurid and most unnatural glow reflected upon his countenance from the valley of burning cedars, seemed to render more haggard and toilsome his burned and blackened features.

I was fortunate enough, about nine o'clock, to meet one of our men, who directed me to a passage up the steep ascent. He had just left the bluff above, and gave me a piteous account of our situation. He was endeavouring to find water, after several hours of increasing toil, and I left him with slight hopes that his search would be rewarded.

I was now alone, not one of the companions that had started with me from the river being within sight or hearing. One by one they had dropped off, each searching for some path by which he might climb to the table-land above. The first person I met was my friend Noyce, standing with the blackened remnant of a blanket in his hand, and watching lest the fire should break out in the western side of the camp, for, in that direction the exertions of the men, aided by a strong westerly wind, had prevented the devouring element from spreading.

Noyce, who was one of the best of men the world ever saw, directed me to the spot where our mess was quartered. I found them sitting upon such articles as had been saved from the wagon; their gloomy countenances rendered more desponding by the reflection from the more distant fire. I was too much worn down by fatigue and deep anxiety to make many inquiries as to the extent of our loss, but, hungry and almost choked with thirst, I threw

myself upon the blackened ground and sought forgetfulness in sleep.

But it was hours before sleep visited my eyelids. From the spot on which I was lying, a broad sheet of flame could still be seen, miles and miles in width; the heavens, in that direction, were so brilliantly lit up, that they resembled a sea of molten gold. In the west, a wall of impenetrable darkness appeared to be thrown up, as the spectator suddenly turned from viewing the conflagration in the opposite direction.

The subdued yet deep roar of the element could still be plainly heard, as it sped on with the wings of lightning across the prairie; while, in the valleys far below, the flames were flashing and leaping among the dry cedars, and shooting and circling about in manner closely resembling the most beautiful fireworks.

Daylight, next morning, disclosed a melancholy scene of desolation and destruction. North, south and east, as far as the eye could reach, the rough and broken country was blackened by the fire, and the removal of the earth's shaggy covering of cedars and tall grass, laid bare, in awful distinctness, the ghastly chasms and rents in the steep hill-side before us. Afar off, in the distance, a dense black smoke was seen rising, denoting that the course of devastation was still onward, and that the fire was still ranging over thousands of acres.

The next day we travelled on as far from the scene of desolation. The day was clear and hot; the night now came on dark and cloudy. Midnight found us in the very thickest of our troubles. Our wagon was injured, our spirits broken; yet, thirsty and hungry as I was, I fell asleep, and never woke till morning. To resume our journey

was impossible, and therefore we retraced our steps from the wilderness to the point of civilisation.

The Mississippi river is a grand volume of water, and well worthy the traveller's contemplation. It is a vast river, presenting great variety of feature ; it is often flat for a great number of miles, and again as often presents beautiful scenery ; in some places the trees grow down to the very edge of the water, and the timber surrounds it on either side for several hundred miles. Thickets of cane are seen in one place, forests of American pine in another, while a large portion of this great water-way is full of intense interest, from the number and variety of birds' nests which exist on every side.



The dreary and pestilential solitudes, untródden, save by the foot of the Indian ; the absence of all living objects, save the huge alligators, which float past, apparently asleep, upon the drift wood, and an occasional vulture, attracted by its impure prey, on the surface of the water ; the trees, with a long and hideous drapery of pendent moss, fluttering in the wind ; and the giant river, rolling onward the

vast volume of its dark and turbulent waters through the wilderness ; form the features of one of the most dismal and impressive landscapes upon which the eye of man ever rested.

The prevailing character of the Mississippi is that of solemn gloom. I have trodden the passes of the Alps and Appenines, yet never felt how awful a thing is nature till I was borne on the waters of this river, through regions desolate and uninhabitable. Day after day, and night after night, we continued driving right downward to the south, our vessel like some huge demon of the wilderness, bearing fire in her bosom, and mocking the clouds with her smoke. The alligators looked comical, as they woke up close to our paddles.

The navigation of the Mississippi is, in some respects, dangerous, arising from what are called planters and sawyers. They are fallen trees, which, in their course along the river, have been caught in the mud at one end, while the other presents a sharp point. On these a ship sometimes get snagged, as it is called ; and, on one occasion, a steam-boat, full of passengers, was caught, and, before relief could be obtained, went to the bottom.

One of the most striking circumstances connected with this river voyage is the rapid changes of climate. Barely ten days had elapsed from the time I launched myself on its waters, from among mountains and plains covered with snow, before I found myself in the region of sugar-canes. The progress of the transition was remarkable : during the first two or three days of the voyage nothing like a blossom or a green leaf was to be seen ; on the third, slight signs of vegetation were visible on the largest trees, these gradually became more general as we approached, but after passing lat. 35°, all nature became alive. The trees which grew on any little eminence, or

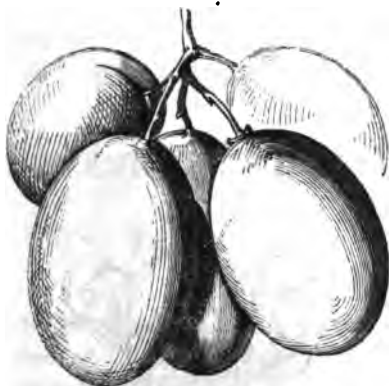
which did not spring immediately from the swamp, were covered with foliage; and, at our wooding times, when I rambled through the woods, I discovered hundreds of globular ants'-nests pendent from the branches of trees; there were a thousand shrubs already bursting into flower. On reaching the lower regions of the Mississippi, all was brightness and verdure; summer had begun, and the heat was intense.



Shortly after entering Louisiana, the whole wilderness of the river disappears, the banks are all cultivated, and nothing was to be seen but plantations of sugar, cotton and rice, with the houses of their owners and the little adjoining hamlets inhabited by their slaves; here and there were orchards of orange trees, but these occurred too seldom to have much influence on the landscape, while one of the most striking fruits was the gigantic plum.

The Mississippi brooks no rival, and it has found none. No river in the world drains so large a portion of the earth's surface; it is

the traveller of five thousand miles—more than two-thirds of the diameter of the globe. The imagination asks “Whence come its waters, and whither tend they?” They come from the distant regions of a vast continent, where the foot of civilised man has



never yet been planted; they flow into an ocean yet vaster, the whole body of which acknowledges their influence. “Through what varieties of changes have they passed? On what scenes of lovely and sublime magnificence have they gazed?” In short, when the traveller has asked and answered these questions, and a thousand others, it will be time enough to consider those questions, which it will take ages to resolve.

The vegetation of this great river is very wonderful, as it embraces the botany of many climes; but some of them are very

curious. Among these are the *cheirostemon*, or hard plant, which form large woods ; to this may be added various specimens of lupines, the prickly pear, the cow tree, the caoutchouc tree, the milk tree, and vanilla plant abound ; various species of mimosa, the maize plant, manioe and banana.





Of an Extraordinary Man.

UST two hundred and ninety years ago, a child was born of no common character, and who, although he seemed destined to do much in the world, was, from his early death, able to do little more than show the universality of his genius. I am anxious to give my young friends an account of this young man, not with a view to excite their minds to make prodigies of themselves, but to show what may be done by application, industry and perseverance; for be sure of this, that, independent of that vague quality called genius, which some are said to be born with, very little can be accomplished by the individual except through application and industry. Bear this in mind, my young readers!

The person to whom I allude, was called the admirable *Orichton*,

and so regularly has his fame been handed down from age to age, that even now, when we want to express the idea of a universal genius, we style the character an Admirable Crichton; but we must bear in mind that two hundred and ninety years ago it required far less powers of mind to obtain an eminence over the learning of an age than it does at present, yet the history of this young man shows what may be accomplished by the untiring and ardent mind.

There is in Hampton Court a portrait of Crichton, and his per-



sonal qualifications are engaging. He appears of a dark complexion, somewhat sharp features, an intelligent eye and a compact forehead. His figure corresponded with his face, and he possessed great agility and also great strength as well as a noble and generous and brave spirit—qualities more estimable to old Peter Parley than those which appear more shining.

James Crichton was born at Elioeh Castle, in a little island on the lake of Cheni, in Perthshire, in the year 1560. His father was

Lord Admiral of Scotland. His mother, a Stuart, was descended from Robert, Duke of Albany, the uncle of James I. When very young, he **STUDIED HARD** at the university of St. Andrews, his masters being Ratherford and Buchanan—the latter one of the most renowned men of his time.

Crichton was only twelve years old when he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and at fourteen he became Master of Arts, with distinguished honour. These early titles did not, however, spoil him for further exertion, as they do many young men of our universities in the present day; they rather quickened his zeal, as they ought always to do, and we soon after found him perfecting himself in the various branches of abstruse learning, and gaining the knowledge of *eleven* different languages. The custom was then, as it is now, to send young men of fortune or promise abroad, that, together with a general enlargement of the mind they might obtain useful information, for the service of their country and friends on their return.

Endowed with talents which he had hitherto squandered or abused, the clever and handsome Crichton made his way to Paris, renowned at that period both for learning and gaiety; and very soon, according to the prevailing fashion of the land, he had challenges placarded about in various parts of the city, inviting all such as were well versed in any science to dispute with him in the college of Navarre, either in prose or verse, on an appointed day. But what provoked the envy and hatred of the French students was, that this young candidate for honours, instead of giving himself up to study in the meantime, did little to all appearance but amuse himself. He tilted, hawked, rode, played at tennis and cards, and performed vocal and instrumental music. Yet, when his trial of skill came on, he met

with such complete success against all opponents, that the president of the college, with four professors, rising, acknowledging the wonderful extent of his powers, presented him with a diamond ring and a purse of gold, the spectators joining in loud applause and styling the young and splendid wrangler the Admirable Crichton.

After gathering these laurels, instead of yielding to languor, the natural result of great excitement and toil, he went on the day following this great feat to the Louvre, where, before the court and a number of ladies, he carried away the ring at tilting fifteen times successively.

Having astonished the French for two years, the youth travelled to Rome, the grand focus of science, learning and art. Anxious to prove to the Romans his talents and genius, he dispersed about the city the following challenge:—"I, James Crichton, a Scot, will answer extempore to all questions on any subject that may be proposed;"—and his admirers declared that, although assailed by envy and malice, he acquitted himself before the Pope and cardinals in a way which fully answered to his bold pretensions.

After this, Crichton went to Venice and appeared before the Doge and senate with the same success; after this, he went to Padua, and he maintained a dispute against the doctors and professors of that city for six hours without resting; in his discourse, he pointed out the errors of Aristotle and the scholastic philosophy. After this, to convince some carpers at his talent that it was by no means superficial, he disputed again for six whole days with the most complete success.

This young man now burned to enter lists of a different kind, and, leaving oratory for a time, handled with equal grace and effect an-

other weapon more eloquent than words. There was then in Italy a savage and determined duelist, who knew his own skill, and, in the barbarous spirit of the age, had received from the Duke of Man-



tua a protection or licence for following the dreadful trade. Crichton being informed of the duke's regret on the occasion, and of the murder of three persons in cold blood by the practised fencer, at once offered to fight him for a large sum—a proposal reluctantly acceded to by the duke, who valued Crichton highly and dreaded the encounter.

The day, however, at length arrived; and, in the sight of an assembled multitude, the elegant and skilful youth showed perfection in his art, content with parrying and defending, till his enraged antagonist, tired with repeated and ineffectual thrusts, began to give

him an advantage, which Crichton secured by dispatching him with three rapid wounds through the body. To crown the glory of the day, he divided the prize of victory between the widows of those whom the man of blood had slaughtered.

Struck with the varied and great abilities of Crichton, the duke fixed upon him as tutor to his son—a wild and worthless young man; the charge of whom was, however, so flattering to Crichton, that, to please the court, he immediately wrote a most amusing comedy, in which he himself acted fifteen different characters with great truth and animation. But, as is often the case, connection with the bad leads to the destruction of the good—from being the principal actor in a comedy Crichton was soon about to be the chief one in a tragedy. He was at this time only in his twenty-second year, when one night, walking along the streets of Mantua and playing on his guitar, he was attacked by six persons in masks. They were soon obliged to quit their ground, and, owing to his skill and self-possession, he found himself left with only one of the attacking party—the leader, whose sword had been struck out of his hand, and who, taking off his mask, disclosed the countenance of his friend and pupil, the son of the duke. The noble Crichton, affected at the sight, instantly fell upon his knees, took his own sword by the point, and offered it to the prince, who immediately stabbed him with it through the heart.

All that public lamentation could do, testified the general grief at such a loss;—the court of Mantua went into mourning for him, and his memory was held in the highest estimation for many years in Mantua. His character ought to be studied by the young reader. They may be assured, from instances of this kind, and from some


around them in early life, that with a desire to excel in their respective callings, and with application and industry, they may surmount difficulties which once appeared beyond their thought of attempting, and arrive at an honourable and unspotted fame.

Let this fact be well impressed upon my young friends—that although all men are not born with extraordinary powers of mind, yet it does not follow that most persons may not, if they please, become eminent. Of the great list of men distinguished in the world, by far the largest and the most useful number will be found to be those who by patience and perseverance follow humbly in the wake of knowledge, and who by an earnest and indefatigable spirit force her to unburden her vast stores for their own advantage and that of the world.



THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

JOHN.

 MEAN to be a soldier
With uniform quite new !
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain, too !
I would go amid the battle,
With my broad-sword in my hand,
And hear the cannon's rattle,
And music all so grand !"

MOTHER.

"My son ! my son ! what if that sword
Should strike some noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart ?
What comfort would your waving plumes
And brilliant dress bestow,
When thinking upon widows' tears
And orphans' cries of woe ?"

WILLIAM.

"I mean to be a mighty king,
And rule each rising state ;
And hold my levees once a week
For all the gay and great !
I'll have a palace ; and for this
I'll make my subjects pay ;
And, what is more, and better, too,
Have all things my own way !"

MOTHER.

"My son, my son, the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast ;
And Queen Victoria, at times,
Has thoughts that break her rest.
To good men, pride and pomp appear
As trifling as the dust,—
They know how little they are worth,
How faithless is their trust !"

ELIZABETH.

"I mean to be a cottage girl,
And sit behind a rill,
And, morn and eve, my pitcher, there,
With purest water fill !
I'll train a lovely woodbine
Around my cottage door,
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wretched and the poor !"

MOTHER.

"Elizabeth, a humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see ;
And you shall never hear a word
To check that mind from me.
But ah, remember pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine shade ;
And discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage heart invade ! "

CAROLINE.

" I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours !
Music, and sport, and joy shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers !
No heart shall ache with sadness
Within my laughing hall,
But the note of love and gladness
Re-echo to my call ! "

MOTHER.

" Oh, children, sad it makes my heart
To hear your playful strain ;
I cannot bear to chill your heart
With images of pain ;
Yet, humbly take what God bestows,
And, like his own fair flowers,
Look up, in sunshine, with a smile,
And gently bend in showers ! "

W. MARTIN.



OR,

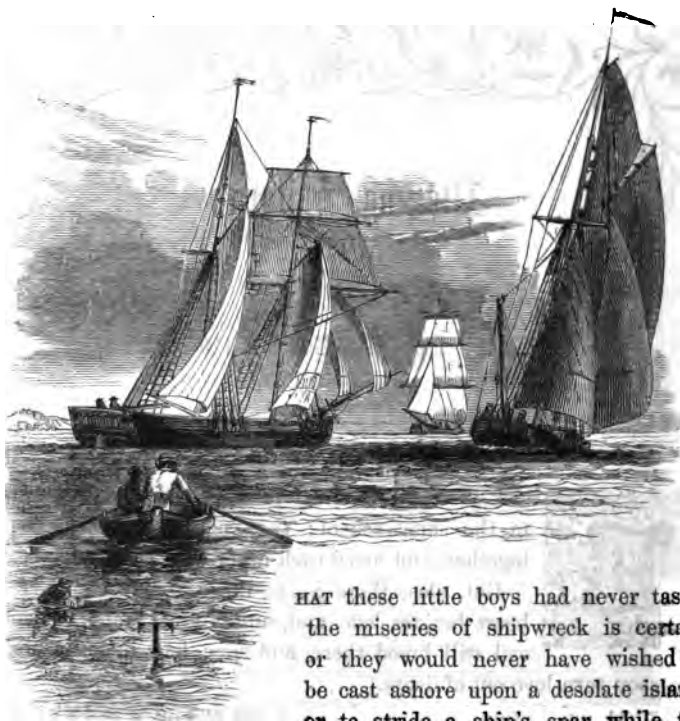
WHAT IS MAGNANIMITY.



ERNEST and Edmund, who were cousins, both went to the same school; they played together, slept together, and loved each other very dearly.

But, alas, there is, at times, something in the heart besides love, and, unless great watch is kept, evil will breed there, and envy, hatred and malice will soon turn love out of doors.

Ernest and Edmund were fond of the sea and of a sailor's life. They had read about our naval heroes; and they thought they should like to brave the dangers of the deep. A storm at sea was a grand sight, they thought; and the perils of a shipwreck seemed to them almost tempting.



THAT these little boys had never tasted the miseries of shipwreck is certain, or they would never have wished to be cast ashore upon a desolate island, or to stride a ship's spar while the waves were running mountains high.

However, you shall hear what the little boys said on the subject.

Ernest often said, "I think I should like to go through danger; it would make a man of me! I should like to drift among rocks

and sands ; be cast away upon a desolate shore ; live upon shell-fish, and fight with savages. I don't like a tame life, not I ; I am determined to go to sea, and will be as brave a man as any I ever read of ! ”

“ That is just what I should like ! ” replied Edmund, “ and, to make ourselves good sailors, we will each of us build a ship, and see which can build the best ! ”

“ Agreed ! ” said Ernest ; “ it is now a month to our birthday—for we were both born on the same day, you know ;—you shall build your ship and I will build mine, and on that day we will have a ship-launch, and the best-made ship shall have a prize ! ”

So the boys both made up their minds to build a ship each ; they were to do it entirely by themselves, and neither was to see each other's ship till it was finished.

Ernest went to work the same evening. He procured a fine block of soft wood from the carpenter's, and squared it out for a hull ; and, before night was over, he had cut out the greater part of the keel. Edmund, who was not so ardent a character as Ernest, contented himself with making a drawing of his frigate upon paper, at which Ernest laughed, saying, he would not make a ship that way. But the next day Edmund got his wood from the carpenter ; and both the boys set to work in secret.

Ernest proceeded with great haste, and had shaped his hull, and scooped out his holds, and laid his decks, before Edmund had cut his keel out. At the end of a week he had got his masts in, and began the rigging. In another week he had rigged her from stem to stern ; and, when he had made her almost complete, as he thought, he asked Edmund how he got on.

Edmund replied that he had only just finished his hull, and that he was busy in making little blocks for the rigging; that the reason he had not got on any faster was his wishing to do the cat-head, wheel, rudder and figure-head, before he began upon the masts.

"But you are not going to put a lot of carved work about your frigate, and to make her so grand as that?" enquired Ernest, who began to think that he had gone on too fast, and that he had, in fact, been too much in a hurry from the beginning.

"O yes!" replied Edmund; "I shall make a tight little craft of her; and I am sure you will like her!"

"Indeed I shall not," thought Ernest to himself, "if she should be better than mine!" but he said nothing; and Edmund continued, "But we had better say nothing about them till they are finished; and then our mothers shall decide which is the best."

Ernest saw that Edmund's would be the best, and he regretted much that he had not taken more time to consider of his plan. He, however, went on with his work, but was much mortified, from time to time, as he noticed the nice little contrivances of his friend for various parts of the vessel—such as the cabouse, windlass, buoys, and anchors. Not having the ingenuity of his rival, he at last began to despair of accomplishing his task with satisfaction to himself, and wished he had not undertaken it. He made several vain attempts at improvement, but at last threw away his boat in despair.

In a truly moody state of mind, he now began to envy the success of his cousin; he brooded and sulked, became peevish and cross; he shunned Edmund everywhere, and, as the time drew near for the production of the ships, grew more and more unhappy. At last, he saw Edmund going to his little workshop in the garden, and, in a

spiteful curiosity, followed him. Through a chink in the boards he saw the result of the little fellow's labours—a very beautiful model of a frigate, with men, cannons, anchors, flags, and all complete.

His heart burned within him; his little head ached, and he flew from the spot with tears in his eyes. At first grief, then jealousy, then rage took possession of his heart; envy, hatred and malice followed quickly—more dreadful, far, than the wild and rocky coasts, cruel savages, or stormy seas that Ernest was so anxious to brave as a sailor.

Ernest went to bed, but he could not sleep; he turned from side side—the guns and flags floated before his eyes as images, the trim little frigate stood before him like a ghost, and haunted him through the night. He thought of the blame he should sustain, of the praise that would be bestowed on his rival, and how he should meet the coming birthday, with nothing to show but his ill-formed, half-finished production. He rose betimes in the morning, walked out by himself, pouted, fretted, fumed; at last he came to the fatal workshop, and could not resist the temptation of taking another peep at his young friend's work. There she rested in her cradle, with flags flying, all complete and ready! A kind of madness seemed for a moment to take hold of him; he contrived to open the window, squeezed himself into the little shed, and, with one blow, smashed the frigate.

He stood for a moment to look upon the ruin he had made—Masts, yards, ropes, were broken and entangled, the flags struck, and the whole one mass of confusion! The wicked boy retreated, with an exulting look, and silyly crept upstairs to his bedroom, and, throwing himself on his bed, tried in vain to sleep.

He expected, next day, to hear Edmund complain of his disaster, and to have seen him distressed and weeping. But no ; he was as cheerful as usual ; he played at ball with him, and, as a proof of his goodnature, made Ernest a present of some very fine cherries.

Alas, these cherries were like coals of fire on his head ; he could scarcely swallow them, when he thought of what he had been guilty of, and he would have given everything he had in the world to have been able to undo what he had done.

A conviction of having done wrong is the first step towards repentance ; and Ernest several times felt as if he could have rushed to his friend and confessed his wickedness, but he was so ashamed of himself, that he hesitated, and, while he hesitated, time flew—the opportunity was lost.



The day of trial arrived. Edmund appeared in the morning, and was seen coming to the hall with his ship in his hand, as perfect as if she had received no injury. His look was open ; his eyes were bright ; and the flags of his little ship fluttered in the wind as he walked along, and seemed to laugh at Ernest. But he no longer

felt envy, or malice, or hate; the poor child was full of grief, and burst into tears; but he rallied, after awhile, and went to his own room, brought out his sorry production, half-finished as it was, and followed his young friend into the hall.

There stood the judges—the mothers of the boys—with several of their youthful playmates. There was the beautiful frigate. And every one was full of admiration. Ernest just reached the place at which his mother stood, placed his ship on the table, burst into tears and threw himself into his mother's arms.

"Oh, mother, mother, I am a very naughty boy!" said he, in bitter accents.

"Never mind, my child," she replied, "do not be distressed; every one is not the same in mechanical ingenuity. Edmund has produced the finest vessel, but you ought not to love him the less."

"O, but I have loved him the less!" replied the boy; "I have been very wicked! it was I who destroyed his masts and sails, the day before yesterday!"

Every one started with astonishment. His mother said, "What do you mean?" But the poor child was so overcome by his feelings he could say no more, except, "I did it! I did it!"

"The ship is yours! the ship is yours!" cried Edmund, rushing to him. "Do not cry! I saw you do it! I knew it was you, but I knew you would be sorry! I soon put her right again! Do not cry!" and the generous boy took his little friend by the hand and kissed him.

The joy that Ernest felt at having relieved his mind, by the confession of his fault, was far greater than any he would have experienced in being the winner of the prize. He felt it to be so, and

as, a few minutes before, he wept for grief and shame, he now wept in very gladness.

When my young friends read of the dangers of the sea and of shipwreck, and think of the endurance and bravery of those who go through many perils, let them reflect that our *moral life* has its shoals, rocks and quicksands, and that, to steer through these, it requires equal courage, firmness and skill. But, if we make our pole-star *honour*, and our compass *truth*, we need not be afraid of any of the evils that beset us in the dangerous and uncertain voyage of life.





OR,

THE HALF-HOLIDAY.



URRAH! hurrah! hurrah! There they go;—
bouncing out from school like bees from a hive;
—all full of joy, ripe for play—marbles, tops,
cricket, hunt-the-stag. Young Lockwood is out
first, with his brother Fred., and there go the
Barretts and the Harts, *cum multis alias*.

They are not all off for sport, however, of the play and romping kind; there are some of the boys of old Mr. Fenn's school—and a good old schoolmaster he was as ever tickled a boy in the right place, when he deserved it, or gave him a pat on the head and a kind word. And he was full of kind words and rewards, for it was his opinion that boys could be better managed with soft words than

hard blows ; he knew, however, that a little stick sometimes did good. It was a little stick Mr. Fenn used, and very little of it came in for the boys' share.



The boys soon separated themselves into various parties :—some went off to fly a kite, some distributed themselves into the field to play cricket, others were for prisoner's-base and hunt-the-stag, while a very large party got a boat on the river and went out for a water-party, of which we shall hear anon.

There were, however, two boys of the school that I must give a particular account of, as they proceeded apart from the other boys and took a course entirely to themselves. They were both boys of what is called a roving disposition ; they did not care either for tops or marbles, or hoops, or kites, or bowling, or any of the other sports with which boys generally amuse themselves ; they were fonder of

rambles and adventures, of stirring incidents, of escapes by flood and field; and dearly loved to look after the wild animals of the woods, to knock down squirrels, to snare rabbits, to hunt rats, to shy at cats and to kill birds.



The names of these young gentlemen were Michael and Bernard; the former a lad of thirteen and the latter a lad of twelve years old. They were by no means what are called clever boys at school; Michael found it very difficult to learn anything at all, and Bernard had never been able to get beyond reduction, in arithmetic, for the life of him; but Michael could leap over a five-barred gate, and Bernard could climb the highest tree in the parish, and the old oak tree in the Fen Walk was a continual feat to him; and his greatest of all possible delights was to sway himself to and fro on its mighty branches, and to rock himself to slumber in the November's blast.

The two boys started off silently together ; they were seen whispering, as they went down the street and stealing away from the other boys as quickly as possible. When they got out of the town, Michael led the way to a craggy spot, a little out of the road, and, with a face beaming with delight, began to scratch in the earth like a terrier dog, till he, at last, found a long, narrow parcel, wrapped up in a piece of old sacking. He opened it, and discovered a gun and a flask of powder and shot.

"There!" said he, to Bernard, "I thought I would surprise you! there's a pop-gun for you! I told you I had such a pop-gun as you never saw! Here's plenty of powder and shot, too! I warrant we shall have plenty of sport before we come home! Can you fire off a gun, Berney?"

"O dear no," said Bernard, "not I; I never had a gun in my hand."

"Here, take one now," replied Michael, "and I will soon show you the way to do it. There, you see this lock, it goes back so; if I pull it further back, it is said to be on the half-cock; if I put it a nick forward, it is on the full-cock; then, if I pull the trigger so, it goes off bang!"

And bang it went, sure enough. Bernard was so frightened, that he dropped on his knees, and, looking up, expected to find his companion dead or hurt; but he seemed quite well, and called out, "There, don't you see how easy it is!"

"But does it not hurt you when it goes off?" asked Bernard.

"Not a bit. When I first used to fire it off, it made my shoulder ache a good deal, but it never aches now; I like to feel the bang of it, it makes me feel quite nice; I don't know what it is, but I do like it so!"

"But where did you get the gun? Is it your father's? Why, if my father knew I had a gun, he would be frightened out of his wits; he would not let me have a little cannon, for fear, as he said, that I should blow my head off!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" exclaimed the other; "just as if there was any art in firing a gun off; anybody may do it; all that you have got to take care of is to run your charge well home, never to let your gun be on the full-cock, except just as you are about to fire it, and always to draw your charge before you put your gun away!"

"But you did not draw your charge when you put the gun up, did you, Mick?"

"Why, no, because it was not in the house, you know; if it had been put up in the house, or anywhere handy, of course I should. But now I'll show you how to load a gun, and then how to fire it off, and then how to shoot a rabbit. I'll show you how to be a sportsman! won't I!"

Michael now began the operation of loading his gun, which he essayed to do with a vast deal of consequence and self-importance. "Look at me!" said he, with a dictatorial air; "first, you see, I put in this stick and wipe my barrel clean out; then I put in this powder—there is just as much in this part of the flask as will do for a charge;—then I put in this piece of round cut card, and ram it down well; then I put in the shot—this part of the flask holds just enough for a charge;—then I put another piece of paper over it, and then I ram it all down with my ramrod, thus;—and now the gun is loaded!"

"Now, look at me! I put this little copper cap on this nipple, then I draw back the trigger, and I am ready for a shot! Look

out, and I'll bring down the first thing that comes in my way! Now, you follow close behind! Look among the bushes; if you see a bird, or a rabbit, or a rat, or anything, let me know; but I dare say I shall see it first!"

So the two boys moved slowly and cautiously along beside an overhanging hedge of quickset and maple. Michael had his gun ready for his shoulder, and Bernard began to be greatly interested in the sport. Michael, at last, stopped suddenly, and, before Bernard could see what he stopped for, bang went the gun and Michael was over the hedge into the next field; he had shot a starling.



Bernard followed quickly to the spot, and there lay a little bird, of most elegant plumage, fluttering in the greatest agony. It had been shot through the back, but seemed far from mortally wounded; it attempted to fly when Michael tried to pick it up, and fluttered along the ground for some paces; then it stopped, panted, all its feathers and wings were in a tremour of pain, its eyes quivered; its full, dark eye looked languishingly towards the clear, blue sky, which it could enjoy no more; its little thin voice uttered a shrill cry, while

the blood kept oozing out from its body, and sprinkled on each side as it fluttered in its pain. Michael tried again to catch it, but it eluded his grasp; he again followed, with no better success, till, at last, he lost all patience, and, taking the butt-end of his gun, struck the wounded bird a heavy blow; he then easily caught it in his hand. For a moment it was still, but it shortly opened its beak, unclosed one eye, which seemed to dart a glance of reproach to its murderer, and, with a faint strugglè, expired.

Bernard burst into tears. Michael put the bird in his pocket and went forward. Bernard was so blinded by grief, as to be unable to follow for a moment; and had taken his handkerchief out to wipe his eyes, when Michael cried, "What a milksop you are, crying about a bird! what a precious muff you make of yourself!" And, without further observation, the unfeeling lad began to load his gun again, and, having so done, placed it on his shoulder, and drew quickly towards a thicket a short distance before him.

The thicket was a very gloomy-looking piece of tangled trees, brushwood, furze and brier; but the quick eye of Michael had followed a rabbit, and he went forward with an eagerness which none but a sportsman feels; his companion followed, trembling all over, through bushes and briars, stumbling over stumps and rabbit holes; they at last came to a little avenue, and the white tails of two or three rabbits were seen bobbing among the fern. Michael stole onwards, with his gun levelled, till he came suddenly to a standstill:—a rabbit was just in the act of darting through some palings—Michael fired.

In a moment a loud yell was heard, of the most piercing kind—a dreadful scream, or screech—long, loud and prolonged; it never

ceased, but kept on to a most prodigious length; nobody could have thought a pig would have had breath enough for such a continuous play of the lungs. It was a young porker Master Michael had tickled with small shot in the most fleshy part of his person. He



had shot at a rabbit and hit a pig. The little wretch still continued to make the welkin ring. It was a farmyard behind the palings; there was a couple of cornstacks with men on them, and a wagon unloading, and farmer's servants and labourers about, variously employed. When they heard the shrill outcry of master porker, with the report of the gun, every one left his work to see what was the matter; the pig ran off, with the old sow and fourteen other pigs, in the wildest manner, round the farmyard, frightening from their propriety the ducks and geese, which, with extended wings, flew to the water, the cocks and hens, which fluttered unto the barntops, set the dog barking, the cows lowing, the turkeys gobbling, and the

peacocks screaming, while the peahens cried out, "come back! come back!" more lustily than they are usually wont to do.

"Come back! come back!" said Michael; "I have killed a pig! all the farm will be after us! you cut off one way and I another! run for your life! I shall go into Blunt's wood, round by Seckford Hall; you go down by the clay pits! run!"

So the boys set off in opposite directions, and were out of sight; across hedges, through fields, before the farmer's people could get out of the farmyard. Seeing no one, they made but little search beyond the more immediate vicinity of the farm; one man, however, went to look for the little pig, which, at last, was quiet—for it was dead.

After a run of some quarter-of-an-hour, variegated with several leaps over ditches and falls among briers, Michael reached the appointed spot in the wood. So far from being in the least frightened, he seemed to be quite refreshed by the adventure; the bumping of his heart, from the excitement, was a music quite delightful to him; and, when he reflected upon the consternation in the farmyard, the squeaking of the pig, the cackling of the ducks, the hissing of the geese and the gobbling of the turkeys, he burst into a loud laugh, in the midst of which he saw Bernard coming with rather a woful countenance, for, in endeavouring to leap a ditch, he had fallen short and had been soused over head and ears, and was covered over with the green mantle of it—the duckweed—from head to heels. Michael now laughed more than ever. "Oh, what a pickle; you have been into a ditch!"

"Indeed I have!" replied Bernard; and my mouth and throat are full of the nasty, filthy, green stuff on the top of it; my clothes

will smell of it for a month, I am sure they will ; and I shall catch it, when I get home, I am sure I shall ! ”

“ Stuff ! you’ve only to say you have had an accident, and to make up a story ! I’ll make up a story for you before you go home ! I’m the boy to make up a story ! If one won’t do, I’ll make up two ! Shall I tell you what I did once, to get out of a mess ? ”

“ You may, if you like ! ” said Bernard.



“ Why, you must know that I wanted very much to get some money to buy a beautiful little terrier—such a dog for a rat as you never saw ! O, he was such a dog ; if you had seen him, with his sharp eyes, teeth and claws, at a rat’s hole, you would have loved him so !—he was to be had for half-a-sovereign. So, what do you think I did ? Why, I went and sold my jacket and waistcoat at an

old clothes'-shop, and said a man had met me in the fields and stolen them."

"And was you not found out?"

"Not a bit. There was a man about the country who had done such things; and the man that bought my clothes would not split, for fear of himself; so I got my money."

"And the dog?"

"No—yes, I got him and paid for him, and took him home in a string, but in the morning he was gone, and I never saw him after; but I soon got another jacket and waistcoat."

"Well!" replied Bernard, with evident astonishment, "I would not have done such a thing for all the world!"



"And the more fool you! But see! what is that stealing along the hedge there? it looks like a fox! let me load! let me load!" The boy here loaded his gun with great quickness, and held it at his shoulder, ready for a shot.

"'Tisn't a fox! don't fire! it's a——"

Bang went the gun.

"Oh! murder! murder! thieves! murder! murder!" said the voice of an old woman, who had been picking sticks up behind the hedge. "Murder! murder!"

It was poor old Betty Blowers, a good old creature, who lived in a little cottage by the wood-side, and who supported herself by working in the fields, and by other kinds of labour.

"You have shot an old woman!" said Bernard, in the greatest terror. "Let us run!"

"No, don't run! if it's an old woman, let's see what's the matter with her. I can't have hurt her much, for it's only No. 2, and was well scattered. I've only peppered her; I can't have killed her!" So saying, he strode over the hedge, where he found the poor old creature, lying in great pain. "Oh! you have killed me! you have killed me! I am a dead woman! O dear! O dear!"

"Why, you can't be hurt, mother; it's only No. 2 shot! You had no business there, you know; we sportsmen can't always tell who is behind a hedge!"

"I'm a dead woman!" replied old Betty, "you have shot my leg off!" and here she put her hand to her hip, and groaned in a terrible manner.

"Get up! get up!" said Michael; "it's of no use to lie groaning there!" "Let's help her up;" said Bernard; "let's get her into her cottage, it's close by, and send for the doctor!"

"I tell you, 'tis only half sham; but still, let's get her into the cottage!" rejoined Michael. And so the lads managed, between them, by one taking hold of her shoulders and the other of her feet, to carry her gently away.

"What a light thing an old woman is!" said Michael, laughing;

I thought she would have been too much for us; she is as light as a feather!"

And no reason, for poor old Betty could not be expected to get very fat or heavy on fourpence a day for couch-picking, and half-a-quartern loaf a week from the parish, which was all her allowance.

The lads soon succeeded in getting her into her cottage; they laid her on the bed, stanchied the blood as well as they could, and, telling her they would go for a doctor, left her.

"What shall we do next?" said Michael, very deliberately loading his gun.

"Go home! go home!" replied Bernard; "don't, pray, load your gun any more! let us go home, pray do!"

"I tell you I won't, and that's enough! I won't go home till I have had some sport!"

"Goodness knows we have had sport enough! pray let me go!"

"Sport! do you call this sport? this is nothing but bad luck! I won't let you go; you must keep by me! I will have some sport before I go home; so come along!"

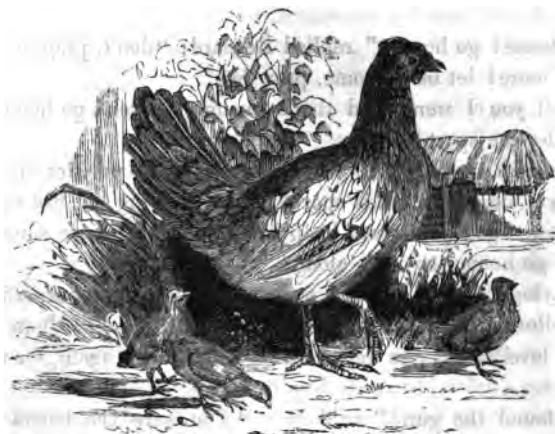
So saying, Michael dashed again into the wood, Bernard reluctantly following him. Presently a magpie flew over their heads; Michael levelled his gun and fired;—but no luck, again, for no bird fell.

"Confound the gun!" said he; "I'm sure the barrel is not straight, or something; I can't hit what I want to hit, and hit what I don't want to hit!" He reloaded his gun, and rammed down the charge with great force. "I'll warrant I won't make a mess next time!"

So saying, he led the way through the wood, Bernard timidly

following. But the shades of evening were now casting their long shadows ; the days were growing short, it being the month of September, and daylight closed in somewhat suddenly. "It is getting dark ; pray let us go home !" said Bernard, with an imploring look.

"Stay ! hush ! there he goes, stealing along ! do you see him, there, under the bank ? he is going to the barn of the farm-house, there ! let me follow him ! stay where you are !"



Michael was right at last. A sly old fox was proceeding at a stealthy pace towards a farmyard close by, to which the cacklings of a hen no doubt invited him. Michael slowly followed him ; he saw

him turn round the side of some close palings that separated the corn-stacks from the wood, and, moving nimbly up, the boy reached the paling just as master fox ran close in under the corn-stacks.



Michael fired. The fox started, and ran away in an opposite direction; the shot went into the corn-stack, and, worst of all, from the gun being fired so close to it, the *wadding*.

"Confound the gun!" said the young sportsman, with a stamp; "I shall have no sport to day; yet I am determined not to go home till I do!"

"What have you got?" said Bernard, who came up quickly, as soon as he heard the report.

"Nothing! nothing! no luck! but come, let's get away from this farm, or the farm people may be out upon us!" So they turned away again into the wood. They had not, however, proceeded far

before Bernard, looking back, observed a faint stream of smoke ascending above the trees; in a few minutes a flame appeared; a wild outcry was heard from the farm—the corn-rick was on fire.

“Sport at last! sport at last! cried Michael, in the height of his joy; “there’s fun enough to last till next morning!”

“You have done it with your gun!”

“I know it! it was the wadding! I set fire to some thatch on a stable, the other day! there will be fine fun before it is over!”

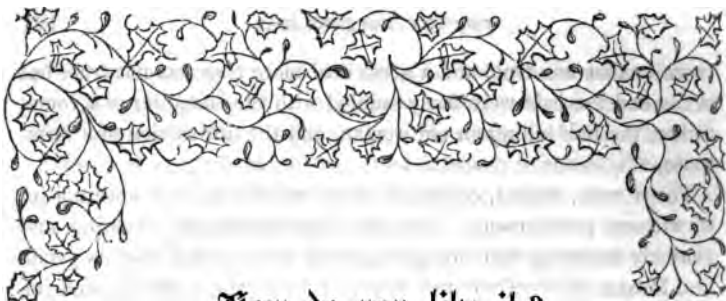
And sure enough there was. Presently a loud bell was heard to ring; then shoutings for pails and buckets; then the clanging of the pump, the squeaking of the well-wheel, the plunging of buckets into the duck-pond; then labourers from all quarters; then policemen flying about as slowly as it was possible to move; then a shouting, while the flames were spreading on every side, especially towards the side where the farm-house stood; things moving out of the windows, horses out of the stables; oxen bellowing, sheep bleating, pigs squeaking, ducks quacking, and, lastly, the engines of the nearest town driving up furiously, without their hose, and their pumps in so bad a state of repair, that they would not work.

Michael and Bernard, having thus set fire to a farm-house, thought it best to run away by the light of it, and dashed down the nearest lane towards home; they were, however, soon met by a posse of people, with a policeman at their head, who immediately, seeing the lads running away, took them into custody on suspicion, and walked off with them to the cage; here they lay in the cold all night in woful plight. When the morning arrived, they were brought out from their dungeon, and taken before the magistrates at the town hall. Evidence was soon brought against them; a great deal was

sworn to that was true, and a great deal more that was not true, but in the end the lads were fairly saddled with the slaughter of a young porker, the half-killing an old woman, and the destruction of a farmhouse.

These were, indeed, crimes of great magnitude, and were not let off without punishment. The act of parliament for shooting and wantonly maiming was brought against them, and, under its penalties, Master Michael was well-whipped by a cat-o'-nine-tails and imprisoned for six months, while Master Bernard came in for the imprisonment, without the whipping.

The object of this tale is to show my young readers the danger and folly of young people having fire-arms in their possession. There is never a day passes, but we read of accidents occasioned by their improper use. How many have killed their sisters or brothers, by pointing guns at them, thinking they were not loaded? How many have blown off their hands and heads, by the bursting of their guns? Not a few. It was only the other day that Peter Parley read an account of a son killing his own mother by accidentally letting off a gun. Therefore, my young friends, never play with fire-arms; never go popping about the fields after poor little birds, to kill, and maim, and mangle them, or, perhaps, by the practice of this cruelty, you may manage to mangle or to kill yourselves.



How do you like it ?



WHEN he was about eight years old, George Thorp, though he went to school, had a good deal of time for play and amusement. He used to walk in the fields and woods ; and nothing pleased him so much as the birds. He would often pause in his walks, and look at them for hours, as they were busy in smoothing their feathers, sporting among the trees, singing their songs or building their nests.

There were two birds that particularly attracted his attention. These were a pair of chaffinches that had built their nests in the hollow trunk of a tree, in the edge of the forest. He loved the notes of these birds, for they were soft and gentle ; and, though they made him sad, they yet gave him pleasure.

He paid frequent visits to their nests ; and one day he ascended

the tree and peeped into the hole where the young ones lay. There were five of them, and they opened their little mouths as if they expected he would give them something to eat. They were very pretty, and George had a great desire to carry them home; but the old birds came round and pleaded so sadly for their little ones, that the little boy went away and left them in their nest.

The next day he told his story to one of his companions. He



laughed at the scruples of George, and told him he had often taken young birds from their nests, and that there was no harm in it. This had an effect upon the mind of George, as bad counsel generally has upon everybody. It changed his feelings of pity and commiseration and love, and he determined to pay a visit to the woods the next day and get the young chaffinches for himself.

The next day was Sunday. George's mother dressed him nicely for church, gave him a new prayer-book in his hand—a nice frill was round his neck. He went off to church, and, on purpose to say

that he had been there, he went directly to his seat in the gallery; but, soon after the minister came in, during the singing, he stole quietly out, and quickly found his way into the woods, where the young birds were. He climbed up the tree; there were the little birds, almost fledged; they opened their mouths when they saw him, but George put his hand into the hole and took out the birds, nest and all. The old birds were close by, and made a great chirping, as George knelt upon the ground, admiring the little captives. The mother came quite near, and, shrieking as if her little heart would break, seemed to pray to him not to take away her children—not to rob her of those she loved best. But George was deaf to her cries, and, putting the young birds inside his jacket, bore away the prize.

When he got home. His mother asked George who preached,



when George replied, "Mr. Longtext." She then inquired the verse of the text. George said "it was the 91st chapter of St. John,

and the 84th verse." His mother at once knew that the Gospel of St. John had not 91 chapters, nor had any chapter so many as 84 verses, and thus she detected the lie. "You have not been to church," she said. George doggedly replied that "he had," and offered to bring several people forward who saw him in his pew, and told his mama the names of several persons who sat near him. But the birds beginning to chirp in the pantry, where George had put them for a short time, till he should have an opportunity to dispose of them properly, revealed the truth; and his mother was painfully convinced that her son had violated the Sabbath day, and had also been guilty of a very cruel deed. George felt very much distressed at his doings; but yet he kept his little birds; he did not take them back to the tree, as he might have done, and he thought that, by being attentive and kind to them, he could make up for his cruelty in taking them away from their mother's care. He fed them three or four times a-day, and, at night, put them in a basket, for safety. One morning, however, he woke very early, and went to see his little birds. Alas! they were all dead. The food he had given them, or separation from the warmth afforded by the parent's wing, had caused the death of these innocent little creatures. George wept bitterly, and for some years after often thought of this cruel action. He had a sort of fear that something would happen to punish him for it. At length, an event took place, which seemed to him something like a return for his cruelty.

When George was fourteen years old, his father, who was captain of a merchant ship, took him to sea. He sailed from a sea-port, on the south coast of England, with a cargo for Alexandria, and had a very prosperous passage, till they arrived at Gibraltar. But soon

after they passed the straits, an incident occurred, that put George in mind of the poor little birds he had stolen.

The ship was sailing along, one beautiful moonlight night. There was but little wind—indeed, it was almost a calm. The air was warm, the moon was bright, the sea was placid, and all things were so lovely, that George remained on the deck longer than usual, to enjoy the beauty of the night. All was silent for some time, but at last George's father was seen looking very intently over the larboard quarter; presently, the sound of oars were heard, and, in a few minutes, a boat was seen approaching with nearly a dozen rough men in her. They had fierce looks, long black hair and beards, were armed with daggers, swords and pistols, and pulled towards the ship with great quickness.

They were Algerine pirates. George's father knew it was of no use to offer any resistance, and the men were presently on board. They first of all bound George's father; they then tied George himself with cords, and, lastly, after killing two or three of the seamen and throwing their bodies overboard, they ransacked the ship of everything valuable, scuttled her—that is, made a hole in her bottom, and, rowing off with their prisoners, let her go down to the bottom of the sea.

George and his father were thrust down to the bottom of the boat, which pulled towards land, which it soon reached. They were then stripped and put into a dirty, damp dungeon, and two or three handfuls of lentils—a kind of bean—were thrown in for their food. In this wretched situation they were kept for some weeks, when George's father died of grief and the bad food, just as the little birds had done.

George was now a prisoner by himself, and knew what it was to be separated from his parents and confined in a cage. He felt many times to wish that death would come and ease him of his sufferings, but he had no answer to his prayer, but more pain and sorrow to endure—he often thought of the little birds.

For several long, very long years did the poor youth remain in this situation. He was often beaten, made to do heavy labour on the roads, having been sold for a slave to the Dey of Algiers; and, what was worse, he was called upon to renounce his religion and become a Mohammedan. This he would not do, and he in consequence got worse and worse treated every day.

But one fine morning there seemed to be a great bustle in the city, and great preparations were made in the basin in which the ships lay, for an engagement. Afar off at sea a fleet of large ships




appeared. After gazing on them for some time, George thought that he descried the "British flag;" and his heart leaped up at the sight—as a Briton's always should.

The fleet drew nearer; soon after, it came close into the bay. Then a silence prevailed; then a single gun was heard; then a tremendous discharge from the foremost ship, which was followed by such a display of shot, rockets and fiery missiles, that the whole sky was flaming with them. The dreadful battle begun. The city was bombarded for four hours by the gallant Lord Exmouth, till at last the batteries were beaten down, the forts silenced, the town itself laid in ashes and the Dey was obliged to sue for quarter. The end was, that George, with more than six thousand Christian slaves, were released. George came home, but his mother was dead—all was changed—his heart was heavy—and in its heaviness he often thought of the young birds, and never passed the tree in which their nest was built without pain and sorrow.





What Botany is.



BOTANY is a charming study!—so every one says that has studied it. Ask Susan Bushnell, one of Peter Parley's own little friends; ask the florist and the gardener; or come to Kew with me some fine summer's day, and walk among the beautiful plants and flowers. Some children and young persons think it only fit for older persons, but this is a great mistake; among the tens of thousands of our readers, there is not one who could not learn something about it, and who would not be delighted with it, particularly at this delightful season?

If you live in the country, you cannot visit a brook, or a meadow, or a wood, or even walk along the way-side, from May to October, without passing many plants, some in flower and some not; thousands, indeed, flower under our feet, and we take no notice of them.

Every one of these opens a world of wonder to those who study botany, while such of us as do not, go along, and never see them, or, if they just see them, they seem to take no more notice of them than the lambs or the pigs do. Did not He who made both us and the flowers intend that we and they should be made better acquainted with each other.



If you live in a city and never go out of it in your whole life, you may also see a great number of plants and flowers; your friends may have some house-plants and gardens, such as those of my friend Noyce, from which he gets both delight and instruction. Then flowers often come about the streets, in a respectable donkey-cart, and you may purchase, for a few pence, a few seeds, and, with a little mould, a little water, air and sunshine—the latter of which may be had for nothing—a great deal may be done.

Perhaps, indeed, you love to look at flowers, and to play with

them, just as you would like to examine and play with a beautiful doll, or an elegant picture, or with shuttlecocks, which are just now so much the rage, that poor old Peter Parley has several times had his nose knocked, and eight or ten of these same shuttlecocks flying about his head like a flock of pigeons; but he does not complain, although it troubled him sadly when passing through Magpie-alley, or Brewer's-lane.—However, as I was saying, but for this digression, I fear that some boys and girls, although they may admire flowers, think very little about them, except to tear them to pieces; but if this is all for which you care about them, you are no botanists.

I have chosen this day to begin my lessons in this interesting science; for it is Easter Monday, and I am now writing just as every plant is about to burst forth into leaf; and, to show you that I don't mean to talk about botany only, I can say I have just planted, in my new house at Holly Lodge, nearly a hundred fruit trees, and twice as many other botanical specimens; and I shall be glad, at any time, for Peter Parley's young friends to look in upon them. This is the very season for me to tell you about the study of trees, bushes, vines, grains, weeds and mosses, and especially about their flowers; for mosses, that grow on fences and the rough bark of the large trees, and even the rocks, have flowers on them as well as the rose-bush or the mangolia, only they are so small that you cannot see them with the naked eye.

There are more than thirty thousand kinds of plants known in the world, and, of course, as many sorts of flowers. Now, as there are millions and millions of some of these kinds, what an innumerable multitude of flowers there must be in the whole world.

Let us walk into the orchard. The apple-trees are not yet in full bloom, but the blossoms begin to appear ; you see them in the buds, and the buds are just beginning to swell ; they will open in a few days, and then what a delightful sight ; but, of all fine sights in the world, I know of nothing to surpass the chesnuts of Bushey Park, when in bloom. In a very short time, the earth and the trees will be covered with flowers, and in all the orchards round about this great metropolis, to the east and west, north and south, from Mr. Goswell's, at Twickenham, to Mr. Roberts's, at Stratford, all will be bloom and joy and beauty.



If there are no more than five thousand flowers on each tree in the orchard, and if there are only two hundred trees, how many blossoms do you suppose there are in the whole orchard ? Is it not a million ? But multiply one orchard by five hundred, for there are at least that number around London, what a number will there be !

Then take England, with at least fifty orchards. Count them, if you can! It would, probably, take a person above five thousand years—as long as from the time of Adam to this hour—to count 500,000,000.

I will tell you something of the mode in which plants grow; but I must first tell you how animals grow, for they grow in nearly the same manner. The food which we eat, if it is good food, makes blood; the blood, soon after it is made, gets into the heart, from which it is driven out with great force to every part of the body, whence it comes back again, in a few minutes, to the heart.

Now, the hollow pipes in which the heart sends out this blood have some resemblance to the trunk of a tree, and the thousand branches, great and small, into which it divides, resemble very closely the branches. So far, then, there is a resemblance; for water, or sap, gets into the roots of a tree, and then the roots send it, or it goes by some vital force, into the branches; yes, into the very smallest of them, and to all the leaves, flowers and fruit; and this sap it is that makes them grow, just as blood makes all parts of animals grow. You have, then, to compare the stomach and heart of an animal to the root of a tree, and the arteries and veins that carry out the blood and bring it back, with their numerous branches, to certain tubes in the trunk and branches which convey the sap.

The trunk of a tree is the part between the root and the branches. In some trees, such as the pine, the trunk is very long; in others, like the apple-tree, it is very short.

Do you know how to tell the age of a tree? It is by counting the number of rings seen in the horizontal cut of the tree, when cut through; a new coat of wood comes on every year, and forms a new

ring, and every living and flourishing tree is just as many years old as it has rings.



Beside the roots and branches of trees, they have generally, but not always, leaves, flowers, seeds and fruit. In the winter, there are no leaves upon the branches; the buds and flowers are there, but some buds contain nothing but leaves, others enclose flowers; the leaf-buds are sharp and pointed, but the flower-buds are more blunt. If you take a flower-bud to pieces carefully, and look at it with a

magnifying glass, you can see all the parts of the flower. There you will find the stamen, within the petals or the flower-leaves, surrounding the pistil, and, at the bottom of the petals, the nectary, and below it the seed. The cut represents the blossom of the sloe-tree.



A few trees have leaves on them and are green all the winter, and these are called evergreens. Among the evergreens are the fir, the pine, the spruce, the laurel, the cypress, the arbor-vitæ and the ivy.

But I must say a few words more concerning the roots of plants. There are, at least, four kinds of roots. Branching roots, such as that of a tree, fibrous or thready roots, such as you may see in tufts of grass, spindle roots, like those of the carrot, and bulbous roots, like those of the onion. Besides, some are partly of one sort and partly of another. Thus, the onion is bulbous and a little fibrous too. In like manner, some kinds of turnips are wholly bulbous and some are partly spindle-shaped.



Botanists usually say there are ten principal sorts of leaves, and they distinguish them by as many different names. It is very useful as well as pleasant to observe the forms of leaves, and learn by their shape to tell what tree they grew on. I think every one should

have a folium, that is, a book of blotting paper, in which leaves should be placed to dry. Searching for leaves and placing them properly in this kind of book, is not only a useful but a healthy exercise for children. Some children, whom I know, love it almost as well as they do their play.

It will be well to learn, as you go along, to which of the following ten classes each leaf which you may procure belongs.

1. *Cordate* leaves, from *cor*, the Latin for heart, are of course heart-shaped, as their name implies.

2. The *ovate* is shaped like an egg, such as that of the apple.

3. The lanceolate leaf, like a lance, as seen in the willow.

4. The linear leaf, or long leaf, such as grass.

5. The arrow-headed leaf.

6. The palmate leaf, like a hand spread out.

7. The pedate leaf, something like a bird's foot.

8. The lobed leaf, like those of the oak and maple.

9 and 10. The pennate leaf, of which there are two kinds, one like the myrtle and the other like the vetch.

There are more sorts of leaves, although these include the principal. Serrate leaves have little notches on the edges like the teeth in a saw. Hairy leaves are covered with hair, downy leaves with down.

I shall go on with this subject at some other time.



SOMETHING ABOUT EELS.



THE eel seems to be something between serpents and fishes, having several traits of character which belong to each.

Eels live either in fresh or salt water, though sometimes they are found on the land. The notion that they migrate in great quantities across the land is not well founded, although they occasionally stroll for a little distance over a very wet meadow. The truth is, they will live about as well out of the water as the snake and some other land animals live in it.

I have said they form the link in the chain which connects land animals with fishes. In this respect they make one think of the bat and flying squirrel, which connects land animals with those that

mount on the wing and fly in the air. Eels sometimes grow to an immense size; they have been caught in fresh-water ponds, weighing eighteen or twenty pounds; and one was caught at the weir at Twickenham that weighed twenty-five pounds.

If eels do not migrate in companies on the land they often travel in great numbers in the water. They used to be frequently seen migrating up the river Thames about the 10th of May; but now, the steamers and the railroads and the crowds of people have scared the fish out of their old haunts.



There are, however, many rivers in England in which eels so travel; they are, of course, young ones; and they are sure to proceed, when they migrate in this manner, in one regular and unbroken column of about five inches in width, and as thick together as they

can be. They move very slowly, at the rate of about two miles and a half an hour, and they continue to travel on for two or three days.

The line of march is almost always confined to one bank of the river, though they are occasionally known to cross forward and backward; in this way it is that they travel, till they reach the small tributary streams, among which they disperse themselves, to spend the summer. In the autumn they proceed down the river again, but whether they go back as they come, in companies, we are not told.

Boys are in the habit of binding eel-skins round them, to prevent the cramp while bathing. But they are of no use in this way. A better precaution against the cramp, is to take care not to go into the water after a full meal, or when you are hot, or when fatigued with labour or walking.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PERCH.

PERCH are of various sizes; some only weigh one ounce, and some weigh several pounds. One has been caught in the river Thames weighing nine pounds. He lives, like the trout, in both salt water and fresh. The salt-water perch are much the largest, and are said to be sometimes two feet long.

He likes clear, swift streams, with gravelly bottoms, though he will sometimes disport himself at the clayey bottom of a river. He likes, too, to frequent places where the water is moderately deep, the holes by the side of streams, and the hollows under banks. A few may be seen lying from time to time under the crags of the little island just below Richmond Bridge. Peter Parley has seen them there.

We are told that perch resemble man in one particular, *i. e.*, in devouring small fish for food. They, however, have some difficulty to prevent themselves from being devoured in return. They take what care they can to prevent this, by setting up their fins, as a hog will his bristles, or a peacock his tail, to try to frighten the pike and drive him away.



The perch appears to be a very foolish fish in some respects ; if there are thirty or forty of them in a deep hole together, a person may catch them all one after another. A witty writer compares them to wicked people, who are not made at all the more afraid by seeing their friends and companions perish in their sight, but go on nearly as usual, while their companions are disappearing on every side.

Another thing is told of perch, which is, that they seldom travel alone, but usually in companies or troops.

I might tell you more about the perch ; but why should I ? You ought to hunt for information in books, so as to get a comprehensive

knowledge of its habits, if you require it. I might talk a great deal about the various ways of catching it, viz., with hooks, lines, nets and spears. I might also talk of a great many sorts of perch.

But I wish at all times to leave my young readers to do something for themselves. I like to be more the "whet" to their appetites than to make my pages solid meals. If Peter Parley can create a "relish" for knowledge, it is all he ought to attempt.





OR,

WORKING BETTER THAN BEGGING.



IN the days of King James the Second, there was, in the county of Berkshire, a fine old house called "Lady Place." It had originally been a monastery, but afterwards, a rich nobleman had built a house on its site, and it then fell into the hands of Lord Lovelace, one of the most spendthrift lords of those times.

Lord Lovelace was very fond of the society of the son of a rich and worthy yeoman, a near neighbour; and frequently invited him to the Hall, where he of course became initiated into all the mystery of money-spending. He ate, drank, fought duels, and wasted his father's substance to such a degree, that at last the good man, who

thought it very fine for his son to keep such "good society," and fancied it might be to his advantage in the world besides, found it necessary to sell his estate to supply his son with money to keep up his connection.

Part of this money was borrowed by Lord Lovelace, the rest spent in foolish pleasures, and at last the father could no longer supply his son with further advances of cash. He grew pinched in circumstances, borrowed money, mortgaged his lands and soon died, leaving his son—not a fortune, but a great number of debts to pay.

Joseph made up his father's accounts as well as he was able, but, when the affairs were wound up, he found himself penniless. "Never mind," said he, "I have a 'good friend;' Lord Lovelace is my friend—he will do anything for me."

So, after awhile, Joseph went to his lordship's house, and his lordship smiled on him as sweetly as ever. They went to the racket-court, they fenced, they feasted, they got tipsy together, and talked of nothing but fun and frolic, and joy and pleasure, till at last Joseph, seeing his lordship in such good spirits and temper, opened his mind to him and told him the state of his affairs.

"Ha! is it so? Well, well," said his lordship, "we all must break, some day. It's the fate of most people. Let it pass; let it pass."

Joseph did not exactly know what his lordship might mean by "letting it pass," but supposed that his lordship meant—we will talk of this at a more convenient moment; for his lordship being then in the midst of his choice spirits, could not be expected to enter into such matters then.

The next day, Joseph saw his lordship walking in the garden; the

poor youth was in great destitution, being almost without food and entirely without money. When he came towards his lordship, the high-bred nobleman shrunk as from an adder. Joseph in a few words told him his destitute situation. His lordship, with the most silvery tones in the world, said, "Well, well, you must eat the husks now—it's what we all must come to."

"But, my dear lord," ejaculated Joseph.

"Really," said his lordship, "these things are very offensive; I can't bear to see a poor crow in distress." So he turned his head the other way.

"But I am starving, my lord, utterly starving."

"Heyday! heyday! starving? a stout, able-bodied young man starving? that is a pity!"

"What shall I do, my lord?"

"Do? why, if you are starving, you must, of course, direct your attention to the art and mystery of providing yourself with bread."

Joseph thought his lordship was disposed to be merry with him, and gazed in mute suspense.

"The fact is, there is no hope for such cases, but a recurrence to our primitive condition. There is a high authority, as some folks believe, for the necessary result of idleness; 'He that will not work shall not eat,' and 'in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.' 'Eat bread and live.'"

"But I cannot work, my lord."

"And to beg thou art *not* ashamed," replied the lord. "But it is very inconvenient to be harassed. Good morning, good morning, Joseph; but here—here is a shilling—there, take it, and—buy a spade."

So saying, his lordship turned on his heel and passed through his park-gates into his grounds.



Joseph stood for awhile fixed to the spot, and thought the whole

some hideous dream. He little knew how many in the world are fated to have such dreams. He fancied his was a peculiar case. He was young, and had not seen much of the world, or he would not have fancied that.

Joseph looked at the shilling; he then burst into tears; he then wiped his eyes, and he began to reflect:—

“This is the only kind action his lordship has ever done me in his life—the only good advice he ever gave me—I will take it.”

So Joseph went to the next town, and, instead of spending his shilling—the only shilling he had in the world—in food, he determined to follow out his lordship's advice and buy a *spade*.

He went to the first place where such tools are usually sold, and laid out his shilling for one of the best spades he could obtain. A shilling in those days was worth more than it is now; for now you can't buy a spade much under half-a-crown.

Joseph seemed rather proud of his spade, and boldly shouldered it. He did not lack strength, nor confidence, nor a sincere desire to support himself by honest labour; for the hollow friendship of his lordship had been such a lesson to him that he never forgot it.

But Joseph found that buying a spade was not getting work, and, as he felt very hungry, he almost wished he had bought food with the shilling instead of the spade. He did not know where to go to find work. He had made up his mind to go far away from his old dwelling-place, and he walked on a long way before he found any use for his spade.

After he had walked nearly twenty miles, into Oxfordshire, he found himself getting weaker and weaker, and sat down by the way side and reflected upon his forlorn situation. He looked at his spade

many times, and once the thought came into his mind that the spade was a good thing to knock out a man's brains with ; and evil thoughts came into his head of doing so—but, no—he had made up his mind to work ; work he would, and, if no work could be found, he would die.

Soon after he had strengthened his resolution in this way, a large wagon was heard approaching ; it was filled with young trees, and a steady-looking person was walking by the side of the wagon, while the wagoner was at the horses' heads. When the gardener came opposite to the spot where Joseph was, he stopped.

" Can't you find any work for your spade, young man ?" said he, " lying here won't get you a supper."

" I want use for my spade, indeed," said Joseph, " for it is my only fortune."

" Do you want work ?" said the man.

" I want work and food," replied the youth.

" Come with me, and let me see how you can work ; come and help to plant these trees. I have more than five thousand to plant in the gardens of the bishop. If thou canst use the spade well, we may be friends to each other."

A bargain between the gardener and the youth was thus struck ; Joseph went to work that very night, and, having earned his supper, ate it with a relish he had never known before.

The next day he was in the plantation-grounds using his spade. Again and again he enjoyed the reward of honest labour, a peaceful mind and good health ; and, above all, a clear conscience. He laid by some of his wages, and, at the end of a few months, had some " coin in store" for the time when he could find no use for his spade.

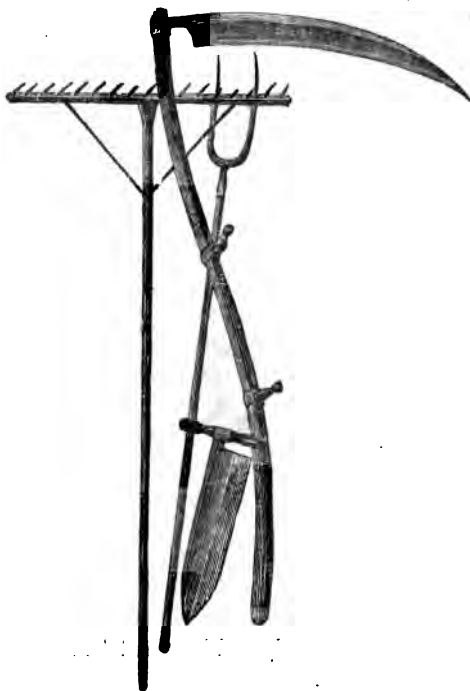
After some months' hard work, Joseph had so far pleased the old gardener, that he took him into the business, not as a labourer, but as help to himself. He taught him his trade, and Joseph took such an interest in the occupation, that he soon became proficient in it.



But he still had to work early and late, and he found the more he worked the happier he was.

In process of time, Joseph had laid by money enough to take a farm. He went to farming, using the plough as well as the spade. Heaven blessed his honest industry; he prospered in what he under-

took ; he worked in his own fields ; he did not content himself with riding about on a fine horse, dressed like a gentleman, as many of



our farmers do, and looking at the work ; but he put his hand to the rake, and the scythe, and the flail and the plough, when there was

an occasion for it—and he never “looked back,”—but always kept steady, looking forward with hope, and confidence, and trust.

The farm prospered. Good harvests, increase of kine, made Joseph a rich man. He married an honest, hard-working, cheerful, rosy-faced, pure-minded lass. His children grew up around them. As soon as they were able to hold anything, Joseph made them a present of a little spade; when they grew bigger, they had a bigger spade; when they grew able to work, they had a real spade given them, and were taught how to use it.

The old spade bought by the shilling had been long worn to the heel, but it was never forgotten. Its blade was scoured bright as silver; its handle rubbed to a polish. It was hung up in the hall as an emblem of industry—transmitted from one generation to another, as an heir-loom, for the purpose of teaching his descendants that “Labour is independence,” and that working is better than begging.





How to get to the Churchyard.

OR,

SOURCES OF FEVER.



DURING the decay of dead substances, whether animal or vegetable, under the influence of heat and moisture and certain states of the air, a poison is generated which, when in a state of high concentration, is capable of producing instantaneous death by a single inspiration of the air in which it is diffused.

Experience has shown that this poison, even when it is largely diluted by admixture with atmospheric air, is the fruitful cause of sickness and mortality; and the great amount of sickness and mortality in marshy districts, the fever and dysenteries incident to armies,

on their encampment in certain localities, the dreadful destruction which has often taken place in ships' crews, in which cleanliness had been neglected, and especially in which the bilge-water had been allowed to collect and putrefy, sufficiently prove that this poison is ever active at its work of death.

Modern science has been able to ascertain something concerning the nature of this poison, and it is now demonstrated by direct experiments that, in certain situations, in which the air is loaded with poisonous exhalations from decaying matter, disease or death is inevitable. If a quantity of air in which such exhalations are present be collected, the vapour may be condensed by cold and other agents; a residuum is obtained, which, on examination, is found to be composed of vegetable and animal matter, in a state of high putrefaction, which matter constitutes a most deadly poison.

A minute quantity of this malignant poison applied to an animal previously in sound health, destroys life with the most intense symptoms of malignant fever. If, for example, ten or twelve drops of a fluid containing this putrid matter be injected into the jugular vein of a dog, the animal is seized with acute fever, becomes prostrate, is seized with the black vomit, and dies in great agony.

It is also found that, when this poison is diffused in the atmosphere in a diluted state, it is still capable of producing great mischief to the animal, and particularly to the human, constitution. It enters the blood by means of the air taken into the lungs by inspiration, and produces various diseases, the nature of which is modified, according as vegetable or animal matter predominates in the poison.

In the exhalations which arise from bogs, marshes, and other uncultivated and undrained places, vegetable matter predominates;

such exhalations contain a poison which produces principally intermittent fever or ague and remittent fever.

The exhalations which accumulate in close, ill-ventilated and crowded apartments, in the confined situations of densely populated cities, where no sufficient attention is paid to the removal of putrefying substances, consist chiefly of animal matter; such exhalations contain a poison which produces continued fever of the typhoid character, and this destroys more than the sword.

It is ascertained, also, that when this poison is not present in a sufficient quantity to produce fever, yet still it acts insensibly on the body, till it brings it to such a condition, that disease in some other form soon attacks it. Inflammations and consumptions, liver complaints and dropsies, soon bring down a constitution enfeebled by these insidious agents; and it may safely be said that more than half of the deaths that occur in early and middle life are occasioned by that active poison which is generated by want of care and want of cleanliness. Be cleanly, then, my young people, and recollect that one of the shortest ways to the churchyard is through a dirty road. There are, Peter Parley well knows, many little boys and girls who are by no means so careful as they ought to be in keeping themselves perfectly clean. Now, although their habits may not absolutely cause fever, they may be quite sure that a want of cleanliness produces a want of health; and that, without active, vigorous health—without a sound mind in a sound body, they will never be the enterprising, spirited men and women they ought to be; therefore Peter Parley says—be, above all things, cleanly in your persons and in your habits, if you wish to live long, and to be useful members of society.

A FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP; OR, RIDING WITHOUT LEAVE.

JACK SNAPPER was a grocer's son,
And lived on Richmond Green.
A spruce young blade, and full of fun
As pup was ever seen.

Fourteen years old, he almost thought
Himself a man outright;
Cigars would smoke, and, booted, stalk
About the streets at night.

Booted and spurred Jack always was,
With riding-whip in hand,
Ready to mount horse, mule, or ass,
Could he but get command.

A steed stood by the Talbot Head,
Just by the bridge so fair,
When Jack came up; "O, now," he said,
"I'll make the people stare!"

He asked no leave, but up he got
Upon the creature's back,
Who soon began to frisk, and trot,
And kick, and plunge, alack !

The beast was famous, wide and far,
Although a very colt,
For nothing could his running *bar*
When once he made a *bolt*.

Jack kept his seat ; the steed it reared,
And, as its head arose,
It dealt, what unto Jack appeared
A knock upon the nose.

The blood it flowed, and Jack he cried,
With roar that shook the town,
For people all, both far and wide,
To come and help him down.

The good folks laughed, but none essayed
To pity his disaster,
Although the plunging steed had made
Him doff to them his *castor*.

Jack's hallo, and the mirth to boot
Alarmed his steed outright,
And, with the spurs from either foot,
Soon made him think of flight.

Away he flew, at rail-road rate,—
Man never saw the like,—
Across the bridge and through the gate,
Nor stopped to pay the 'pike.

Away, along to Ialeworth,
As swift as meteors fly,
Did Jack pass on, amid the mirth
Of all the passers by.

He held fast on, with head laid low,
Hugging with leg and knee,
And horse from ass you scarcely now
Distinguish could, or see.

Amid the way appeared a slough
Of mud—slush thick and slab—
Jack's *Roscnante* *flounder*-ed through,
While Jack caught many a *dab*.

A cart appeared, with crockery ware—
Pans, basins, cups and jugs,
And mops of wool, and brooms of hair,
Tin saucepans, mats and rugs.

The steed made play—a spring—a bound—
To leap clean o'er—his wishes;
But, wanting wind or wanting wing,
Fell short among the dishes.

O what a crash! O what a smash!
O, what a clash and platter!
Folks opened doors and threw up sash,
And cried, "What is the matter?"

But Jack ne'er stopped to tell them what,
But on, like lightning, flew.
The *crockery* was gone to *pot*,
And that was all he knew.

A FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP;

Away to Brentford now sped Jack,
Holding by neck and mane,
And not a whit his steed did slack,
Though he still tugged the rein.

At Brentford Bridge a drove of pigs
Came grunting, squeaking, squalling,
And running up and down their rigs;
But Jack soon set them sprawling.

Some floundered, some turned uppermost,
Some took to timely flight,
Some in the muddy Brent were lost,
And some were killed outright.

Respect to pigs who would not show—
Pork is such dainty victuals?
But Jack and his wild steed dashed through
Just like a ball at skittles.

Still onwards, through the narrow streets
Of Cadger's Hole he went,
Of horsemanship performing feats
Beyond his heart's content.

Who has not seen the unsightly slush
Of soap-lees, in a cart,
When, at each lurch, it gives a gush
O'er side or hinder part?

Now such a cart was on the way,
And, just as Jack passed by,
The frightened horses gave a neigh,
And put the wheels awry.

A direful plunge, a start, a kick,
One dreadful lurch it gave ;
And then the gruel, rich and thick,
Came o'er him like a wave.

"Goodness *preserve* him!" women cried,
To see the gravy trickle.
"You may say that!" Jack sadly sighed,
"I'm in a pretty *pickle*!"

"A little soap will surely do
To wash the hero well!"
Said Jack, "Perhaps it may be so,
But I don't like the smell!"

Then onward to the Bridge of Q,
A Q-rious fellow he,
So much of mud to go *clean* through
And yet so *dirty* be.

On, onward still, to Richmond Town,
Jack's Pegasus still went,
With wind as free as e'er was known,
While Jack's was nearly spent.

And, hanging on, with head crouched low,
Quite close upon the saddle,
Above the wild and frisky steed,
Poor Jack could hardly straddle.

And now he reached the Talbot Head,
Full sorry and full sick ;
The beast then snorted, reared and said,
"I'll treat you with a *kick*!"

A FEAT OF HORSEMANSHIP.

So up went Jack into the air,
Alas, alas, alack !
And down he came again, O rare !
With a prodigious whack.

The folks they shouted, clapped their hands,
And roared with very laughter,
And Jack felt aching in his bones
For many a good day after.

A warning take, my little friends
That love me, far and wide,
And very, very careful be
Whenever you would RIDE.





Peter Parley among the Mountains.



ONT BLANC is the monarch of mountains; and there are few persons who have not heard of it, and of the perilous ascent of it. I went up not many years ago myself; but the journeys have generally been performed by strong, ardent, active, well-limbed young men, not such poor, old, broken-down, worn-out persons as Peter Parley is, whose white locks, blanchd by the age of so many winters, rival the snowy crown of Mont Blanc itself.

There is one thing about the ascent of Mont Blanc which comes home to every man's "business and his bosom," that is, to his pocket. You all know that, in Peter Parley's large flaps to his coat, with large pockets in them—and they need be large, with plenty of

money in them, too, to enable one to go up Mont Blanc. The people of Martingay seem to think that, as the ascent is a clear proof of insanity, that they should take away from the lunatic as much money as they can; they, also, piously ask you to make your will, to leave something to the church, and then you may go up if you like, and come down if you can.

Before the ascent, there is a great "to do." The government, who, in foreign states, interfere with every man's business, prescribe when a man shall go, how he shall go, where he shall go, what he shall take with him, and what he shall not. It would be much more serviceable to travellers, if they could prescribe the wind and the weather! This, however, they cannot do; and if you were to ask me what good all their interference does, I should not be able to tell you.

When a party has determined to ascend the mountain, it is the talk all over the district. There is a great assembly and parade; and the adventurers, with the guides and their families, and strangers and townspeople, make a procession—get sprinkled with holy water and go to church. I have not the least objection to this; I think it quite proper that people who go upon perilous adventures should supplicate the great Being who is our only stay in the hour of trouble; but some things I saw in this ceremony and procession seemed so nonsensical, that I could not make up my mind to go through the whole of it, so I went back to the inn. The boniface had selected, from the most trustworthy of his guides, eighteen for us; and six more, after seeing the preparations of eatables and drinkables prepared for our journey, offered to go with us, that they might help us—at least in the feeding department. Every-

thing being arranged the night previous, we breakfasted the following morning, June 21st, at three o'clock. The hotel presented, at this time, a very lively scene, while the guides were depositing in the different havresacks the provisions which had been prepared, and which were truly, in amount, enormous for the time we were likely to be absent.



We set off about four o'clock—Peter Parley and a German baron—on mules. The baron, who was a noble-looking, military-officer, rode before; and in this way we proceeded till we entered a thick grove of pines, that grew in the mountain side, through which we wound our way, until the broken fragments of rocks and the trunks of fallen trees prevented the further progress of the mules, when we dismounted and sent them back, while we proceeded on foot through the pines, which now became less and less thick, and at last ceased altogether, leaving nothing but the barren rocks, with only here and there a scraggy shrub, till, at about nine o'clock, we reached the point of perpetual snow. At ten o'clock

we entered upon the glaciers, and at first we got on well enough, for we had each a well-trying Alpen stock-pole, which was equal to a third foot, in case of need, and our shoes were well-armed for the occasion with square-headed nails, throughout the whole extent of heel and sole.

The glaciers are like seas of ice and snow, with large crags or dykes interspersed between; they are of all widths and almost of all depths, most of them from twenty to one hundred feet. Many have their sides perpendicular, but in the deep ones they are always zig-zag; those which are the most difficult to cross are those whose width are sixty or eighty feet, and whose depths are eighty or a hundred; they are passed by means of a kind of natural bridges, which are sought for in the ice, and which have been formed by blocks of snow and ice falling across them, but presenting a very sharp edge to walk on; and sometimes their edge is as sharp as the roof of a house, and can only be crossed stridewise.

We traversed these seas of ice and snow from about ten o'clock till between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, when we reached those high erections of rock called the "grandes mulets," which we should have reached sooner, had it not been for a newly-made crevice, or *crevasse*, of very great extent; it was of various width, from fifty to more than a thousand feet, and, in following along its side, searching for a place to cross, we were obliged to ascend above a thousand feet beyond the "grandes mulets," till, at an abrupt angle, the great chasm was filled by the mighty blocks of an avalanche, over which we climbed and crawled, amid a scene of the wildest magnificence. Our guides enjoined the strictest silence, and urged us to tread with the utmost lightness and precaution, for fear that

the least percussion of air should bring down a mighty avalanche upon us, and bury us all in its ruins.

Being very much fatigued, I wanted to rest awhile, but the principal guide objected to this in the most peremptory manner, saying, if I attempted to stop at this point, he should be obliged to take me up and carry me from underneath the shelving ice, while, at the same time, pointing to the water, which was trickling down from the summit, he said that the mass would not stand another day's sun, and that any noise that would produce a slight vibration of the air would dislodge the other masses above it, which were less firmly fixed than this one, and thus an enormous avalanche would come headlong down.

The gallant baron, who was just before me, moving rather awkwardly, made one or two false steps, which my guide seeing, advanced at once, stopped him, and then told me to pass him, as a few more of such steps might set some of the smaller blocks in motion, and, as we were behind, we should lose our lives by his stupidity. I passed him, and a few minutes' walk carried us to the side of this dangerous pass, where we sat down to rest, and viewed, from a point of safety, the danger which we had untimorously braved. It was now frightful to see other promontories of ice, resting upon mere feathery edges, with sheets of snow dropping over their edges in festoons, apparently not firm enough to support their own weight.

Our guides told us we could now prove, or rather test, the truth of their assertions, respecting the powerful effect of the vibration of the air at this height; which hint we at once availed ourselves of, by his orders. We all gave a great simultaneous shout; this pro-

duced no sensible movement; but, with a second shout, large masses of snow began to detach themselves; and a third sent numerous gigantic masses sliding with fearful rapidity, many of which were hurled down the sides of the rocks and into the depths of the yawning fissures, or *crevasses*, which was followed by an active scene of wild confusion, as avalanche succeeded avalanche, rolling onwards, and bounding from crag to crag, rending and shivering the fragments into rude fantastic forms, till they grew less and less, along the deep descent, and at last vanished from the sight.

The "grandes mulets" are two projecting rocks, whose summits are so pointed and their sides so perpendicular, that the snow does not rest on them; here we had to halt for the night. The people below had loaded a cannon in the valley previous to our departure, and were to fire it, when they saw us through their telescopes at the "grandes mulets," This they did, although we never heard the report, and only fancied we saw the smoke. I had taken up with me six old pigeons, from the hotel, to let fly at this point; I took one out of the basket and sent him up, expecting to see him dart down to the valley below, but, instead of doing so, he only fluttered a little and came down within a few feet us; I then tried another, who did the same; and then I tried another, but it was of no use,—the air was too rarified to support the birds; so we put them back into the basket, and let them off about half-way down, and they took their course directly for the valley.

The baron and myself chose the highest point of the "grandes mulets" as our resting-place for the night, but, owing to its steepness, we were obliged to construct a wall with the loose stones from the

crevasses of the rocks, of a half-moon shape, against which we were to place our feet. Each one selected his place, with a sheep's-skin for a bed, and a knapsack for a pillow, and a blanket for a coverlet. We lay down to sleep, but this was almost impossible; I had not lain more than twenty minutes, when I was aroused by a tremendous crash; I sprang to my feet, and, looking over the sides of the mountain, by the light of the moon I saw an immense mass of snow rolling beneath me with headlong speed, then another, another, and another, then three, four, and five, and more, together, as if in a kind of steeple-chase, floundering, leaping, bounding over everything that came in their way, till they were lost in the silver light of the moon, in the wastes of snow.

I tried again to get "forty winks," but had not lain long before I was again aroused by flashes of electricity passing before my eyes, and snapping and crackling. I looked above me, and streams of light, somewhat resembling the aurora borealis, spread across the firmament. Rising and looking towards the valley, I could plainly perceive that a tempest had not only been "brewing" during the evening, but that it was then in process of discharging itself in a series of thunder-claps and flashes of the most vivid lightning I had ever witnessed.

It was about two o'clock that we all rose and left our sleeping-place for the "grand plateau," or plain, near the top of Mont Blanc, after a toil of about seven hours, little varied from what we had already experienced, we reached the object of our labours; and here, in the morning sun, we had a view not, perhaps, to be surpassed in the world. The plateau is an almost level plain, about as large as Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. The Rocker's Roughs are between this plain

and the summit. These we passed, and, at last, stood on the most elevated spot in all Europe, with a sea of mountains and ice about us, and, afar off, the beautiful valleys of Italy, of Switzerland, and of France. But the clouds soon began to rise, and warned us of our descent, which we commenced, and which was quickly achieved, in comparison with the toil of our ascent. We slid down the masses of snow in a few minutes, what had cost us as many hours to ascend, and reached the valley in the afternoon, when we were received with a band of music, the pastor, and the inn-keeper, with a crowd of villagers, who welcomed us with all honour; and such warm greetings as then were between our guides and their friends, I never saw before.



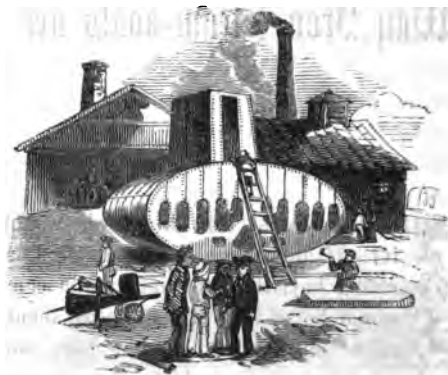


Something about

The Way Iron Steam-boats are Made.

IRON steamers! iron ships! who would have thought it! If anybody had told Peter Parley, when he was a boy, that the time would come when ships would be of iron, and when we should travel sixty miles an hour, he would have said "That's a bouncer!" and would have put very little faith in what that person said, "gentle or simple," as the saying is, ever after. But even this has come to pass, and more; it was only the other day I read of a paper, belonging to the country to which I do not belong, but to which some folks will have it that I do, that this paper had as its motto, "composed by lightning, printed by steam!" After this announcement, nobody can tell what is to come next.

But, with regard to iron steamers and steam-boilers, just look at that huge boiler, laid on its side, so large, that men look like little flies crawling about it; and so strong, as to resist the most enormous pressure, but this is nothing to the vast iron construction of a steam-ship, measuring, often, a hundred and fifty to two hundred feet long and forty or fifty broad, all made out of iron—hard, wrought, strong, bolted, barred iron—and made to swim in the water, and carry many thousand tons burden.



The construction of iron steam-boats, although something like that of wooden ones, is, in many respects, very different. We see no huge trunks of oak, lying in heaps in the yard, no shed, where the business of sawing and converting the timber is carried on; no steaming tanks, for the purpose of steaming the wood,

to make it bend to its required shape; but, instead of these, there are workers in iron, with their forges, their powerful punching engines, their enormous cutting machines, which will sever a bar of iron as if it were a piece of ribbon, their anvils, their hammers, their furnaces; while everywhere are lying about sheets of iron from the rolling mill, with guide pieces for bending them to the required form; we have iron bars instead of timbers, sheet-iron instead of planks, rivets instead of trenels, forges instead of saw-pits, and iron scraps instead of chips of wood, and beautiful iron shavings, as some I saw from Messrs. Robinson's iron steam-ship yard can testify.

There, of course, must be a ship's draughtsman for an iron as well as a wooden ship, and he lays down the draught of the ship in the same manner, but, as there is no necessity for bending planks and beams, the exact shape and curve to be followed is shown in the drawing, and all the parts are moulded to it at once, which saves a vast deal of trouble in hewing and shaping with the adze, or axe; and, perhaps, nothing in the appearance of the skeleton of an iron vessel strikes a stranger as being more remarkable than the extreme slightness of the ribs, compared with the bulky timbers of a wooden vessel; a bar, measuring three inches in breadth, by three-quarters of an inch in thickness, will constitute the rib for an iron vessel of considerable size, and an iron keel, six inches deep by three wide, will suffice for a vessel of one thousand tons' burden.

The keel, standing up on one edge, exhibits a range of holes from end to end; and these are intended for the reception of the rivets, which are to bind the keel, the ribs, and the "skin" of the vessel together. The pieces of iron that form the stem and the stern parts are bent to the required form before they are brought to the yard,

and are then rivetted to the ends of the keel. Rivets are generally the mode of fastening in an iron boat.

The form thus given to the ship, makes it necessary, as rivets are used, that a great number of holes should be bored in every part of the iron brought into the construction of the vessel. The iron is brought to the exact form in the rolling-mill, where it passes between two rollers, so grooved as to give the cross section required. When it is about to be wrought into the form for the ribs of a ship, it is cut to the proper lengths, heated in fires, or furnaces, close to the place of working, and bent round to the required curve on anvils; these pieces are then carried to the building-ship, and there rivetted to the keel, at distances of twelve to eighteen inches apart.

The sheet-iron, which forms the planking, or "skin," of the vessel is a much more manageable material than the stout, oaken planks employed in building wooden ships; it is rolled into sheets at the mill, of such thickness as may be desired, and cut to the required length and width by the powerful shears which are used in most iron-works; the sheets are then brought, by hammering, to the proper curve, and fastened to the ribs and keel by means of rivets.

When the keel, the stem and stern parts are all put together, the building of the ship is pretty nearly done, for the interior is much the same as that of other ships, and painters, gilders, carpenters, joiners and all sorts of workers in wood, and wool and horsehair, are brought into requisition; and the work proceeds, till the handsomest thing in the world, and, at the same time, the most wonderful, is completed.

The most important part of the steam-ship, however, is the

boiler, for, if this be ill-made, all the other parts of the ship may be blown to pieces, or sunk in the depths of the sea. At first sight, the construction of a boiler may be thought a very simple affair, like the construction of a tea-kettle, pot, or saucepan; but there is nothing which has had more difference of opinion expended upon it than the construction of a steam-boiler. Iron is generally used, being cheaper than copper; sometimes cast-iron, but more generally sheet-iron is used. The boiler is composed of numerous plates, all strongly rivetted together. But the rivetting is a very wonderful process:—by the side of the boiler-maker is a small portable forge, expressly intended for heating the rivets; these rivets are short, thick, clumsy pieces of iron rod; before being used, they are heated to a red, or even a white, heat. The two edges which are to be rivetted being lapped over each other, and holes penetrating both of them, a red-hot iron is driven into each hole, and beaten with a powerful hammer, until quite hard, by which time the head has become beaten down to a conical form. A man holds a hammer against the other side or end of the rivet, to hold a sufficient resistance to the blows, and he, in his turn, hammers down the inner end of the rivet; the overlapping edges of the sheet-copper, or iron, are thus firmly pressed together. Funnels for steamboats and all large vessels are put together much in the same way as the boilers.

Such are some of the particulars which Peter Parley has picked up in one of our largest “steam-ship builder’s;” on some future occasion he may have something further to say on this interesting subject.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

A LATIN AND ENGLISH DITTY, TO BE SUNG BY THE BOYS.



OMUM, domum, dulce domum,
 Domum, domum, dulce domum,
 Dulce, dulce domum,
 Dulce domum resonemus.

Home, sweet Home !

Sing farewell to grief and sadness,
 Welcome, welcome, mirth and gladness,
 Welcome home and holiday !
 Happy days, at last, are come ;
 Welcome, welcome, happy home !
 Welcome, welcome, sport and play !

Appropinquat ecce ! felix
 Hora gaudiorum,
 Post grave tedium,
 Advenit omnium,
 Meta petita laborum.

Domum, domum.

Lo, the joyful hour advancing!
 Happy season of delight!
 Mirth and fun, and song and dancing,
 All our labours shall requite.

Home, sweet home!



Musa libros, mitte fessa,
 Mitte pensa dura,
 Mitte negotium,
 Jam da otium
 Me mea mittito cura.

Domum, domum.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Hack the canes, my noble fellows,
 Break the neck of prosody,
 "Play old rose and burn the bellows,"
 With the golden rule of three.

Home, sweet home.

Ridet annus, prata rident,
 Nosque rideamus,
 Jam repetit domum,
 Daulius adventa,
 Nosque domum repetamus,

Domum domum.

Come, my lads, let's pitch the wicket,
 Bring the bat and bring the ball,
 For the noble game of cricket,
 Raise, in glee, the hearty call.

Home, sweet home.

Heus ! Rogere fer caballos
 Eja, nunc eamus,
 Limen amabile
 Matris et oscula
 Suaviter repetamus.

Domum, domum.

Let the gallant kite take flight, boys,
 As the spring wind briskly blows ;
 Now, she pitches—hold her tight, boys !
 Give her string, and up she goes !

Home, sweet home.

Concinamus ad penates
Vox et audiatur
Phosphore! quid jubar
Segnius emicans,
Gaudia nostra moratur.
Domum, domum.

Tops, and hoops, and marbles muster;
Guns and trumpets let us bring;
Round the fire-place we will cluster,
And, like merry crickets, sing.
Home, sweet home.

Concinamus O! sodales
Eja! quid silemus
Nobile canticum,
Dulce melos domum,
Dulce domum resonemus.
W. MARTIN.

[Will some of Peter Parley's young friends send in a translation of the LATIN ODE?]



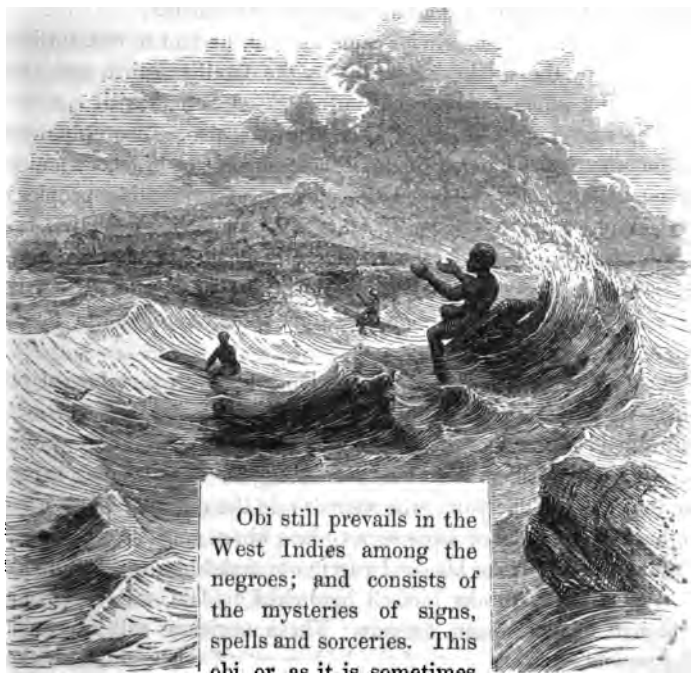


OR,

THE NEGRO WITCHCRAFT.

NEARLY all my young readers must have heard of witches and wizards; of witches more especially. From the earliest period there appears to have been persons who pretended to extraordinary powers, and, by means of deceptions of various kinds, often produced through an intimate knowledge of the occult powers of nature, such persons exercised a great influence for evil over a large portion of the human race. Witches, at no recent period, prevailed in this country, and witchcraft was common; and there can be no doubt as to the influence such persons had over the ignorant; even now superstition is not entirely banished from our favoured land, and fortune-tellers and cunning men

are followed not only, I am sorry to say, by the low and ignorant, but by persons of good education, as it is called, and of good standing in society.



Obi still prevails in the West Indies among the negroes; and consists of the mysteries of signs, spells and sorceries. This obi, or, as it is sometimes

called, *obeah*, had its origin, like many customs among the Africans, from the ancient Egyptians. In the Hebrew language, OB is a

demon, a spirit of divination and magic. When Saul wanted to raise up Samuel from the dead, he said to his servants "Seek me a woman eminent for OB, that hath a familiar spirit!"

His servants replied to him, "There is a woman, a mistress in the art of OB, that hath a familiar spirit, at Endor!"

When the witch of Endor came to Saul, he said to her, "Divine unto me by the witchcraft—OB—by the familiar spirit, and bring me up him whom I shall name to thee!"—1 Sam. xxviii. 7, 8.

The science of OB, or OBI, is very extensive. The ugly, loathsome creatures who engage in it become oracles of woods and unfrequented places. Obi, for the purpose of bewitching people, or consuming them by lingering illness, is made of grave-dirt, hair, teeth of sharks, blood, feathers, egg-shells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, and some potent roots, weeds and bushes, of which Europeans are to this time ignorant, but which were known for the same purposes to the ancients.

Certain mixtures of these ingredients are burnt, or buried very deep in the earth, or hung up in the chimney, or laid under the threshold of the door of the party to suffer, with incantation songs, or curses, performed at midnight, with regard to particular aspects of the moon. The party who wants to do the mischief is also sent to burying-grounds, or some secret place where spirits are supposed to frequent, to invoke his dead parents to assist him in the curse.

A negro who thinks himself bewitched by Obi, will apply to an Obi-man, or Obi-woman, for cure. These magicians will interrogate the patient as to the part of the body most affected; this part they will torture with pinching, driving with gourds, or calabashes, beating and pressing; when the patient is nearly exhausted with this

rough magnetism, Obi brings out an old rusty nail, or a piece of bone, or an ass's tooth, or the jaw-bone of a rat, or a fragment of a quart bottle, from the part, and the patient is well the next day.

The most wrinkled, ugly and deformed Obians—magicians—are the most venerated, as was also the case among the Egyptians and Chaldeans.

In general, Obi-men are more sagacious than Obi-women in giving or taking away diseases, and in the application of poisons. It is in their department to blind pigs and poultry, and lame cattle.

It is the province of the Obi-women to dispose of the passions:—they raise foul winds for inconstant mariners, dreams and fantasies for jealousy, vexations and pains in the heart for perfidious love.

Laws have been made in the West Indies to punish this Obian practice with death, but they have had no effect. Laws can never suppress the effect of ideas.

When I was in the West Indies, many years ago, I saw the Obi of the famous negro robber, "THREE-FINGERED JACK"—the terror of Jamaica in 1780 and 1781; the Maroons who slew him brought it to me.

His Obi-horn consisted of the end of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat, all mixed into a kind of paste; a black cat's foot, a dried toad, a slip of parchment of kid's skin, with characters marked in blood upon it, were also in his Obian bag.

These, with a keen sabre and two guns, like Robinson Crusoe, were all his Obi, with which, and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering, to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fortresses, commanding the only access to them,

where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power and the neighbouring militia of that island at defiance for two years.

He had neither accomplice nor associate. There were a few runaway negroes in the woods near Mount Lebanon, the place of his retreat, and Jack had been seen in the wildest storms amusing himself by swimming on a board among the breakers, in which the negroes would also engage; but even then he kept apart from them. He had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him; but he trusted to no one; he scorned assistance; he ascended a bare spar-beam; he robbed alone; fought all his battles alone, and always killed his pursuers.

By his magic he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power.

In hot climates females marry very young, and often with great disparity of age. Here Jack was the author of many troubles, for several matches proved unhappy.

“Give a dog an ill name, and hang him.”

Clamours rose on clamours against the cruel sorcerer, and every conjugal mishap was laid at the door of Jack's malefic spells; Jack, of course, had little to do with matrimonial miseries, but, as people did not like to blame themselves, they blamed Jack, and Jack was doomed to die—that is, if any one could kill him; to be hanged—that is, if anybody could catch him.

The governor of Jamaica, named Dalleney, in a proclamation, dated the 12th of December, 1780, offered a reward of a thousand

dollars for any one who would take Jack, dead or alive; and two negroes—Quashee and Sam, two bold, dare-everything negroes. Quashee, to make sure, got himself christened before he went out, thinking this would preserve him against the Obi-charm, and changed his name to James Reader. The two blacks led a party of their townsmen in the hunt for Jack.

The expedition soon commenced, and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods for three weeks, and blockading, as it were, the deepest recesses of the most inaccessible part of the island—where Jack, far removed from all human society, resided—but in vain.

Reader and Sam, tired with this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat, and, taking him by storming it, or perish in the attempt. They took with them a *little boy*, a proper spirit and a good shot, and left the rest of the party.

These three had not been long on the scent before they discovered, by the impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way.

They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise. Presently they perceived a smoke.

They prepared for war; they came upon Jack before he saw them; he was roasting plantains by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave.

This was a scene, and where no ordinary actors had no common parts to play.

Jack's looks were fierce and terrible; he waved his hand for them to go back, stamped with his foot, primed his gun, and told them he would kill them if they came any further.

Reader, instead of shooting Jack, replied that his Obi was from the Evil One, and could not hurt him, as he had been christened, and was the Good One's child; that his name was no longer Quashee, but Reader.

Jack knew Reader, and, as if paralysed, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass.

These two had a desperate combat several years before in the woods, in which conflict Jack lost his two fingers, which was the origin of his present name; but then Jack beat Reader, and almost killed him with several others who assisted him, and they fled from Jack.

To do "Three-fingered Jack" justice, he would now have killed both Reader and Sam, for at first they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice—and well they might—they had, besides, no retreat, and were to grapple with the bravest and strongest man in the world.

But Jack was cowed, for he had prophesied that *White Obi* would get the better of him, and, from experience, he knew that the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reader.

Without further parley Jack, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave.

Reader's gun missed fire; Sam shot him in the shoulder; Reader, like an English bull-dog, never looked, but, with a cutlass in his hand, plunged down headlong after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular; both of them preserved their culasses in the fall.

Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts that were ever hooped with ribs began a bloody battle.

The little boy, who was ordered to keep back out of harms' way, now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, shot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round-about way to get to the field of action. When he arrived at the spot where it had begun, Jack and Reader had closed, and tumbled down, together, another precipice in the side of the mountain; in which fall they both lost their weapons.

Sam descended among them, who also lost his cutlass among the trees and bushes in getting down.

When he came to them, though without weapons, they were not idle, and, luckily for Reader, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony.

Sam came up just in time to save Reader, for Jack had caught him by the throat with his giant's grasp; Reader, then, with his right hand almost cut off, and Jack streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly, both covered with gores and gashes.

In this state Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle; he knocked Jack down with a piece of rock.

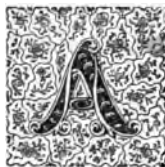
When the lion fell, the two tigers got on him, and beat his brains out with stones.

The little boy soon after found his way to them; he had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay.

There they put their trophies into a pail of rum, and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's Obi, they carried him to Kingston, in Spanish Town, and claimed the reward of the king's proclamation and the house of assembly.



Bathing and Swimming.



ALL boys should bathe in the summer, for the cold bath is conducive to health, and, as the hot weather is now come, now is the time to go into the water. The best place to bathe is on the sandy shores of the sea or a river, where there are no rocks, or holes, or weeds, or stones, which might cut the flesh.

Before we bathe, we should take moderate exercise, such as walking, and go into the water warm but not hot.

We should not bathe when in a state of perspiration, or when exhausted by fatigue, nor after a full meal—this is of very great importance.

When we go into the water, we should plunge in at once, over head and ears, and keep moving about afterwards, till we go out.

We should not stop in the water longer than five or six minutes.

We should not venture out of our depth till we can swim well.

The best way to learn to swim is to go into the water up to the arm-pits, and then, turning to the shore, strike off towards it calmly and slowly.

In striking out, when in the water, the fingers are to be perfectly straight, and the thumb kept close to the hand.

The hands are then to be brought forward, palm to palm, and thrust out in a direction level with the chin.

When at their fullest reach, the hands are to be parted, and swept slowly and regularly, with the palms in a horizontal position, the full stretch of the arms backwards; they are then brought up from the hips, and struck out forwards, as before.

While the hands are near the hips, the legs are to perform their part; they are drawn up as near to the body as possible, and the soles of the feet struck against the water with moderate force, immediately the hands are again struck forward.

All this is very easily performed, with a little patience, but will be very difficult, if the learner has not coolness and self-possession. A slow, long stroke, the hand thrust forward with energy, and the legs brought up and struck out with a regular and even stroke, is the whole art of simple swimming.

The swimmer must be careful to draw his breath at the time his hands are descending towards his hips; if he attempts it when his hands are descending towards his legs, his head will partially sink and his mouth fill with water. The breath should be expelled while the body is sent forward by the action of the legs.

To float in the water, the swimmer must turn as gently as pos-

sible on his back, put his head back, so that his eyes, mouth and chin only are above the water, elevate his breast and inflate his chest as much as possible; the arms should be brought near the hips, and the hands paddled, as in a horizontal kind of sweep.

When the cramp seizes the swimmer, he must, as much as possible, avoid being alarmed, as he will reflect that, as the body is lighter than water, a very little exertion in it will keep his body afloat.

He must then strike out the limb violently, and, bringing the toes towards the shinbone, thrust his feet out, which will probably restore the muscles to their proper exercise; but, if the cramp should still continue, he can easily keep himself afloat with his hands, and paddle towards the shore, till some assistance comes to him.

Should a companion be in danger of drowning, it is a duty to use every exertion to save his life, but, in doing this, we should be careful not to put ourselves in a position in which the drowning person can cling to you, or grasp any part of your body, or the loss of both will be certain.

In all cases where bathing is practised, there should be ropes or planks at hand, and young swimmers should never venture far into the water without such means of rescue are available.

Learn to swim, then, my merry boys, and don't be afraid; don't be rash, neither, but let your discretion temper your valour, and your valour be a spur to your discretion.





Something more about Botany.



HAVING told you something concerning leaves in my paper, and promised to give you some further information, I shall now tell you about the most beautiful part of a plant, called the flower.

This is divided by botanists into seven parts.

Now we shall require the aid of a little attention and a little memory. These parts must be seen and examined by the eyes; and, for this purpose, as it is now the season, let my young friends run into the garden and pull a heartsease, or a primrose, or a polyanthus—a polyanthus will do very well.

The parts of a flower are, 1, the *calyx*; 2, the *coral*; 3, the *stamen*; 4, the *pistil*; 5, the *pericarp*; 6, the *seed*; 7, the *receptacle*.

The *calyx* is that great extension of the stalk of the plant immediately beneath the flower. In the polyanthus it appears like a cup, in the daffodil like a sheath, and in the oat like a husk. Some

flowers have no calyx, as the tulip. The long tube in which the flower of the pink is placed is the calyx. The calyx usually covers the flower before it blows.

The *coral*, or *coralla*, or petals, are those parts of a flower within the calyx, which form the blossoms we so much admire. The rose has many petals, the bluebell six, the wallflower four; they are of various shapes, and of every variety of colour.

Within the coralla are placed the *stamens*, which are long, thread-like substances; they are placed, generally, round a longer stalk, or two, or more longer ones, called the *pistil*, or *pistils*. A tulip has six stamens, and an apple-blossom has twelve.

The stamens are divided into three parts, the *anther*, the *pollen*, and *filament*. The anther is the little knob on the end of the stamen; the pollen is the fine dust within and upon the anther; the filament is the slender part which supports the anther and the pollen.

The *pistil* stands, as I have noticed, in the centre of the flower, surrounded by the stamens, as the large green substance in the centre of a tulip. Some flowers have but one pistil, and others have several.

The *pistil* is divided into three parts, viz:—the *stigma*, *germ* and *style*. The *stigma* is the lower knob, or bunch, that is seated on the end of the pistil; the *germ* is the lower part of the pistil, which, when it is ripe, contains the seed; the *style* is that part of the pistil which connects the stigma with the germ.

The *pericarp* is the bag which contains the seed, sometimes called the seed-bag. Whatever contains the seed of a plant is called the pericarp, as the pods of peas and beans, the head of a poppy, the

|| of a nut, &c.

The *seed* is the part which, when sown or planted, will produce another plant. The seed, in fact, contains all the rudimental parts of the plant, folded up beyond the power of sight. How wonderful, in which plants are produced by means of seeds! If there were no seeds, all plants would soon disappear; but the seeds are scattered, from year to year, and thus the earth is kept clothed with plants. All annual plants are produced from seed every year.

The dispersion of seeds is very wonderful; some have wings, as the thistle and dandelion, by which the seeds are borne through the air like little balloons; some seed-vessels are burst by the heat of the sun, and the seed springs from them with a bound. Their number is also very wonderful: the poppy contains many thousand seeds; and the puff-ball, whose seeds are so small as to resemble a kind of fine dust, have been calculated at millions.

Seeds are often conveyed to great distances, and fly about in the air in a marvellous manner; they are also conveyed by rivers, and even by the ocean, from one country to another. It has been said that seeds have been conveyed from America to the Islands of Scotland, across the Atlantic, which is thrée thousand miles broad.

I shall tell you more about plants another time.



PLAY, BOY, PLAY!



LAY, boy, play,
 'Tis now thy holiday,
 And thou art like a bird upon a spray.
 Play, boy, play!

Play, boy, play,
 For boyhood should be gay;
 The lightest heart will soon be clay.
 Play, boy, play!

Play, boy, play,
 Gather the buds of May,
 While thou art fair, and young, and fresh as they.
 Play, boy, play!

Play, boy, play,
 Short is the longest day,
 And thy yellow locks will turn to grey.
 Play, boy, play!

Play, boy, play,
 Death for none will stay;
 Sing, and dance, and romp the hours away.
 Away, away!

W. MARTIN.



Story of a Smuggler.

THE SHIPWRECK.

THE sea is delightful enough, in fair weather; but when the gale blows, and the storm rages, and the thunder booms, and the lightning flashes, and the sea rolls mountains high, it is a very different thing. Peter Parley was a sailor, in his early days, and knows something of these matters, aye, and of something still more terrible—of the awful sea-fight, of the deaths by sword, and shot and splinter—and could tell many tales of this kind that would make the heart bleed.

It is now his wish to tell a tale of shipwreck, one that may be listened to as founded upon truth—few stories, indeed, that Peter Parley tells are not so founded—but, as I have often said, truth is

often more wonderful than fiction—and so my young friends will find it, if they look well at what takes place around them.

Many years ago there dwelt, in a wild spot between the Land's-end and Penzance, in Cornwall, a fisherman of the most bold and resolute character; he had married, at an early age, the daughter of a boat-builder of Penzance—a handsome, cleanly, cheerful young person—and they took up their abode in the spot I have mentioned, for the purpose of fishing, and at the same time to offer assistance to such ships as might be in distress off that part of the coast.

After some time, Jasper, for that was his Christian name, was blessed with a son, and soon after a daughter, who were both brought up with great care, and instructed in useful learning by both father and mother, in the long winter nights. As soon as the son (Valentine) was old enough, he assisted his father in the cutter, which always lay at the foot of the rocks, in a small cove close to the cottage, and soon became a good sailor; while Constance attended her mother in her domestic duties, and became a good little housewife.

Jasper was for awhile successful in his business, and other little children were added to the pair already mentioned. While things continued prosperous, both Jasper and his wife Margaret were very worthy, well-conducted persons; they frequently travelled some miles to the nearest church, and always, on the Sunday, read the Bible and other good books; nor would Jasper think of performing any kind of labour not absolutely necessary on the Sabbath-day, for he believed that by so doing he should forfeit God's favour and no longer prosper.

During the month of November, in the year 1824, a violent storm

sprung up from the south-west; Jasper and his eldest son, Valentine, were at sea, in their fishing-boat, nearly nine miles from the land. A dark and gloomy sky, with fitful gusts of wind, gave the fisherman warning that a storm was coming on; and he turned the head of the smack homewards, in hopes of reaching Strand Bay before the night came on.

"We shall have a roughish night, father!" said Valentine, "I hope we shall get in before the gale comes on!"

"Never fear, my boy!" replied the father; "the old 'Osprey' will dip her nose into the horses' manes, and feather herself with the spray! But bear a hand and lower the jib; let's get the storm-jib up, for, by the long swell from the westward, I am of opinion there is a deal of bad weather to windward, which will be down upon us before long. Bear a hand, my boy! haul in the jib! hurry! be smart!"

In a very few minutes Valentine had brought in the large jib and hooked the small one upon the halliards, and, with two or three good hauls, had it chock up, and made it fast to the mast. His father then called him to take the helm, while he took two reefs in the mainsail; and thus the smack dashed over the billows towards the shore in the most gallant style.

Keep her up, boy! keep her up, boy!" said the father, "or we shall be on the Seven Stones!—seven too many for anybody this weather! That's right! now ease her down again! away she goes! now let out your mainsheet, and let her scud again!"

And away flew the "Osprey" through the billows, as an osprey knows how; and the father and son, notwithstanding the gale rapidly increased, had no doubt of reaching their home long before nightfall.

They were then going at the rate of ten knots an hour, and the sun had but just sunk beneath the horizon.

But, as soon as the sun went down, the gale rose up, and, shifting to the northward, the boat had to alter her course and shift her sails, and began to pitch and toss in a manner that Valentine had never before witnessed, shaking him several times from his hold of the tiller, while every now and then a heavy wave struck the little craft on her bows, and broke over her whole length, from stem to stern.

"Well done, old girl, put your nose into it again!" said Jasper, well satisfied with the craft, while at the same time the poor boy trembled.

"O father! father!" cried Valentine, "I can't hold the tiller, she kicks so!"

"Hold on, boy, hold on! keep her as she goes! never mind her kicking! hold on steady!"

Down went the boat into a hollow of the sea; up she rose again, shaking the foam from her bowsprit, bows and jib, like a live thing.

"Bravo!" said Jasper; "keep her up! keep her up! she is a jewel! well done!"

"O father! father! we shall go down!" cried Valentine, when the boat had mounted herself on the top of the next wave and was pitching downwards.

"Nonsense; this is sport! besides,—

‘A sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!’”

said, or, rather, sung the fisherman.

Just at that moment a violent squall came on, and the storm-jib flew to ribbands. Jasper hauled it down in a moment, lowered the peak, called out "Hand-up!" and he let the craft drive to leeward as fast as the wind would carry her.

At this moment the distant boom of a gun was heard amid the lullings of the wind. Again the sound fell on the ear of Jasper. Again. "Ship in distress!" said he; and, leaping on the rigging and looking seaward, he saw the smoke of a steamer in the direction of the Seven Stones.



Another gun from the steamer assured the hardy seaman that the steamer was in distress. He raised his glass to his eye, and discovered her labouring upon the western part of those dangerous rocks, with her ensign hoisted upside down. While he continued to gaze upon her, the black clouds seemed to open above her, and the lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder, struck her tall chim-



ney, which immediately fell down upon the deck, among the horror-struck crew.

"Down with your helm! down with your helm, boy! let her stand off to sea again, there is a steamer going to pieces on the Stones; we must 'bout-ship and help her!"

"But there is mother's light upon the knoll, father!" replied Valentine; "she is looking out for us, and has lit the lamp up, for us to steer for the cove!"

"So much the better! down with your helm, and let her stand over!"

The boy did as his father directed him, and the "Osprey," answering the helm, was round in an instant, and bearing away to windward, like a determined patriot against tyranny. The wind had not greatly increased; yet it blew quite strong enough, and very few craft could have lived in the sea which had sprung up in the channel.

The firing from the steamer had ceased, and nothing now was to be seen but the sea beating over the ill-fated vessel. The "Osprey" was yet three miles off, in a direct line, and, by beating up against the wind, towards the spot, would have to tack over more than double that distance, but she was a fast sailer, and could lie within three points of the wind's eye; and she slapped away in most excellent style, as if the anxious minds of Jasper and Valentine had penetrated her very sails and hull to carry her rapidly onward.

"Give me the helm," said Jasper, "and you get out the small warp from the fore-castle, the towing line and the grapples; have them all ready at the bows, and see that the coil is clear!"

"Aye, aye, father," said the boy, "we may save some lives, if we can't save the ship! let's hope!"

"If we can get near enough to send a line to them," replied the father, "we shall save some of them, if God wills it. Pray for them, boy; pray to God to help us in doing our duty!"

"God will be with us, I am sure, father!" said Valentine, "no one can do what is right without God being with him! 'Tis God gives us courage, is it not, father?"

"Yes, and strength, and power, and will! But keep her full, boy; her sails are shaking! It's well to think of God; but keep your sails full, my lad!"

Valentine put the helm up, and the "Osprey" laid down to the sea till the water ran over her deck, and away they went, as fast as the gale could carry them, the white foam beating over the bows of the boat like snow, and a long line of thick foam stretching out behind like the tail of a comet.

In a very short time the boat neared the distressed steamer, and the scene that presented itself was one of great horror:—the tall chimney had gone by the board, and hung half over the side; the hatchings were torn up by the force of the sea, and the bulwarks, paddle-boxes, companion, compass, water-casks, and everything else that the deck contained carried away. The captain stood, or rather clung, to some of the rigging attached to the foremast, still standing, giving what orders he could in the dreadful extremity. Three-fourths of the passengers had been swept away by the billows, and there only remained three or four persons upon the wreck, and these found themselves scarcely able to sustain the continued shocks of the roaring element around them, although they had contrived to lash themselves to the mast, still standing, and to the windlass, the only thing that remained on the deck. The poor wretches, however,

gave a faint cheer, when they saw the boat approach, and waved their hands towards it, while the captain made a motion for the boat not to come too near, and to go to leeward of the steamer, the propriety of which Jasper perfectly understood.

After waving about for some time—now going as near the wreck as he dared, and then being beaten away by the heavy sea and fierce breakers—Jasper at last luffed up close to her quarter, and succeeded in throwing her tow-line to the hands in the rigging, to which it was immediately made fast; the warp was then attached to it from the boat, and, after a great deal of difficulty, was hauled on board; a running loop was now placed in the warp, and, by means of another dozen fathoms of tow-line, run up to the steamer; while the boat stood on and off with a most admirable management of her sails, till one of the crew committed himself to the loop, by sitting within it, and then pulling himself hand over head along the warp, reached the boat in safety.

The experiment thus made and successfully adopted, was soon followed by the other poor creatures in the wreck; there were but five remaining out of a crew of fourteen and passengers above thirty. Those that remained were the captain and mate of the crew, an underwriter, going out to the East Indies, by way of Marseilles, to which place the steamer was bound, and two Jews, proceeding to the same port, from which they intended to proceed to the land of their fathers. They were under a vow to go and wail upon the site of the Temple of Jerusalem, to walk over the spots consecrated by their ancestors, to relieve their poor distressed brethren, and to die in peace.

The captain was, of course, the last to leave the vessel, the mate

last but one, and, after the underwriter had been safely boated, the Jews were called upon to trust themselves to the loop and warp. They were, however, so paralysed with fear, as to be unable to disintach themselves from the rigging to which they had been lashed, and it was only by the united aid of the captain and mate that they were untied. They begged, and prayed, and contended violently to remain where they were, but the captain, having unlashed one, lashed him quickly to the loop, like the paper messenger of a kite. The second Jew, seeing the ease and quickness with which his companion was released, suffered himself to be dis-attached, and he also was conducted in safety. The mate, after this, leaped into the sea and swam to the boat, and was quickly followed by the captain. Jasper, then, finding no more to save, turned the prow of his craft homeward, and, with his five passengers, steered away before the wind as fast as his reefed sails would carry him.

Daylight had nearly expired, when Jasper turned homeward, but the light of his wife on the small jutting point of the little cove in which he dwelt was plainly seen; in less than an hour the intrepid boatman and his son descried the landing-place, and shot into still water, and the shipwrecked company were soon safely housed in a nice little warm cottage, with a good substantial meal before them, with every comfort which a poor fisherman's house might be expected to afford:—there were eggs, bacon and fowls, cheese, and plenty of soft bread and milk, which soon became powerful restoratives to the unfortunates.

During this refreshing meal, the underwriter, in particular, was full of expressions of gratitude to Jasper and his son for their deliverance, and remarked upon the ready aid which the boy Valentine

had afforded his father in the dangerous efforts to save them from the wreck. Having questioned him, also, as to his desire of seeing foreign countries, he ended by proposing to his father to take him to India with him, and to provide for his future life. "I am," said he, "only returning to India to settle my affairs; I can put your son into a way of becoming a rich man, if he only shows the tact and perseverance he has shown in this disaster; as to the few things I had on board the steamer, that is easily replaced; I shall return to London, and, if your son will make up his mind to seek his fortune in a foreign land, he shall have the means, and not only the means, but the direction and support."

The boy's father was eager enough for Valentine to seek his fortune; not so, however, his mother, who was loth to part with him; before, however, the underwriter left, her scruples were overruled, and she gave her consent to the proposition. In about a fortnight a letter was received to summon Valentine to London. His parents soon received intelligence of his being nobly equipped by his benefactor; shortly after, they had intelligence that the vessel in which he had embarked was running down the channel. Jasper, and his wife, and the rest of the family went off in their boat to take a final leave of him, as he passed the Land's-end: and for many many years saw him no more.

What arose from Valentine's departure must be the matter of another story.



Signing of the Papers

In the Vaults of Lady Place.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.



IN these days of rebellions and revolutions abroad, when kings are thrown down like children's playthings, and the great and mighty of the earth are scattered to the east and to the west, to the north and to the south, like chaff before the wind, we English people cannot be too thankful for the providential care which has been vouchsafed to us among these "wrecks of empires." But we have had our storms, like other nations, and, if we now dwell in peace and security, it is because we have passed through those troubles which other nations are now enduring, and

have, in times gone by, placed the monarch and the people in true situations with regard to each other, and, so long as they are mutual, true and honest—so long, and no longer—shall we be spared the scenes which have convulsed other nations with terror.

The reign of James II., although a very short one, was the most important one that ever took place in this country. He was brother, as every one knows, to Charles II., but, although not a whit more tyrannical than that monarch, had a very different temper and method of doing things. He seemed to be intent upon the destruction of English liberty and of the English church, and, in consequence, all the friends of liberty and the church united against him. Among the most bold against the encroachments of the crown were seven bishops, namely, Hodge, Bishop of St. Asaph; Ken, of Bath and Wells; Turner, of Ely; Lake, of Chichester; White, of Peterborough; and Trelawney, of Bristol; who, with Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, concerted an address, in the form of a petition, to the king, remonstrating, in the gentlest terms, against his unconstitutional endeavours to destroy the liberty of the people. The king, in a fury, summoned them before his council, and forthwith committed them to the Tower.

This ill-advised step cost him his crown. Meetings were now held in secret, in various parts of the kingdom, for the purpose of bringing the king to reason. The most celebrated of these meetings was one held from time to time in the vaults of an old house, called Lady Place, at Hurley, in Berkshire. It was formerly a Benedictine monastery, erected in the reign of William Rufus, but at the time now spoken of was inhabited by Lord Lovelace; and that nobleman brought together, under the show of great hospitality and

merry-making, numbers of the most influential of the nobility, and it was here that the papers were signed which brought over William Prince of Orange; and the first draft was made of that second great charter of English liberty, called, "The Bill of Rights," which placed the monarchs of this country amenable to the voice of the people.—In the vault of the house, at the upper end, is a tablet, on which is inscribed the following :

"DUST AND ASHES,
MORTALITY AND VICISSITUDE TO ALL."

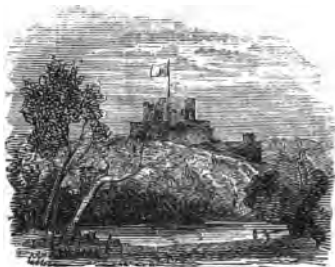
Be it remembered that the monastery of Lady Place, of which this vault was the burial cavern, was founded at the time of the great Norman revolution, by which revolution the whole state of England was changed.

Be it also remembered that, in this place, 600 years afterwards, the revolution of 1688 was begun, on which account this vault was visited by King William III., George III., and other powerful potentates.

The lords and prelates met at the dead of the night. In the little niche where the inscription was placed stood a mull table, around it a few rough stools, while wax torches were stuck in the walls, which shed a feeble light. The meetings were always opened with a short prayer by an ecclesiastic, and then friends were sworn, plans proposed and papers signed. At the time of the committal of the bishops to the Tower, an extraordinary meeting was held, and a solemn oath taken, while messengers were dispatched to various parts of the kingdom, for the purpose of organising resistance to the arbitrary conduct of the king. It must have been an interesting

sight to have witnessed these lords in their secret vault, among the dust of abbots and monks, and in the dead of the night, among grinning skulls and denuded bones, toads and reptiles, cobwebs and spiders, forming a constitution which was to be the glory of England, and the light of all the nations of the earth.

But such a constitution was framed ; the country, aroused to a sense of its danger, took up the cause of liberty. A jury acquitted the bishops ; Westminster Hall rang with loud plaudits, and these were continued from one end of the kingdom to the other. The king fled. William III., invited over by the almost unanimous voice of the people, stepped into the vacant throne. Lady Place became the scene of festivity and rejoicing never before or since equalled. The king was present at one of the splendid fêtes of the gallant Lord Lovelace ; but from that period the glory of the old house declined.



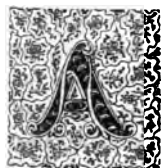
Its last proprietor was the brother of the unfortunate Admiral Kempenfelt. In his time the old house was well worthy a visit.

Peter Parley saw it in the year 1826 ; it was then a fine old building, with a noble hall, richly ornamented with paintings by Salvator Rosa, noble staircases, intricate passages, wide corridors ; it was surrounded by a moat, and the whole demesne full of giant yews and elms, while the river flowed solemnly beneath them. It is now levelled with the ground, and the vaults, part of the old monastery, the dove-house, the moat, and the church, or chapel, is all that remains to tell of the decay of human greatness and the vicissitudes of human affairs.





Something about Ships.



SHIP has been called the proudest triumph of science, and the "wooden walls of old England" are justly celebrated all over the world. Mistress of the sea, through her navy, England has reached the proud position of being the first among the nations of the earth; and, however traitors or libellers may seek to disparage her greatness, she is great and shall be great, so long as she is true to herself and to the great principles of truth and justice which have characterised her doings by sea and land.

But to our ships. Look at them, sailing on our seas, riding in our harbours!—Look at the old Dreadnought, a mere hospital!—they give us an idea of the grand, the noble and sublime. In fight they are terrible, but in the business of commerce far more to be

valued and admired, just in proportion as peace is better than war, love better than hate, plenty better than want, joy better than sorrow, or a blessing better than a curse.

Ships may be dated from Noah's Ark ; that they are of great antiquity there can be no doubt ; that they were very large, in ancient times, we have some proof from the accounts of ancient writers. Archimedes describes some that had within them gardens, mills, stables, baths and temples, having the doors inlaid with agates and precious stones, and their sides adorned with paintings.

The term "ship" is only properly given to such vessels as have three masts and are square rigged ; that is, having their sails suspended from their yard, hung from the masts, and lying usually at right angles to the keel, or length of the vessel.

Ships are principally distinguished as those called *merchantmen*, which belong either to companies or to private persons, and are engaged in commerce ; and *men-of-war*, or *war ships*, built for the purposes of war. The latter receive their designation from the number of guns they carry. The largest class are termed *ships of the line*, from their forming the line of battle, when acting together in fleets ; and are divided into *first rates*, *second rates*, *third rates*, &c.

First rates include all those carrying a hundred guns and upwards ; *second rates* carry from ninety to a hundred guns ; *third rates*, from sixty to eighty guns and from six hundred to six hundred and fifty men, and so on down to *sixth rates*. But some ships, of less than forty-four guns, are termed *frigates*, which are smart-made ships, and good sailers, and very trim, handsome ships they are ; and, for all ships of war, give old Peter Parley a frigate.

If my young friends should at any time go to Portsmouth, I

would advise them, above all things, to go and inspect some of the large line-of-battle ships usually lying there, and not to forget to go on board the "Victory," the ship in which the hero Nelson was killed, at the Battle of Trafalgar. It was only last night that Peter Parley sat in the very chair that Nelson used to sit in at the house of his good friend Noyce; and he always feels proud of the honour. If my young readers go on board the "Victory," they will see the very spot on which Nelson fell, and the little, low, dark, gloomy cockpit in which he died; and, if they can then refrain from shedding a tear, it is more than Peter Parley could the last time he was on board of her.

When approaching a *first rate*, there are, indeed, many things to engage the attention. On the first approach, we look up in wonder at the vast hull, towering above the water, seeming as if it would overwhelm us; the graceful lines of the joints of the planks, as seen in the perspective; the formidable muzzles of the tripple battery of guns, standing out of the port-holes, with the stout ports that shut the openings standing over them; the enormous cables of iron, by which the ship is moored; the gigantic anchors slung outside the forechannels; the boats hanging from the davits; the diminished figures of the marines and sailors hanging over the sides, with the broad shrouds, tall masts, trim rigging;—these strike the mind with a feeling such as is not very often experienced on shore.

When on board the ship, other things are equally striking—the long vista between decks, increased by the comparative lowness of the ceilings; the nice order in which everything is arranged; the guns in the carriages, with all the apparatus required in their use; the mess tables of the sailors, each distinguished by some little pecu-



liarity, indicative of the disposition of the gallant men who fed at them; the various hatchways, leading to the upper and lower deck, each bordered with a frame pierced with circular holes, the depositaries for "pills for the enemy;" the massive capstans, with the messenger wound round them; the masts passing through, and the numerous posts, called hanchions, supporting the upper deck; the view down to the lower decks, or, through the upper hatchways, to the bright and dazzling sky, with the complicated rigging stretched between the masts, as obscurely seen from such a distance. And then the sounds; for there are sounds on board of a ship-of-war quite equal the sight—the boatswain's shrill whistle, summoning a watch, or calling the guard of honour to attend at the gangway, with the cheers of the men, as the favoured captain arrives on board!—all these are fresh to the spirit, and would make boys long to be sailors.

Then for the ward-room of the officers—everything strong, solid, sterling; and here sit the lieutenants, in all their glory; the berths, too, such nice little compact places, with just room enough for a lieutenant to turn round without touching, and his little table, and glass, and hair brushes, and sword, and flute, and books, all nicely arranged in the smallest space possible, and all so neat, and trim, and compact, as to be quite a pride to the officer and to the service.

Then to go below—much is to be seen there. Go down to the orlop deck, that is, the lowest deck of all;—here are laid the cables and cordage, and here are situated the sail-room, the purser's, the surgeon's, boatswain's and carpenter's berths; the cock-pit, where the wounded are dressed, and where the midshipmen mess—and a jolly mess they have, sometimes, I can tell you; and good sprees

and capital songs, and rare fun, and sparkling jokes, and lots of merriment.

Below the orlop deck is the hold. In merchantmen, this is the place in which the cargo is stowed, and in such vessels the whole of the hull is so built as to allow of the greatest possible space being devoted to this object; but in all ships the hold is the situation for the ballast, the provisions and the stores, and it is divided for this purpose, by bulk-heads, into various rooms, called, accordingly, the bread-room, the spirit-room, &c. In ships of war the powder-room is also placed here. The care taken for the security of this important place is so great, that no lighted lamp, of any kind, is ever allowed within it; the partitions enclosing it at each end are furnished with double-glazed windows, behind which are placed, in the light-rooms, as they are called, lanthorns, with polished reflectors and powerful lenses, which throw a strong light into the powder-room, to enable the proper person to charge the cartridges and give out the powder: no particle of iron is allowed inside, and every other precaution is taken with the same view to security.

The bread room affords a pleasing contrast to the magazine; the cleanliness, order, and the care taken of the ventilation indicate the importance of the contents—flour and biscuit, but chiefly the latter is the form in which bread is taken out to sea;—this apartment is at the after-part of the ship.

The lower deck, besides various objects which occur on the middle deck, is distinguished by the principal, or main capstan, situated in about its mid length; this is a large conical piece of timber, the lower part turning in a socket in the orlop, so as to afford the greatest resistance to the enormous weights it is employed to raise.

There is another capstan on the middle deck, used for lighter weights of many kinds.

The capstans are turned, by means of long bars, inserted horizontally into the holes of its upper part; several men push against these, and so turn the capstan round; and a cable being thus wound round it, the length of the capstan bars, on the principle of the lever, enables the men to raise the enormous anchors of nearly *ninety hundred weight*. It is a pretty sight to see sixty or eighty men "manning the capstan," as it is called, and, while they work, the drummer and fifer stand by and play a merry tune, to which the men keep time; and up goes the anchor, quite joyfully.

Little further remains for me to notice on this deck, except the "galley," as the kitchen of a man-of-war is called. An immense boiler, big enough for a steam-engine, with furnaces, coppers, and other conveniences, enables cooking to be performed on a very large scale; as it must be, for eight or nine hundred men. And I can tell you that, of all cooks in the world, sailors are the best; they know how to boil plum-puddings and to cook beef to the greatest nicety, and far off be the time when British tars shall not have their fill of them.

The upper deck differs from the two beneath it by being open to the sky in the centre, or what is called the *waist*; the forward part of the ship has the *forecastle*, another partial deck, above the main one; and the after-part has also a deck over it, called the *quarter-deck*; the space between these two is called the *waist*; and a narrow passage, on each side of the vessel, leading from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle, are called the *gangways*; these have a stout, double netting stretched between iron rails, on the outside, between which

are stowed the seamen's hammocks during the day and before an engagement, when they form a very good protection to the crew against the musketry of the enemy; a similar breastwork of rails guards the forecastle, quarter-deck and poop.

The forecastle is that part of the ship which properly appertains to the best, or able, seamen, as the quarter-deck does to the officers. These two half-decks are ascended by stairs, or ladders, from the main deck. Under the quarter-deck, at the after part of the upper-deck, is the *admiral's state cabin*, which is, therefore, immediately over the ward-room, and bears the same relation to this, in its arrangement, or fitting up, that the admiral or captain, to whom it is appropriated, bears to the lieutenants. Handsome sofas, a table, and other luxuries would rank it with a drawing-room; but the same sacrifice to the object of the ship occurs here as everywhere else;—two or more enormous guns occupies their ports at the windows, not there for show, but for good service, in the hour of battle; and here would they be manned and worked, and here would fall and die the brave fellows that might work them.

The state-room is also the dining-room, where the various officers also dine with the captain, but only when invited to do so, for the strictest form and etiquette is observed on board a ship-of-war. The officer who visited his commander by invitation, without being as scrupulously dressed as if going into the company of ladies, would, if not subjected to a severe reproof for his negligence, certainly not be invited again.

On the after-part of the quarter-deck there is raised another deck, called the poop, which contains the captain's sleeping-room and other apartments. There are small ladder-stairs on each side, from

the quarter-deck to the poop; and between, there is the wheel by which the motion of the rudder is produced, in managing or steering the vessel. Just before the wheel is the *binnacle*, which is a kind of box, open at the side next the wheel, having the compass hung in it, so as to be seen by the steersmen; in the binnacle a strong light is placed, to illuminate the compass at night.



I must say something about the anchors. In a man-of-war, and in all large ships, there are several; the largest—the sheet—and best bower, weigh four and a half tons, or ninety hundred-weight. The great importance of the anchor—the safety of the vessel often depending upon that alone—requires that it should be very well made, and of the best materials; if the shank, or main bar, were cast of one piece of iron, it would be liable to have flaws or defects, which, however sound it might appear, would cause it to break, when severely strained; to prevent this, the shank is formed of many dif-

ferent bars of the very best iron, placed lengthways, welded together by enormous hammers. The forging of the anchor is no light thing, I can assure you, and has been immortalised in song.

I will now end this short description. To tell you all I know about a ship and sailors would take a volume. I once wrote some "Tales of the Sea," and shall recur to this subject again.





Something about Alligators.

DR. WALCH once said, "Alligators are the worst kind of gaiters to have about your legs." They are very formidable and ferocious reptiles, found in tropical climates, in Egypt, in India, and in other eastern countries. It is useless to describe him when we have a picture of him. His ordinary length is eighteen feet; his eyes have three distinct lids; he has five toes on his fore-feet, and four behind, and his feet are webbed; his tail has a long series of double plates; his teeth are sharp and numerous.

The most extraordinary accounts are given of the strength of this very ugly customer. He usually floats on the surface of some swamp, pool, or lake, and looks like a rough trunk of a tree; he is quiet in his movements, and seizes fish, fowl, turtle, or whatever

comes within his reach, like an alderman at a city feast. When sharp set, he ventures to the shore, in expectation of some animal coming to the water to drink; as the victim approaches, the alligator looks on without moving, and as innocent as possible, till, all in a moment, he makes what boys would call a "grab," and whips himself under water almost without a ripple.



Once, in India, a lady had sent a messenger a few miles into the interior with a letter, but, as he did not return at the time specified, she began to apprehend that some accident had happened; she, therefore, sent a party in quest of the man, but they could learn no tidings of him; at length, in

crossing a stream, on their return from an unsuccessful search, they saw a dead alligator upon the banks, with its jaws extended, as if it had received a violent death. Upon examining the creature more closely, they found that it had been choked, as the throat was considerably distended; this they immediately cut open, in order to ascertain the cause of a strangulation so very unusual, when the head of the unfortunate messenger was found, completely choking up the passage. The animal had been evidently unable to pass it, and had, in consequence, died of suffocation. The turban was still on the man's head, and, upon taking off the skull-cap, the answer to the lady's letter was found under it, perfectly uninjured. It was presumed that the poor fellow had attempted to swim across the stream, having first deposited the letter under his turban, but was arrested and destroyed by the alligator before he could reach the opposite shore.

We had taken our guns and sauntered into the jungle, accompanied by several armed natives, in order to try if we could not furnish our table with some of the excellent wild fowl with which the woods and the morasses abound. We had not proceeded far, before we entered a large space of open ground, in the centre of which was a large piece of water, filled with alligators of enormous size. The lake, although penetrating far into the jungle, was rather narrow, but extremely deep. From its banks, on either side, a great number of large forest trees cast their broad shadows, while the sun, darting his vivid rays through the close foliage that nearly intercepted them, threw here and there small masses of golden light, which gave a solemn gloom to the picture. Near the head of the lake was the carcase of a dead elephant, upon which a large alligator was making

his meal, while others of less magnitude were eagerly waiting his departure, that they might succeed him, when he should have received his sufficiency, and likewise enjoy the luxury of a feast.

During the time that the large alligator was busy at his work on the elephant, a native attendant was ordered to advance and fire, in order for us to see what would be the effect of the explosion among the ravenous visitors of this lonely valley. This he immediately did—



the ball glanced from the alligator's body, as if it had been cased in adamant; when a scene of confusion ensued which defies description. The whole valley seemed, at once, to start into life. The rush of the monster thus suddenly startled from his prey—the plashings of those that were floating on the surface of the lake, in expectation of a speedy meal, as they plunged beneath its still waters; the yelling of the jackals, and the screaming of the vultures, made altogether such a din, that we were obliged to escape from the mighty uproar. We had the curiosity to visit the spot after our day's sport, on our return to our tent, when we found the large body of the elephant entirely consumed, with nothing but the

skeleton remaining. The bones were picked out as clean as if they had been under the hands of the most skilful surgeon, and prepared by him for some national museum. This operation was completed by the black ants, which swarm upon a carcase after it has been relinquished by the more voracious beasts of prey, and leave the fleshless frame as white and clean, as if it had been polished by the efforts of human ingenuity.

Alligators lie in wait for the larger animals that approach the shores of the rivers infested by them, with great cunning. Sometimes an ox approaches; they then strike his legs with their tail, and, having thus suddenly cast him to the ground, they seize him by the neck with their fatally-armed jaws, drag him into the river, and, having allowed the carcase to become putrid, devour it with a disgusting avidity.

An alligator will watch a body thus obtained for several days together, until in a state of sufficient delicacy and tenderness from decomposition to satisfy his relish. No other alligator dare approach during this anxious watch, or should a stranger venture near the rotting luxury, the watcher attacks him fiercely, and generally manages, and, very properly, to protect his prize; at all events, he never gives it up without a struggle.

In the Ganges these creatures may be daily seen, watching the numerous carcasses which constantly float down that large river, awaiting the moment when they shall have attained the rotten luxury of being fit to eat. Sometimes a solitary vulture appears sailing down the current, perched upon a human body, which the mistaken attachment of superstitious friends had committed to the stream, to send on its road to Paradise, tearing the scarcely cold

flesh from the bones, until chased from its horrid repast by the voracious alligator.

It is a very common thing for the native princes of India, living in the neighbourhood of large rivers where alligators abound, to have them caught, for the purpose of entertaining their guests, by making them fight, or by setting other animals upon them. These fights are so cruel and inhuman, as to be unfit for children to hear their recital. The coast of Lucknow used to be very celebrated for such horrid exhibitions—and these barbarous wretches of India—Stop, not so fast, Master Parley—think of your own country; think of the cock-fighting, the badger-drawings, the bull-baitings, the rat-hunting, the pigeon and sparrow-shooting, the royal *battue*—and hold your tongue, Master Parley.






Penn's Treaty with the Indians.

A HUNDRED nations forged the chain
For Nature's uncurbed sons, in shame,
And many a king across the main
Sent forth a fetter, in his name ;
But PENN, alone, unarm'd and mild,
At Mercy's kind and sweet behest,
Approach'd his brother, meek and mild,
And clasp'd him, friend-like, to his breast.

Not he who shone at Marathon,
Red with the pompous Persian's blood—
The youth who dared his legions on,
Boldly, amid the Granic flood—
Not he who gloriously withstood

Him who would lord it o'er the world,
 And, with a patriot's dagger, hurl'd
 Him down at Pompey's shrine,
 A sacrifice to liberty,—
 Was truly great like thee !

*Lines written at the Grave of PENN, Jourdan's Meeting House,
 By WILLIAM MARTIN.*

 UNFEIGNEDLY does Peter Parley rejoice that, in his days, the cause of our blessed Saviour—the kingdom of peace—is making progress among the nations of the earth. It is true that, just at the present moment, the whole of the population of Europe seem to be intent upon cutting each other's throats. Armies are put in motion, bayonets bristle, cannon open their mouths and roar, muskets send forth their volleys of blood and death, horses rush to the charge, and their riders cut and slash, to the right and left; then comes a volley of grape-shot, and down go three or four hundred fine young men, full of health and hope. Bang! What is that? I see nothing yet but smoke. What are these flying in the air?—arms, legs, heads, bodies!—a mine is sprung; a fort is blown up; hundreds of soldiers are flying in the air in ten thousand pieces! Now, all is flame! Hurrah! Hurrah! The flags are seen on the breach! Away they go to glory—first, second and third battalions! The drums beat! the bugles play! another—— Oh! oh! down they fall again, whole ranks of them!

A masked battery has opened its fire, and seven or eight hundred men are mown down like hay! Now they sally forth from the breach to bayonet those that are still living among the fallen! then the shells begin to play on the town—churches are rifled, houses are blazing, palaces are battered to pieces, men, women and children, shot, cut, maimed; howl, in bitter anguish. I ask, "What is all this? what is it for? what is it about?"

"It's all for the sake of glory; the honour of our nation is at a stake; you see we are a great people, and——"

"But what is the good of blowing one another to pieces in this way, lopping off arms, and legs, and heads, and shedding blood?"

"Why, our honour is concerned, and this is the way we always bring things to a settlement."

"But is this the only way of settling a question?"

"Well, it is the usual way; it is a custom that can't very well be laid aside."

"A custom more honoured in the *breach* than the observance!" thought Peter Parley; and it put him in mind of the story of Sancho Panza, who, when he went to his island kingdom, found the inhabitants in the custom of loading their asses with two panniers, one on each side; one was laden with the commodities to be carried, but into the pannier of the opposite side a large stone was placed, to balance the load. Sancho, full of wisdom, thought that such a custom was a very foolish one, and ordered that, for the future, both panniers were to be filled with merchandise, seeing that, to carry about a stone for mere balance was ridiculous. The order was obeyed; but the next day there was a revolution in Sancho's dominions, for, by this innovation, he had exactly thrown one-half of the

donkey-men out of employment; the palace was surrounded, Sancho was threatened with annihilation, and was obliged, for the sake of peace, to revert to the old manner of doing things.

The old manner of reconciling differences is, therefore, by cutting throats, and to put people out of the way of so doing things would be a very difficult task, and would, of course, throw a great number of very fine fellows out of employment, to say nothing of armourers, smiths, uniform-makers, saddlers, and many others, who thrive on the trade of war, and, therefore, it is thought better to go on the old way, to kill and burn, bombard and batter, with swords, shells and rockets, than to endeavour to settle things by common sense.

Yet we ought to be thankful that all men are not quite of this way of thinking. The best men have ever considered, in accordance with the written laws of God, that war is the greatest curse and peace the greatest blessing that can affect mankind; some have gone so far as to deny that it is lawful for Christians to go to war under any circumstances whatever. Many of them have been stedfast in their opinions, bold in the expression of them, gentle in their manners, pure in heart, full of love, and, considering all men as brethren, have endeavoured to act on the Divine principle of doing to others as they would others should do to them. One of such a class of men was William Penn, the grace and ornament of the people called Quakers; and the story of William Penn and the Indians is so full of instruction, that I am tempted to bring it before the minds of my young readers.

King Charles II. had received some very important services from Admiral Penn; services, of course, rendered more to the state than to the monarch, but neither the monarch nor the state felt disposed

to award to the admiral what his services deserved. After a long advocacy of his claims upon government, it was at last agreed that the claims of the admiral were to be settled by a grant of land on the River Delaware, in America, which grant was made to the son of Admiral Penn—the celebrated William Penn, who had adopted the principles of Quakerism, or become, in their own language, a Member of the Society of Friends.

Penn had full power given him to found a colony, to make laws, to sell lands, and to pardon crimes, and, in the month of August, 1682, he embarked at Deal, on board the "Welcome," a ship of three hundred tons' burden. The passengers, including himself, were not more than a hundred; they were chiefly Quakers, and most of them from Sussex. On their voyage they lost thirty of their number from the small-pox, and in about six weeks reached the shores of America, and landed at Newcastle, on the Delaware River.

Penn's religious principles, which led him to the practice of the most scrupulous morality, did not permit him to look upon the king's patent as sufficient to establish his right to the country, but he had, before starting, instructed persons to buy from the native Indians, the rightful heirs of the soil, the parcels of land required for his new colony. When he arrived at the spot he had so purchased, he thought it right to ratify the sale in person, and, at the same time, to make a treaty of eternal friendship and peace with the Indians; he proceeded, therefore, accompanied by his friends, consisting of men, women and young persons of both sexes, to *Coaquannoc*, the Indian name for the place where Philadelphia now stands. On his arrival, he found the chiefs and their people assembling; they

were seen in the woods, as far as the eye could penetrate, and looked frightful, both on account of their number and their arms. The Quakers are reported to have been but a handful, in comparison, and those without any weapons, so that dismay and terror had come upon them, had they not confided in the righteousness of their cause.

It appears that, though the parties were to assemble at Coaquannoc, the celebrated treaty was made at a spot a little higher up the river, where Kensington now stands, and called at that time *Shackamaxera*, where there stood an elm-tree, of prodigious size. To this tree the leaders on both sides repaired, approaching each other under its widely spreading branches. William Penn appeared in his usual clothes; he had no crown, sceptre, mace, sword, halberd, or any insignia of state or eminence, he was distinguished from the rest only by a sky-blue sash round his waist, made of silk and net-work. On his right hand was Colonel Markham, his relation and secretary, as you see in the plate; and, on his left, his friend Pearson, after whom followed a train of Quakers. Before him were carried various articles of merchandise, which, when they came near the sachems, or chiefs of the Indians, were spread upon the ground. He held a roll of parchment, containing the confirmation of the "Treaty of Purchase and Amity," in his hand. One of the sachems, who appeared the chief of the rest, then put upon his own head a kind of chaplet, in which appeared a small horn. This, as among the primitive eastern nations, and, according to Scripture language, was the emblem of kingly power, and, whenever the chief who had a right to wear it put it on, it was understood that the place was made sacred, and the persons of all inviolate. Upon putting on this horn, the Indians threw down their bows and arrows, and seated them-

selves round their chiefs, in the form of a half-moon, on the ground. The chief sachem then announced to William Penn, by means of an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him.



Having been thus called upon, the truly good man thus began:—
“The great Spirit,” he said, “who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed ;

their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the great Spirit, but to do good ; they were there met on the broad pathway of good faith and goodwill, so that no advantage could be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood and love."

Penn then proceeded to explain the conditions upon which the sale of their lands were made ; they were to have the same liberty to do all things relating to the improvement of their grounds which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two parties, they were to be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be Indians and half Englishmen. Penn then paid them the price they had asked for their land, without haggling or abatement, and made them many presents besides, from the merchandise which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be free to both people ; and he then, through an interpreter, addressed them again.

He observed that he would not merely say that they should be as friends and brothers in their friendship, but that he would liken it—the friendship that he hoped would subsist between him and them—not to a chain ; for that might be broken, and the rust might eat away its links ; but he would consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children's children might know what had passed between them, just as if he had himself remained with them to repeat it.

Thus ended this celebrated treaty, a treaty which will shine in the world's history as a bright spot, scarcely ever equalled and never surpassed in equity. After we read the pages of the historian, for the most part filled with deeds of war and bloodshed for the possession of territory, the mind rests with pleasure upon this transaction, which proves that the religion of our blessed Redeemer is sometimes carried out on earth.

"Being now returned," says Robert Proud, in his 'History of Pennsylvania,' "from Maryland to Coaquannoc, he purchased land of the Indians, whom he treated with great justice and sincere kindness; and his conduct was so engaging, his justice so conspicuous, and his counsel and advice so advantageous, that his friendship with the Indians was never interrupted, and his name and memory will never be effaced while one of the tribes remains."

The great elm tree under which this treaty was made became celebrated from this day. When, in the American war, the British general, Simcoe, was quartered at Kensington, he so respected it, that, when his soldiers were cutting down every tree for firewood, he placed a sentinel under it, that not a branch of it should be harmed. In 1812 it was blown down, when it was cut into pieces; and a portion of it is now to be seen at Stoke Park, Bucks, belonging to a descendant of this celebrated man.

How much better, my young friends, is a transaction of this kind than the bombardment of a city, or the glory of the battle-field! But is it not a serious thing for us to reflect that, although the religion of the Prince of Peace has now existed for above eighteen hundred years, there have been so few transactions of this kind to record, while there have been at least a thousand battles, hundreds

of ruined cities, tens of thousands of fatherless children, and hundreds of thousands of slaughtered men and women? Little children brought up to know that "God is Love," and that they ought to "Love one another," inquire "How can this be?" Peter Parley can only say what he believes to be the true reason of this inconsistency:—"That true Christians form a very small portion of the mass of mankind; that millions who take the name of Christ never know him; that man, still unconverted to the spirit of the Gospel, is semi-barbarous, and that nothing but Divine assistance can bring men to that state of mind and heart in which the kingdom of peace shall be established."

Let us pray, then, daily, my dear children, that the Spirit of Truth and Peace and Love may be shed upon us, from Him, who is the "way, the truth and the life," and "in whom we live, and move and have our being," till his kingdom is established for ever and ever.





Story of a Smuggler.

VALENTINE'S JOURNEY TO BOMBAY.

VALENTINE was left in his voyage to India under the care of the underwriter—and a noble person he was—his name was Trueman, and a true man, indeed, Valentine had the good fortune to find him. The good ship “Agincourt” made way gallantly through the waters, and, in a few days, Valentine found himself in

“The Bay of Biscay, O!”

So far, however, from this capacious bay having any of the terrors so often ascribed to it, Valentine found it as smooth as glass, with scarcely a ripple on its surface. There was, however, a long,

heavy swell from the westward, which made the ship heave a little, but, on the whole, the weather being fair, she moved along under her top and main top-gallant sails, as pleasantly as could be imagined.

At last, they came in view of the Spanish coast, and, after some days' coasting, the Rock of Gibraltar rose upon their view. Valentine had often heard of that rock, and was glad to see it; it rises to the height of fourteen hundred feet from the sea, and is separated into two distinct parts by a lofty ridge. The part that looks upon the Mediterranean Sea is almost perpendicular, or so steep and craggy, as to be altogether inaccessible; the western part, although interspersed with awful precipices, presents some gradual slopes, which have furnished a site for the town; and here are two landing-places.

Gibraltar was, for a long time, a stronghold of the Moors, and for a longer time belonged to the crown of Spain. While the Austrian and Bourbon competitors were struggling in 1704 for the Spanish crown, the Spaniards being then at war with the English, the weakened garrison having only about one hundred and fifty men to work about one hundred guns, Admiral Rooke, who happened to be off the coast at the time, determined to attack Gibraltar. He soon brought his guns to bear upon the place, and, having landed about fifteen hundred brave troops, the Spaniards were driven from their guns, and this great fortress, which had cost the Spaniards tens of thousands of men, and millions of money, was purchased by the British with the trifling loss of sixty killed and two hundred and twenty wounded.

The Spaniards attempted to recover Gibraltar, but to no purpose. On a grand attack being made by the united fleets of France and

Spain, in the year 1726, it was bravely defended by General Elliott, who fired red-hot balls on the assailants, and destroyed their fleet ; from that period it has remained in the possession of the English. Valentine went on shore with his kind friend, and passed through a vast number of subterranean passages, cut out of the solid rock, in



which an enormous quantity of guns, bombs and mortars were placed, ready to fire on an enemy. When he saw the great piles of shot, and the tremendous magazines of powder, he could not help thinking that it would be a difficult job for an enemy to get hold of Gibraltar.

The ship only remained a few hours at this celebrated port, and then proceeded up the Mediterranean, with a fair wind; in a few days a blue streak, to the eastward, revealed the African coast to the young traveller; a few hours afterwards a single tower was seen on an eminence, and soon, a tower and a ruined building together. He inquired of one of the sailors what place it was they were coming to; it was Alexandria.

The town itself was seen in all its length;—Pompey's Pillar, rising behind the roofs; the pacha's palace and hareem, with their gardens, and rows of palms, coming down to the margin of the sea; further round, the light-house, and, to the east, at a point of land, a battery. A French steamer, and a very fine one, too, was getting out of the harbour, but, before the "Agincourt" came to an anchor, she was aground. Then came crowds of boats, screaming Arabs and lots of people; and it was a very difficult thing for Mr. Trueman and his *protégé* to get on shore; they did, however, but not without some of the Turkish constables applying the whip, without mercy, to the shoulders of those who impeded the way; and, at last, they reached the hotel to which they were bound. I should tell you, that Mr. Trueman was proceeding over-land, as it is called, to India, by the way of the Isthmus of Suez, and this was the proper route.

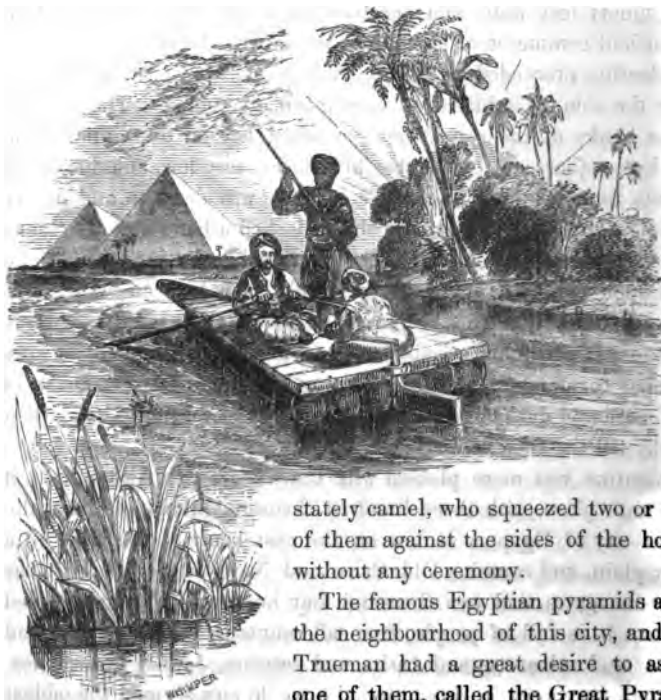
Valentine only staid at Alexandria for a few days; but he went with Mr. Trueman to see the pacha's palace, the naval arsenal, and the various places worth seeing; but he was most pleased with the bazaars and market-places, for here he saw the native habits of the inhabitants, just as they are, and, so different was everything from what he saw in England, that he was filled with wonder and astonishment at every step.

But, of all the most wonderful things Valentine saw, was the famous canal dug by the pacha,—it was commenced in the year 1819, with more than two hundred thousand labourers, who scooped out the sand with their hands, and extended the work from a place called Soan, on the Nile, to Pompey's Pillar; it is forty-seven miles long, ninety feet wide, and eighteen deep; its object is to restore the ancient commerce of India and Arabia with Egypt.

Valentine proceeded up this canal in a small tow-boat, and passed along the country, which was very much diversified. The villages on the banks of the canal were wretched beyond description—the mud huts square, or of the bee-hive form, very low, and hardly fit for rats to dwell in. The whole country was desolate and dreary till he got near Atfeh, and here things looked a little more lively, as it was the point at which the lock was that let the boat out of the canal upon the Nile. Once on this noble river, he soon found himself opposite Sais, and, as he proceeded onwards, the number of birds were so extraordinary as absolutely to people the air; there were pelicans, cormorants, pigeons and wonderfully numerous flocks of wild geese and ducks; and these, more or less, continued to darken the sky till the travellers reached Cairo.

Valentine was more pleased with Cairo than with Alexandria; it is a large place, with three hundred thousand inhabitants, and the capital city of Egypt. It lies on the east bank of the Nile, in a sandy plain, and contains Old Cairo and New Cairo; the city has thirty-one gates, and two thousand four hundred irregular unpaved streets; it is full of people, from all countries of the world; and domes, and minarets, and baths, and bazaars, Jewish synagogues, and hareems, were so thick, that the whole city seemed the oddest

place he had ever seen. The streets are narrow, with long arcades, carved lattices, and awnings of matting; then there are multitudes of donkeys—not like ours, that required beating every moment, but who trotted and ambled like little ponies—some of them were very prettily dressed; these were often met in the narrow street by some



stately camel, who squeezed two or three of them against the sides of the houses, without any ceremony.

The famous Egyptian pyramids are in the neighbourhood of this city, and Mr. Trueman had a great desire to ascend one of them, called the Great Pyramid.

He took Valentine with him, and, having obtained some Arab guides, they set off early in the morning, and reached the foot of the pyramids before seven o'clock, and there stood, or rather sat, the wonderful sphinx, which had so sat for at least four thousand years, watching all the mighty changes of empires, and generation after generation passing away. The travellers began to mount the pyramid at eight o'clock, and in less than an hour were on the top, on which is a kind of platform, and, from the top a very extensive view is obtained. On one side lies the city of Cairo, and, on the other, ranges of blue mountains and the Nile winding like a serpent through the grassy plain; the south and south-east, the Sakhàra pyramids, and, beyond all, desert, desert, desert.

After this, the inside of the pyramid was visited, and the Arab guides accompanied the travellers with torches; they proceeded through many low passages into several chambers, or rather tombs, of the dead kings and queens of Egypt, who had lived many thousand years ago; and in one was a sarcophagus broken, and in others many memorials, in hieroglyphics, of ages long since passed away.

The travellers again returned to Cairo, and were delighted with much that they saw upon the banks of the Nile and in this wonderful city. Among other things that struck their attention was the pottery boats of the Egyptians; they were constructed of earthenware pots, made water-tight, and fastened to a kind of framework of wood, upon which the rowers and the steerer sat; they were very light and buoyant, and very cheaply constructed; of course they were not well adapted for particular shocks, but they had this advantage, that, as the pots were numerous, if three or four of them were broken, those that remained supported the boatmen.

Speedily leaving Cairo, the travellers soon found their way to the shores of the Red Sea, and from thence, taking ship, they proceeded through the Straits of Babelmandel, and across the Arabian Sea to Bombay, which is situated on an island ; it is more than a mile in length, and half a mile in breadth, and is surrounded by fortifications. Here, the scene was quite new to Valentine, who saw native Indians, in their white dresses, slaves, porters, and a great deal of eastern luxury, to which he and his benefactor soon accommodated themselves. He took up his quarters at one of the government residences, and soon found himself actively engaged in the multifarious business of the establishment. He was appointed, at first, as an under-director of the landing department, and here he steadily pursued a course of industry and usefulness, till an event occurred which suddenly altered his fortunes, of which I shall tell my young friends in my next chapter.





Something about the Eternal City.



ROME—the city of Rome—the eternal city—the city of three thousand years—is at this moment invested by the French army, and, before these pages will be printed, will have fallen. Alas! how many times has she been spurned at the proud foot of the conqueror, and yet still survives!

It would fill a volume to write the history of this celebrated city; but there is one great event in it, of which every one ought to know something, namely, the capture of it by Alaric the Goth, which gave the finishing stroke to Roman affairs.

After the death of Valentinian, in the year 416, his son Gratian took upon him the imperial dignity; soon after, becoming master of the whole empire, by the death of Theodosius, who was joined with

him in power, he left the empire to his son Honorius, who was possessed of no abilities whatever.

The Goths were at this time headed by an experienced leader, the celebrated King Alaric, who had overrun Greece, and, although withstood for a short time by the Roman general Stilicho, he at last invaded Italy. The emperor, struck with terror, would have abandoned the country and fled into Gaul; but this disgraceful measure was prevented by Stilicho, who besieged the Goths at Pollentia, and obliged them to retreat. Their camp was invested, their entrenchments forced with great slaughter, the wife of Alaric was taken, with all the wealth he had amassed in plundering Greece, while many thousands of Roman prisoners were released from the most deplorable slavery.

Italy being thus delivered, Honorius entered the city in triumph, and, for awhile, all thoughts of danger were laid aside, and, at the moment when the city seemed most secure, the Goths made head again. The emperor was obliged to flee to Ravenna for safety, in order to secure himself from the barbarians who now broke in upon the empire on all sides, and in such numbers as to be quite astonishing. A host, under Rhodogast, styled by some the king of the Goths, marched from the northern extremity of Germany almost to the gates of Rome, and left the remains of his army to achieve the destruction of the West. Twelve thousand warriors, distinguished above the vulgar, either by their birth or by their noble deeds, glittered in the van, and the whole multitude, which was not less than two hundred thousand fighting men, were increased by women, children and slaves to the number of four hundred thousand persons. Many cities were pillaged and destroyed in their course, and the

senate and people of Rome trembled at the approach of this mighty host.

Stilicho advanced against this mighty host, and, adopting Cæsar's plan of circumvallation, entrenched with a deep ditch and lofty wall the whole army of the besiegers. This laborious work was completed in an incredibly short space of time by the soldiers and labourers of Tuscany, who were compelled to the work by the Roman cohorts. The imprisoned multitude of horses and men were thus gradually destroyed by famine, and at last the whole barbaric host were obliged to submit. Radagascus was taken and beheaded, and the famished Germans who escaped the famine and fury of the Romans were sold as slaves, while Stilicho received, for the second time, the glorious title of "Deliverer of his Country."

In the meantime, Alaric and the Goths threatened a new invasion; his troops, augmented by the hope of spoil, marched toward the city; following the course of the Flaminian Way, they descended in swarms into the wide plains of Umbria, and, as they lay on the banks of the Clitumnus, slaughtered and devoured the white bulls which had so long been preserved for the use of the Roman triumphs. A lofty situation and a sudden tempest of thunder and lightning preserved the little city of Norni; but the king of the Goths, despising the ignoble prey, advanced onwards, and pitched his camp before Rome.

At the time of its invasion by Alaric, Rome was the seat of enormous wealth;—it contained one thousand seven hundred and eighty palaces—the residences of noble persons, markets, hippodromes, fountains, baths, arches, arcades, groves, and everything that could administer to ease and luxury; several of the richest nobles received

from their estates annually the sum of five thousand pounds weight of gold; some gave feasts that cost a hundred thousand pounds, and the masses of treasure, in gold, in plate, in the palaces, in the ships and temples were prodigious. The city walls, to guard this enormous treasure, were twenty-eight miles round; and the population, about a million and a quarter.



Such was the state of Rome under Honorius, at the time when the Gothic army formed the blockade of the city. Alaric encompassed the walls by a skilful disposition of his forces, commanded the twelve principal gates, intercepted all communication with the neighbouring country, and vigilantly guarded the navigation of the

Tiber, from which the Romans derived the most plentiful supply of provisions.

The unfortunate city now gradually experienced the distress of scarcity, and, at length, the horrid calamities of famine; the daily allowance of three pounds of bread was reduced to one-half, to one-third, and at last to nothing. The poorer citizens, who were unable to purchase the necessaries of life, solicited the precarious charity of the rich; but private relief was soon exhausted, and the famine invaded the marble palaces of the senators themselves; and hundreds of desperate wretches went prowling abroad, murdering the half-expiring creatures in the streets, and feeding on their bodies; and mothers are said to have fed on their own children, while many thousands of the inhabitants expired daily. There were no means of burying the multitudes of dead bodies; and the stench that arose from so many putrid and unburied carcasses brought on a pestilence. And, in the midst of this dreadful visitation, the Romans at last offered to treat with the invader, and two ambassadors were appointed to sue to Alaric for mercy.

When they were introduced to his presence, they declared, perhaps in a more lofty style than became their abject condition, that the Romans were resolved to maintain their dignity, either in peace or war, and that, if Alaric refused them a fair and honourable capitulation, he might sound his trumpets and prepare to give battle to an innumerable people.

"The thicker the hay the easier it is mown!" was the concise reply of the barbarian.

He then condescended to fix the ransom which he would accept as the price of his retreat from the walls of Rome, viz., all the gold

and silver in the city, all the rich and precious moveables, and all the slaves. The ambassadors, in a meek and suppliant tone, asked Alaric, what he intended to leave them. "YOUR LIVES!" replied the haughty conqueror.

These rigorous terms were, however, in some degree abated, and the Goths consented to raise the siege, on the immediate payment of five thousand pounds weight in gold, of thirty thousand pounds weight of silver, four thousand robes of silk, three thousand pieces of fine scarlet cloth, and three thousand pounds' weight of pepper. The latter article was a favourite luxury with the Romans in their cookery, and worth ten shillings a pound.

Alaric retired from the walls of the city into the fruitful province of Tuscany, and the Gothic standard became the refuge of forty thousand barbarian slaves, who had broke their chains, and aspired, under the command of their great deliverer, to revenge the wrongs and disgrace of their cruel servitude.

Alaric, having received the treasure, departed for a short time from the Italian provinces; but, in the year 410, he again returned, and advanced within three miles of Ravenna. He now no longer dissembled his appetite for revenge, and appeared with his fierce soldiers under the walls of the capital; and the trembling senate, without any hope of relief, prepared, by a desperate resistance, to delay the ruin of their country. They were unable to guard against the secret conspiracy of their slaves and domestics, who, either from birth or interest, were attached to the cause of the enemy. At the hour of midnight the Salerian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants, awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet. Eleven hundred and sixty-three years after the foundation of Rome,

the imperial city, which had subdued and civilised so considerable a part of mankind, was delivered to the licentious fury of the tribes of Germany and Scythia.

The proclamations of Alaric, after he became master of the city, were, however, dictated in some degree by humanity. He exhorted his soldiers to spare the lives of the unresisting citizens, and to respect the churches of the apostles St. Peter and St. Paul. And, while the barbarians roamed through the city in quest of prey, the humble dwelling of an aged woman, who had devoted her life to the service of the altar, was forced open by one of the powerful Goths, who imperiously demanded all the silver and gold in her possession. The soldier was astonished at the readiness with which she conducted him to a hoard of plate, of the richest workmanship. The barbarian was overcome with astonishment and delight at this valuable hoard, till he was interrupted by her serious admonition: "There," said the holy woman, "are the consecrated vessels belonging to St. Peter; if you presume to touch them, the sacrilegious deed will remain on your conscience; for my part, I dare not keep what I am unable to defend!"

The Gothic captain, struck with awe, sent to inform Alaric of the treasure he had discovered, and received a peremptory order that all the consecrated plate and ornaments should be transported, without delay, to the church of the apostle.

From the extremity of the Quirinal Hill to the distant quarter of the Vatican, a numerous detachment of Goths, marching in order of battle through the principal streets, protected, with glittering arms, the long train of their devout companions, who bore aloft on their heads the sacred vessels of gold and silver. The martial shouts of

the soldiers were mingled with the sounds of Christian psalmody; from all the adjacent houses a crowd of Christians hastened to join this edifying procession, and a multitude of fugitives, without distinction of age or rank, or even of sect, had the good fortune to escape to the secure and hospitable sanctuary of the Vatican. But yet the work of massacre could not be prevented; the private revenge of forty thousand slaves was exercised without pity or remorse, and the ignominious lashes which they had formerly received were washed away in the blood of their hated taskmasters—a remarkable instance to the many which history affords of a dreadful retribution upon the makers and holders of slaves.

In the pillage of Rome, jewels and gold were most coveted by the pillagers; after these had been secured, the palaces were stripped of their splendid and costly furniture, and plate, and splendid wardrobes, pictures and mouldings were irregularly piled in the wagons that always followed in the march of the Gothic army. The acquisition of wealth seemed only to stimulate further avarice, and the victors proceeded, by threats and tortures, to force from their prisoners the confession of hidden treasures; and some misers endured the most cruel tortures, before they would reveal their secret hiding-places.

The edifices of Rome did not receive so much damage from the invaders as might have been expected. At their entrance through the Salerian gate, they fired the adjacent houses, to guide their march and so distract the attention of the citizens; and the flames consumed many public and private dwellings, and the ruins of the palace of Sallust remained for ages a stately remain of Gothic conflagration.

Alaric evacuated Rome on the sixth day after the capture, and, at the head of an army encumbered with rich and weighty spoil, he advanced along the Appian way into the southern provinces of Italy, destroying whatever dared to oppose his passage, and contenting himself with the plunder of the unresisting country.



Each soldier, however, claimed an ample portion of the substantial plenty—the corn, and cattle, oil, and wine that was daily collected and consumed in the Gothic camp; and the principal warriors insulted the villas once inhabited by Lucullus and Cicero. Along the beauteous coasts of Campagna these trembling captives—the sons and daughters of Roman senators—presented, in goblets of gold and gems, large draughts of Salerian wine to the haughty victors,

who stretched their huge limbs under the shade of plane trees, artificially disposed, to exclude the scorching rays of the sun.

Alaric, with his greedy ambition unsatiated, had no sooner reached the extreme end of Italy, than he was attracted by the prospect of the beautiful and fertile island of Sicily. This he determined to possess, not so much for itself, as for making it an intermediate step to the conquest of the Roman states on the coast of Africa, to which place he commenced the embarkation of his troops by the Straits of Rhegium and Messina, which, in their narrowest points, are only about a mile and a half broad, and having within their eddies those well-known monsters of the deep, the rocks of Scylla and Charybdis.



As soon as the first division of the army had embarked, a sudden tempest arose, which sunk or scattered many of the transports, and the design was defeated, not so much by this misfortune, as by the death of Alaric, which occurred after a brief illness.

The ferocious character of this barbarian was displayed in his funeral. He had ordained that his tomb should be made beneath the waters of the River Busentinas, which washes the walls of Consentia. The labours of his soldiers and their captives turned for awhile the course of the river; the royal sepulchre was constructed in the vacant bed; the waters were then restored to their natural channel, and the secret spot where the remains of Alaric was deposited was for ever concealed by the inhuman massacre of the captives who had been compelled to execute the work.





Ancient Minstrels and Minnesingers.

"There was once a gentle time
When the world was in its prime,
When ev'ry day was holiday,
And ev'ry month was lovely May."—CROLY.



HERE they go!—up to York!—a band of ancient minstrels, full of joy, of religious hope, of fanciful conceit, of zeal for virtue, of poetry, of truth.

It would make a very big book to tell all the stories extant of the minnesingers, or German troubadours, of the twelfth century, but a short account of them will not be disagreeable to my young readers, especially to those fond of hearing about ancient things and of times long gone by.

The word *minnesinger* literally means love-singers; but those who took this name did not confine their minstrelsy to love-songs; they

knew better than that; they immortalised virtue, truth, and goodness, and not very unfrequently celebrated the "feast of good things" at anniversaries, birthdays, christenings and saint's holidays.

They were a welcome race to the young and old, to the grave and gay, to the mean serf and the high-born noble; and they numbered among their bands poor peasants and mighty kings.

The Emperor Frederic I., of Germany, called "Red Beard," patronised the minnesingers more than any other monarch of the times. In his reign they had at their head, as the first of whom we have record, Henry of Veldig, while the son and successor of Frederick, Henry VI., was himself a minnesinger, and during his reign the "reign of song" was complete; but, upon the extinction of the Suabian line of emperors, the minnesingers and literature of Germany declined. With the fourteenth century commenced a freebooting age, and an entire change in the literature of Germany. Minstrels could not travel amidst the turbulence of wars and feuds. The "meisters," masters, or professors of poetry, and their song schools, prescribed pedantic rules, which fettered the imagination; poetry sunk into silly versifying, and the minnesingers became extinct.

One of the most celebrated of the minnesingers was Herr Walther von der Vogelweide, or Walter the Birdmeadow, who lived from 1190 to 1240. His life was that of a wanderer, with his gage and his harp he pursued his way, on horseback, from the Elbe to the Rhine, and thence to Hungary, and had surveyed, as he himself tells us, from the Seine to the Mur, from the Po to the Drave, learning the customs of mankind and the glory of countries; yet he ends with preferring his native land, especially the good breeding of the men and the beauty of the women.

Walter joined the court of Herman Landgrave, of Thuringia, the great fostering place of the minnesinging art, where, in 1207, was the famous contention of the minnesingers, or poetic battle of Wartzburg, at which he assisted as a principal character, and rejoiced in his patron. Several of his songs, at this time, refer to his adventures at the court, and to the manners, customs and sports of the olden time; others are devoted to the inculcation of moral and knightly virtue and to noble deeds, and others are of a truly religious turn. In after years, many of his songs were written from the ranks of the crusading army, while on his passage to the Holy Land; and, in the decline of life, his songs concern his fatherland and the admiration for the beauties of nature. He attained an advanced age, little blessed by the gifts of fortune, but with an increased love for his country, zealously inculcating the precepts of religion, in lofty strains of devotional feeling. In one of his last efforts, a dialogue with the world, he takes leave of its cares and vanities:—

“Too well thy weakness have I proved;
Now would I leave thee; it is time.
Good night to thee, O world, good night;
I haste me to my home!”

An ancient manuscript records that Walter's mortal remains were deposited beneath a tree, in the precincts of the minster at Wartzburg; and the same authority states that his last will dictated a bequest, beautifully accordant with the grateful and pure feelings of the “Birdmeadow,”—he directed the birds to be statedly fed upon his tomb.



Timour the Tartar.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF TIMOUR.



WHEN Peter Parley was a boy, he was very much pleased with a grand spectacle, called "Timour the Tartar," which was the rage of spectacle-hunters many years ago. The spectacle presented to our view a fierce-looking Tartar monster, who did all sorts of infamous things—killing women by strangulation, merely, as it seemed, for sport; and men by thousands, as it were, for pastime. He was surrounded by savage-looking guards, golden banners, silver crescents, and red horsetails; and he rode on a beautiful white horse, and gave his commands with a voice of thunder. "Off with their heads!" was his favourite ex-

pression; and little Peter Parley used to emulate Timour the Tartar, by swooping down the nettles with his little sword of lath, and crying, "Off with their heads!" in true tyrannic furor.

Since that time Peter Parley has grown a man, and knows something more about Timour the Tartar—or, rather, Timour Bec, surnamed Tamerlane—than he did then. The history of Timour Bec, by Ahmed Ebre Arabshah, the Syrian, has given him a very different idea of the monster of the theatrical spectacle called "Timour the Tartar." That history presents to our contemplation a wonderful man, and one from whom much is to be learned; for we may be sure of this, that no one can ever become truly great without many admirable qualities, and there are many admirable traits in the character of Timour Bec.

It is now nearly five hundred years ago since this hero of the eastern world was born. It was in the year 1359 that he first saw the light; his father had perished some months before his birth, leaving Timour heir to a portion of the Persian empire. At this time, Tekil, the governor of a neighbouring province, thinking that the youth of Timour, who was then only sixteen, would make him an easy conquest, determined to inveigle him into his palace, under professions of friendship, and thus to destroy him.

Timour, not suspecting any treachery, set off with a friend named Hussayn, attended only by a retinue of about sixty horse, and accompanied by a few mules, carrying presents. After they had arrived at the city, they were invited to the palace, and sumptuously lodged. In the evening a grand entertainment was given, and all the chieftains of the surrounding district appeared in their richest dresses; while ladies of rank graced the banquet, clad in the most beautiful

garments ; and the whole company seemed to vie with each other in doing honour to the young chieftain.

Now, although Timour was only sixteen years of age, he had one good quality—a quality of the rarest virtue in boys of sixteen—it was this: “he had habituated himself to listen to the advice of those older than himself, and to take it.” Hussayn was a grey-headed old man, like Peter Parley, and, from long experience, he had learned



to look into men ; and he knew that the smoothest water is always deepest. From the moment that he entered the palace of Tekel, he had watched him ; from the workings of his countenance, the glances of his eyes, Hussayn suspected treachery.

In the middle of the entertainment Tekil rose, and, after making a speech of some length, drank to the health of the guest, and to his safe return to his dominions ; but Hussayn noticed that the expression of his eyes did not agree with the expression of his tongue, and whispered to his young prince, " There is treachery a-foot ; do as I would have thee, and thou art safe ! "

Timour, whose young heart had not learned the wickedness of mankind, did not believe, in the least, the suspicions of his guardian, but he determined, in obedience to his father's injunction, to listen to the advice of grey hairs, and answered, " I am obedient ; advise, and I will follow it ! "

" Retire, then, as soon as you can ! " was Hussayn's reply.

As soon as he could conveniently withdraw, Timour retired to the apartments prepared for his sleeping, and his friend followed him, who took him to the window. " Do you see," said he, pointing in the direction of the palace-gates, " the guards are doubled ? " In the court below were the sixty horses Timour had brought with him, their riders regaling themselves in a group in the centre of them. Timour threw down his turban among the soldiers, at the bidding of Hussayn, who called out, " Comrades, receive your prince ! " and, taking his sash from his body, and the long roll of turban from his head, made a cord, by which the prince was lowered safely out of the window.

" Treachery ! " was now shouted by the attendants of Timour, who mounted their horses, and drew their swords. At the very time Tekil had prepared for the murder of his guest, but, when he entered the apartment with a band of murderers, found no one there but Hussayn, who immediately leaped out of the window, and was received into the arms of those below.

In the court was now a great uproar, and Tekil had the mortification to behold Timour and Hussayn mounted on horseback, cutting down his guards in every direction, and making for the palace-gates. In this adventure Timour performed many acts of valour with his sword, and, dealing death around him on all sides, succeeded in cutting his way out of the palace; and, in a few minutes, both himself and his troop of horsemen were free.

Tekil, however, was not thus to be foiled of his prey; he collected a thousand horse, and commenced a most vigorous pursuit after the fugitives. Timour and his little troop pressed forward with vigour towards his own territories, but observing, in his flight, that the horses of his pursuers were utterly fatigued and jaded, while his own, more used to active service, were comparatively fresh, he commanded the men to face about, and make a stand against the enemy.

Before the pursuers could form, Timour clapped spurs to his horse and dashed into their centre, accompanied by Hussayn. The fight was now hand to hand, and Timour and his companions soon reduced the enemy to less than half. Hussayn made directly for Tekil, but was surrounded, and would have been taken prisoner, but for the bravery of Timour, who rushed to his rescue. Thus relieved, and moving a little apart, Hussayn, although fainting with loss of blood, drew forth his bow, and directed his aim so well, that his arrow struck Tekil in the throat, at the same time that Timour got within arm's length of him, and struck him dead with a blow of his dagger.

Such was the youthful Timour's valour; but there is a greater virtue yet than valour, and that is *magnanimity*; and this had to be exercised by Timour on more than one occasion.

As soon as the fight was over, Timour found himself with only

seven followers, the other fifty-three having been slain in the conflict; still he continued his course across the desert. But, as soon as they had entered the territories of Ali Bey, a troop of three hundred horse surrounded them; at their approach, Hussayn, who was always more politic than brave, fled, and left Timour to do the best he could for himself, and he was taken prisoner, and carried away to Makhan, where he was kept in close confinement. At the same time, Hussayn, who wished to obtain Timour's territory, plotted against him. In the meantime, Ali Bey determined to dismiss Timour, and sent him away with one lean horse and an old camel, with which, and two servants, he traversed the Great Desert, and came to Bokhara. In a few weeks the petty chiefs of his own people joined him, and he found himself at the head of a thousand horse.

Hussayn, however, had made so much head, that he now declared war against Timour, and endeavoured to draw away many of the chieftains over whom he ruled; but, instead of doing so, the chieftains, captivated by the noble bearing, strict justice and generous behaviour of Timour, determined upon investing him with the supreme authority, and brought a large army to support him.

Meanwhile, Hussayn set forward with a large army, drawn from the old enemies of Timour, but, aiming still to overreach his rival, he sent a letter to him, full of professions of friendship, and protesting by the Koran, that his intentions were sincere. Timour, looking at the Koran, exclaimed, "When bad men take up the oracles of God, they have new wickedness in their hearts." Hussayn had proposed that Timour should meet him at a place called Thekichek, each to be accompanied with no more than one hundred men. But Timour, instead of taking only one hundred men, took five hundred,

four hundred of which he posted secretly in a wood at some short distance from the place of conference. He then advanced with one hundred.

Hussayn, on his part, had a force of two thousand men in ambush, to pounce upon Timour, and, just as he advanced near to the place of rendezvous, a vast cloud of cavalry rushed down the mountains upon Timour. In a moment, however, his reserved troop appeared, and the whole, vigorously attacking the treacherous force, kept them at bay, and Timour retired, fighting till he reached the main body of his army. Putting himself at the head of them, he now advanced upon Hussayn, and prepared to attack him, but, before he reached his treacherous rival, a parley was demanded, and Timour, with more magnanimity than could have been expected, accepted the terms offered, and spared his enemy.

To forgive an enemy is a greater act than to destroy one. Timour beheld his fallen foe with a stern brow and a feeling heart. "Prince," he said, "thou hast broken all thy vows to me, deceived me, and injured me, when I was seeking thy good! I will not imitate thy baseness and break my word! go!" he said, "go! live in peace—if thy conscience will give thee peace!"

Such an act of mercy was not without its reward; and the chiefs determined to elect for their ruler a man capable of such magnanimity, and Timour received the name of "Tamerlane" and the title of emperor. At the ceremony of his coronation, which now took place, he was elevated on a splendid throne, raised in the midst of an extensive amphitheatre, capable of containing twenty thousand persons, and sparkling with gold and gems. They placed a crown of gold on his head, and girded him with the imperial belt, in presence

of all the congregated princes, who, kneeling before him, in token of submission, wished him health, power, and prosperity. They also made him sumptuous offerings, sprinkling gold and incense upon his head. Thus was Timour at an early age placed at the head of a large empire, subsequently augmented by many great victories, which have placed him among the most illustrious of the earth. Of these I shall say something on another occasion.





Lost among the Mountains.

SCOTLAND is not only the "land o' cakes," but the land of mountains, rocks, floods and cataracts, and nothing can be more interesting than to make a tour among the wild fastnesses in which Bruce and Wallace kept alive the fire of patriotism. Mountains seem the strongholds of liberty, and, when Peter Parley gets among them, he fancies he breathes a kind of freer air than he does in the lowlands—he, somehow or other, seems to have more of the true man about him; and, when shut in by mountain shadows and the gloom of rude and rugged rocks, in silence and in solitude, his soul seems elevated towards the great Author of the universe, at the same time that it is humbled in adoration.

It has been Peter Parley's good fortune to know something of the "land o' cakes," and of the people of that land; and he can bear

testimony not more to the beauty of the one than to the sterling hospitality of the other. He has often wandered for miles and miles, through mountain passes, and, whenever he has come to a solitary mill on some rocky stream, or some rude hut on the bleak and barren moor, he always found a kind heart and a warm welcome; and thus it is that Peter Parley loves Scotland and the Scotch.



Some of the finest parts of Scotland are to be found round the little village of Braemar, near Castleton, about thirty miles to the north of Blair Athol, on the banks of the Dee. Here the mountains are of the greatest altitude; among them are Ben-mac-dhui, 4890 feet high; Brae-reach, 4280; Cairn-toul, 4230; Cairn-gorm, 4050, and many others of great elevation. Their sides present perpen-

dicular precipices of great height, and the valleys between them form gloomy ravines, narrow and dark, and, in places, frightful and appalling. On the tops of these mountains the snow lingers through the whole year, and even in the middle of summer give a wintry look to the whole district. Down the sides of these rocks are many noble cataracts, and, in the glens, the old weather-beaten pines give an air of ancient grandeur below; they are scarred by centuries of contest with the mountain storms. Some are bowed to the earth, others twisted round and round like ram's horns, and others, stripped bare, stand like the skeletons of the waste. On the lower declivities of these hills may be occasionally seen noble troops of red deer, while the old stag may be noticed watching your approach from the point of some sharp cleft or overhanging rock, and sniffing up the wind as if to find out whether you were friend or foe.

During the summer just passed, a family fond of natural scenery determined to make a lengthened tour in Scotland. They embarked from London by the Dundee steamer, and reached Perth in the short space of forty hours; from thence they flew away to Dunkeld, and there took up their abode with good Mrs. Cameron, at Culloden House; after a short sojourn, they took cars to the wild district above described.

The family consisted of five persons—Mr. and Mrs. Ramble, as I shall call them, two daughters, Ellen and Kate, and one son, Reuben, a youth about thirteen years old. Of course all the young people were delighted with their trip; and Reuben was so enthusiastic, that he had made up his mind to shoot all the eagles in the district, to catch all the fish, and to climb all the mountains. Ellen and Kate, although only eleven and twelve years old, were expert

with the pencil, and had, of course, determined to sketch all the mountains, the eagles, the waterfalls, the glens, the passes and the moors.

Having reached Castleton, an old Highland village, and taken up their quarters, the family, old and young, made preparations to take the mountains by storm. They, day after day, wandered about, sometimes on Adam's primitive locomotives, sometimes on Scotch ponies, sometimes in company, and sometimes they straggled away from each other; they, however, generally contrived all to meet at the inn at Castleton every night, and talked over the fatigues of the preceding day.



The young people got so used to mountain fatigue, that they often set off for long excursions which their father and mother did not care to take. Reuben generally went out with his gun on his shoulder, to shoot the eagles, and the girls with their sketch-books, to sketch the scenery. The latter generally returned home with the game they coveted, but not so Reuben, who had never been fortunate

enough to see an eagle in all his excursions, although he had read in books that they were to be found in the district, and might be shot by those who had a quick eye and a good rifle. Day after day the anxious boy was on the watch for eagles; he inquired of every Scotch lad he met if he knew of any eagle's nests, but could get nothing in reply but a shake of the head. At last, a mountain-guide told him he believed there was an eagle's nest or two near the summit of Ben-mac-dhui, but at the same time strongly advised him not to go without a guide.

"How far is it?" inquired Reuben.

"Weel, I should say it war eeleveen mile and a buttock, with the ins and outs!"

That was quite enough for Reuben; eleven miles was nothing to him; he could do that in two hours and a half; and two hours and a half home would make only five hours; and two hours shooting would make only seven hours; and, if he started soon after breakfast, he could get home quite soon enough to go to bed. But would his parents let him venture on this expedition? He thought not; so he determined not to ask them. The next morning he arose early, took his gun, and, without saying anything to any one but his eldest sister Kate, he left the village and proceeded along through a deep and wild glen, by the side of a small rivulet; directly a-head of him rose the mighty mountain whose summit he intended to reach, which, instead of seeming eleven miles, did not appear to be more than two or three, and he fancied that he had been purposely deceived by the guide, and therefore he pressed onwards with a light step and without fear.

As he proceeded, the mountains closed around him in awful gran-

deur. In one place it seemed as if a whole mountain had been torn to pieces, and shattered by a convulsion of the earth, and the high fragments of rocks, woods and hills, scattered about on all sides in the greatest confusion. Reuben had made considerable advances in his Virgil, and a narrow pass that brought him to the head of a small lake seemed such as Æneas had met with in his dreary wanderings, "*vasto immanis hiatus!*"

In the midst of this magnificent scenery, the young adventurer travelled for some miles, sometimes over rude mountain masses that crossed his path, and over which he had to climb; at other times, following the course of a roaring stream, which rushed in savage fury over its rocky bed. He kept his eye unceasingly on the peaks above him, "watching for eagles," but not a cry of bird or beast was heard, or, "flap of white wing on the mountain's brow," was seen, and a silence reigned, so profound, that the boy seemed struck with awe, and stood still.

Above him towered a mighty mountain, whose head was lost in the clouds; its rugged sides seemed to yawn over him, and looked as if they would fall and crush him. While pausing to survey this savage scene, a wild scream was heard from the rocks above; he listened; it was repeated, and, suddenly, a large eagle was seen hovering round the cleft points directly over head. Reuben immediately levelled his gun and fired.

Bang went the gun. The eagle uttered a wild scream, and, as soon as the smoke passed off, Reuben saw two eagles whirling around the rock. At the same moment, another report was heard; then another; then another; again, again; eight or nine reports, some loud, some faint, as if the whole district had been full of sportsmen.

These, however, were but the echoes of his own gun among the mountains; they, however, very much astonished Reuben, who, at first, did not know what to make of it, but, being a boy of reflection, he soon attributed the phenomenon to its right cause, and soon reflected that, although he had made a great noise, he had not killed an eagle; indeed, it was not very likely he should, when the eagle was more than a thousand feet above him.

Reuben loaded his gun, and determined, before he fired a second time, to get nearer to his game, and commenced climbing the rocks; but he soon found it impossible to proceed far without making a very considerable *detour* round the base of the mountain. This took him nearly an hour, and then, following a deer track, he found himself upon a part of the mountain considerably closer to the place where he had seen the eagles, but from which he was still separated by a deep chasm, so deep, that when he crept to its edge, to look over it, his eye could scarcely fathom its bottom; but, looking in the direction of the spot where he saw the birds, he was delighted to perceive one sitting in her nest, while the other seemed just to have arrived with some small animal in its mouth; and he could faintly perceive the birds tearing it to pieces with their hooked beaks. "It is an eagle's nest!" said he, "there are old birds and young birds! what a feat to carry home the young birds to my sisters! we can tame them, and bring them up; as to the old birds, I will make them tame enough before I have done with them, if there is any truth in swan shot!"

But, how to reach the spot where the eagles regaled themselves, or so near that he could get a fair shot at them, that was the difficulty. He could not cross the chasm, and therefore he was compelled

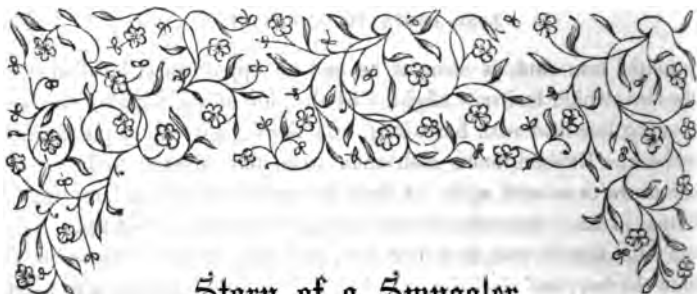
to descend the side of it; in doing this, he had several tumbles, and once fell from a considerable height, and would have been dashed to the bottom of the precipice, had he not saved himself by catching hold of some heather in his descent; he would else have been lost and never more heard of. The sense of his danger made him regret having left his parents in the clandestine manner he had, and he felt disposed to give up his eagle catching, or shooting, and to return; but, as soon as he got a little ease from his fall and saw the eagles fluttering over his head, he again crept along the sides of the mountain, and, after a vast deal of labour and difficulty, found himself on a ledge of rocks, just below the place where the eagles were still regaling themselves.

Unluckily, he was in such a position as to be unable to get a full view of his game, but he could hear their screams and the squallings of the young ones. It was evidently necessary that he should get nearer, and therefore, with the greatest silence and caution, he clambered round the base of the jutting granite, and worked his way through a small cleft, till he came within a few yards of the spot where the nest was. The old male eagle saw him and elevated its wings, but, at the same moment, Reuben fired. The bird soared in the air, made two or three circles in it, and immediately swooped down upon the youth with savage fierceness. Reuben defended himself as well as he could with his gun, but the eagle, more dexterous on the wing than the boy on his unsteady footing, pounced upon him, and, clutching his cap in his talons, bore it off in triumph to its nest.

During this moment, brief as it was, Reuben had the presence of mind to re-load his gun, determined to "do for the eagle," if it again

assaulted him, and, as soon as he had an opportunity, levelled it at the bird, which had now alighted by the side of the female, who was covering her nest with her wings, and tearing the cap to pieces with its beak. Reuben, more rash than wise, and wishing to bring his adventure to an end, again let fly at the male bird, which he wounded in the throat. Immediately the enraged creature turned upon him, while the female rose from her nest, and both made a furious attack upon the boy, endeavouring to clutch their talons on his bare head, pecking at his eyes. The boy defended himself as well as he could, but the eagles assaulted him more fiercely every moment. Many a heavy blow did the youth deal upon the bodies of his aggressors, and the feathers flew about, but all to little or no purpose, for the eagles still came again and again to the attack. Reuben's face and head were dreadfully lacerated, and the blood was streaming into his eyes, so that he could scarcely see what he was doing; and, despairing of capturing or killing eagles, his thoughts now turned to his own safety, but he found it equally difficult to retreat, except by leaping down to lower ground—a height of more than thirty feet. This, therefore, he determined to attempt, to save, as he supposed, his life. And he gave a sudden spring from the place on which he stood, and fell almost headlong down the rocks, where he lay, stunned and senseless, by the violence of his fall.

What became of Reuben, and of his further adventures, I shall relate in another chapter.



Story of a Smuggler.

VALENTINE'S RETURN.—CONCLUSION.



THE event which had most to do with determining the future prospects of Valentine was nothing less than the sudden death of his kind friend and benefactor, who was carried off by a fever, not so suddenly, however, as not to be able to provide for his *protégé*. His will, after making a few bequests to old and faithful native servants, left Valentine what they call "residuary legatee," that is, it gave him possession of all the remaining property.

Having settled his affairs and those of his patron as quickly as possible, the young man, now grown to years of maturity, and in every way altered for the better, turned his thoughts towards the

little Cornish creek and his humble parents, determined now to leave India, to be content with the handsome competency left him, and to spend the remainder of his days in succouring his father and mother, and in enjoying himself among the billows, or on the sea-shore of his native land.

It was but a few weeks before Valentine was on his return, in the noble East-Indiaman the "Rajah," and, in less than four months, the white shores of Old England rose to view from the waters. The ship drew nigh her native country in that sometimes beautiful part of the year called Martinmas, being about the 11th of November, when the days have a brief little summer, and then the rough winter comes on quickly.

It was on St. Martin's day that the "Rajah" stood within sight of the rocky coast of Cornwall; the day, although short, was one of bright sunshine; a south-west wind sent the noble ship well into the chops of the channel, but, as the night came on, dark clouds were seen in the horizon, the ocean had an unnatural swell, the sea birds screamed wildly, and a keen, cold, biting blast took the place of the softer air that prevailed in the sunshine.

Close reefed topsails now took the place of full sails and skyscrapers, and the ship came onwards; but, as the sun went down, the storm rose up fearfully, and the sea began to run in gigantic billows, capped with foam; the whole sky became black as pitch an hour after the sun was down, no moon, no stars, all dark was the sky; all howling, roaring and boiling was the sea.

The sea broke over the lea-quarter, as the ship made way, and one tremendous wave carried away nearly everything from the quarter-deck, the binnacle, compass, and cabin head, and several of the pas-

sengers. Valentine had secured himself to the rigging by a stout rope, or he would have shared a similar fate.

The ship was in a deplorable plight—no compass to guide, and no wheel to steer her—she was quite at the mercy of the waves. The darkness prevented the captain from knowing in what direction they were drifting; but, after an hour of dreadful suspense, a thumping was heard below; then a shock, which threw everybody from their feet; another and another told that the “Rajah” was on the rocks.

Valentine rushed down to his berth in the cabin, and had only just time to secure his papers, notes on the English bank, and about two hundred guineas in gold, which he tied round his waist in a leather gun case, when the ship’s masts fell over board, and she lay thumping on the rocks, expected every moment to go to pieces. The lightning now began to flash, and, by its transient light, he saw the high granite rocks above his head. The ship had struck close on that iron-bound coast. And, without waiting for any further warning, Valentine made a spring into the sea, struck out nobly, and, in a few seconds, was dashed upon the small and narrow beach immediately under the rocks.

He was wofully mangled in his attempt; and partly stunned by the concussion, but succeeded in making his landing secure. He groped about for some time; at last he found a hole in the cliffs, into which he crept, and, being exhausted by fatigue, without further attempts to move, stunk into a sound slumber.

When he awoke, the day had broke; he crawled from his hole. The ship had gone to pieces in the night, and scarcely a vestige was left of her once noble form. There were no persons to be seen, at first, but, in a few minutes, he saw figures moving about on the shore;

they seemed anxiously watching the floating pieces of wreck; and he then saw them go towards some of the dead bodies, which had been left on the strand by the tide, and rifle their pockets. As they came nearer to the spot in which Valentine stood, he found, to his surprise, that the figures were his father, his mother and his sister.



His first impulse was to spring towards them, and to call them the beloved names, father, mother, sister; but, on second thoughts, he determined to wait awhile, to see if his parents could recognise their

son after an absence of fourteen years. They soon came to the place where he lay; they offered him some spirits and bread, talked with him, but they did not recognise him. From their discourse, Valentine found that the ship had been wrecked within half-a-mile of his father's cottage. After a short time, he gained sufficient



strength to walk to the cottage in which he had been brought up; but, alas, how changed! what was once the abode of cleanliness and comfort was now the abode of misery. Valentine had not been unmindful of his parents, and had, from time to time, sent them small sums of money; but this had not been sufficient to keep the gaunt wolf want from the door. Most of the furniture was broken and decayed, the windows were stuffed with rags, a large heap of rubbish and ashes was in the little enclosure once used as a flower garden, and full of flowers and geraniums, which flourished all the winter; the pretty little jasmine, that used to peep in at the bed-room window, was gone; the neat little porch and its double settle, where

Valentine had often played with his toys, and sat and eat his bread and milk, was broken down ; and around the whole dwelling was indications of the wretchedness and destitution and recklessness of the inmates.

Jasper was, indeed, a changed man ; once, full of faith and hope, he had been happy in his poverty ; the sunshine and the flowers, the pure breath of the summer, the blue of the sky had made the many ills of penury endurable ; and, although the storms of winter had sometimes brought him care, yet, to a mind strong in virtue, as had been the mind of the sailor at one time, even this season brought its pleasures ; and the opportunities which he had of doing good to the poor shipwrecked mariners that were often cast upon that rock-bound coast were to him as sweet as the song of summer bird, or the bloom of summer flowers. But now, all was changed ; the causes I will reveal.

After the departure of Valentine, Jasper and his wife, for some time, continued their humble calling contentedly and honestly ; but, in a few months, a person presented himself at the cottage one dark night, and begged a lodging for the night ; this was granted. The visitor was a person of a somewhat superior situation in life to the honest fisherman ; and, after remaining an inmate of the little cabin for some days, he obtained such confidence with the poor man and his wife as to be looked up to by them for counsel in one or two slight matters. In a short time, this man, whose name was Hazard, hinted to Jasper that he might be a gentleman if he had a mind, and, by degrees, revealed the object of his visit to that part of the coast, which was to look out for a vessel which had a large quantity of contraband goods on board, and he offered the fisherman a large sum of

money if he would allow him to engage his boat for the service. Jasper saw at once that the affair was smuggling, and he hesitated for a time as to the course he should pursue, but the argument of Hazard, to the effect that no harm was done to any man by this mode of life and that government only was deprived of its dues, which injured nobody—too common an argument with those who cheat government—at last prevailed, and Jasper embarked in the dreadful trade of a smuggler, took to drinking, taught the wretched habit to his wife, and, from that day, all went wrong.

“And what came of the smuggling?” I think I hear my young friends inquire. Well, you shall hear. The vessel for which the smuggler was on the look out at length appeared, and Jasper was now ready with his boat to take Hazard to her. It was in the middle of the day she was descried by the glass far to the westward, a mere speck in the distance, but, by a certain arrangement of sails, Hazard knew her to be the ship he expected. She stood on and off the shore towards the evening, and, when the day was done and the night set in, the two leaped into the cutter, and stood off for the ship.

She was a large schooner, built expressly for quick sailing, with a great breadth of beam, and raking aft very much; she showed, in the darkness, a red light in her rigging, towards which Jasper steered. There was a brisk breeze stirring, and, in less than an hour, the cutter was near the schooner. Jasper lay to on the larboard side of the vessel, while Hazard went on board. After a short consultation with those on board, a boat, with Hazard and four armed men, put off from the vessel and went on board Jasper's boat, of which they took the command, when Jasper went on board the cutter, which now dropped her anchor, furled her sails, and laid by for the night.

During the night, however, much was to be done. Under cover of the darkness, a large quantity of contraband goods were put into Jasper's boat, consisting of French lace, gloves, silks, and other portable matters, to the weight of fourteen or fifteen tons, being as much as the boat would carry. Jasper and Hazard regaled themselves with the French captain, and, when the boat was laden, took their departure with the goods. They made rapid sail towards the shore, and, long before morning broke, had bestowed the whole of the goods into caves in the rocks, very difficult to find, and, when found, only accessible at extremely low water; and thus was lodged securely a variety of matters, worth several thousand pounds.



Hazard still kept at the cottage and supplied the cottagers with money—easily gained and quickly spent—spent, alas, as such money is usually spent—in drunkenness—and the husband and the wife, the stranger, and the children all partook of French brandy and French wine, and, just in proportion as they drunk success to smuggling, so in proportion, did all health, peace and comfort fade away from their once happy cabin.

For many years did Jasper pursue this dangerous and uncertain trade with various success; at times he was fortunate, and, “ran his goods well.” There was, however, always great danger in getting

them to the town of Penzance; and, as it became known to the government that a great deal of smuggling was carrying on in the district, additional measures of detection were, from time to time, employed against the offenders. Guards were stationed in various parts of the coast; and, on one occasion, a desperate affray took place between Jasper, Hazard and three men, against the government officers, two of whom were killed in the encounter.

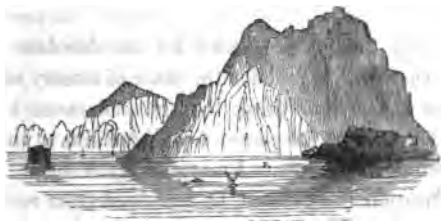
At one moment Jasper was in possession of a good deal of money; when this was the case, he would buy his wife fine clothing, and have a long bout at drinking; at another time, he was without a penny, and always fearful lest he should be discovered and dragged to prison for his offences; but fortune for a long while favoured him. At last, she was fickle in her favours. A vessel had come to the usual ground for the delivery of her cargo; and at this time Jasper and Hazard had brought their smuggling avocation to a great degree of method and perfection; they were the rulers of a band of fifteen hardy fellows, who would dare and do anything, who valued neither their own lives nor the lives of any other person that stood in their way. A ship, heavily laden, appeared off the coast; Jasper and his men approached in three row boats, during the darkness of the night; large bales of goods were placed in their charge, and they were rowing with all expedition to the shore, when a stern voice from the cliffs above told them to surrender in the king's name.

"The Philistines are upon us!" cried Hazard. "Out with your pistols, boys!" shouted Jasper; but, before he well finished his sentence, crack! crack! crack! went the reports of muskets from the rocks, and Hazard fell a dead man on the beach.

"Surrender!" cried again the same voice.

"Blaze away at them!" said Jasper; and he fired his pistols, one after the other; the men did the same, but another volley from the rocks shot down two more of the smugglers.

"There are but six of them!" cried Jasper; "drive them from their hiding-places, and don't stay to be butchered!" So saying, he rushed towards the rocks, cutlass in hand; his men followed him, and soon drove away their enemies, having killed two in the struggle.



There were five dead men on the sea-shore when the day dawned. These were buried quickly in the sands, and, the cargo being safely bestowed, Jasper was making his way homeward, when, mounting to the top of the rocks, he beheld a considerable body of armed men coming towards him, he leaped down the rocks, as did his fellows, who saw now that the constabulary force were out against them. Knowing so well the nature of the coast, most of the men dispersed in various directions without being seen, and Jasper actually made his way through nooks and crannies of the rocks to his own cottage unobserved, took off his clothes, and laid down to sleep, as if nothing had happened, at the very time the most active search was making

for him. One of his companions, however, who was taken, to save himself, denounced Jasper as the captain of the gang; and, a few days after, he was seized and sent to prison, and was indicted for murder.

But as it could not be proved whose hand it was that fired the fatal shots, and, as there seemed to have been a regular fight between the two parties, a verdict of manslaughter could only be obtained. This subjected Jasper to an imprisonment of three years, from which he had only just returned, when Valentine was shipwrecked on the coast.

This, in some degree, accounted for the desolate appearance of things round the cottage, and for the state of misery of the inmates. Valentine was rejoiced to think that he had saved his papers and money, and that he had the power to make claim to the property left him by his kind benefactor. Prompted by a desire to make his father's gratification the greater, he refrained from revealing himself or telling his good fortune. A meagre board was set before him; but fatigue sharpened his appetite, and the young man ate, drank, and was thankful. Jasper and his wife appeared to pay him every attention, and to commiserate his situation, and at last the whole family retired to rest; not, as formerly, when the father used to put up a prayer for himself and family, and read a chapter in the Bible; but they went to bed sullenly and sadly, seemingly without hope and without fear. Valentine noticed this great omission, and, as soon as he laid himself down in his little crib, prayed fervently.

He had placed the pocket containing the gold and papers he had saved under his pillow, but not without the act being observed by his mother, who watched him through the key-hole of the little chamber.

She went to her husband and whispered, he has lots of money; he is as rich as a Jew. He has been saying his prayers, and putting his money under his pillow."

"Money! money!" replied Jasper, hurriedly; "lots of money; what should we do then; will he give us some; will he pay us well for the care we have taken of him? certainly he will."

"Not he—he is a screw—he has never offered to pay a farthing—he is a miser—an ungrateful rascal—and will run away in the morning without paying, unless we prevent it."

"How prevent it?" inquired Jasper, with his eyes wide starting, as if some horrible idea had seized his mind.

"Prevent it," returned the wife, smiling, as in scorn; "many ways. It's easy to prevent that, or anything. Let him go to sleep. He would sleep to doomsday before I called him."

"What are you driving at?" replied Jasper, "you don't mean to rob—to ——"

"I mean nothing—anything—just look at the children—look at me—look at yourself, Jasper. We can't be worse than we are; we may as well hang as starve, if we are to hang. There is money enough to make you a gentleman. Who is to know it? No one in the world but ourselves know that he is here—that he was saved—every one else perished—let him perish, too—it's all one."

Jasper, although a hardy man, and one who, perhaps, in a case anything like self-defence, would have readily shot his assailant, was by no means prepared for such a cool-blooded murder as the one proposed by his wretched wife. He shuddered at her proposition—could scarcely believe that she had made it, and, with lips quivering, uttered the word "murder," and stood aghast.

"Call it 'murder,' if you will," replied the hardened woman; "'tis but a blow made, and the thing is done."

"Meg, Meg, Meg, you are mad," uttered the seaman, stamping with his foot on the floor, and striking his forehead, "you are mad, raving mad."

"You are mad not to take a good opportunity of making yourself rich," rejoined the wife.

"The stranger has a mother, perhaps, waiting his return; he is not too old for that. In the name of God, consider what you are saying, wife. We had better die like dogs in a ditch than do a murder;" and here Jasper shuddered again.

"We can't rob him without murdering him," murmured the wife.

"Why rob him, wife?"

"We are starving—wretched. You have been in prison, the children are sick, and Constance is dead. The poor dear child, my life; she is gone, she is gone! You are savage to me now—you never say a kind word—strike me!—spurn me! I am indeed wretched—perhaps I am mad. I would rob—murder—kill myself;" and the wretched woman burst into tears, and fell in her husband's arms.

"'Tis the accursed bottle," uttered with a sigh the more than wretched husband. "My Meg would not have had such a wicked thought in her heart but for that. Dear old girl, look up," said the rough, but feeling seaman, and he planted a kiss upon his wife's pale lips.

"Jasper! Jasper!" cried the woman, in an ecstasy of grief; "you have not kissed me like that for many a day. Why have you not been kind before, and why kind now that I want you to do a murder?"

"God Almighty have mercy on us both," cried the wretched man, "for we are both miserable sinners;" and he burst into tears, and sobbed loudly. He then fell on his knees in an agony, "Lord have mercy upon us," said he, and he groaned again.

Valentine still slept soundly, and knew not what horrid proposition had been made concerning him. He, however, awoke at the noise made by his father and mother in their grief, and, beholding them in this condition, he could refrain himself no longer, but burst into the little room, crying out, "I am Valentine, your son, your son."

The mother looked up, gave a piercing shriek, and sunk like one dead upon the floor. In a moment, Valentine bent over her and planted hundreds of kisses upon her face. The father's heart was like to burst; but he stood in amazement, and could only say, "God be praised!"

After some little time, the feelings of all became more quieted, and Valentine, in a few words, related the story of his fortune. Margaret, too, his mother, had never any desire to injure a hair of his head; she had, from the first, tried to wean her husband from his wretched course of life without effect, and always prophesied that it would lead to evil after evil, till some horrid deed should crown the whole with shame and sorrow; reading, in some degree, her husband's thoughts,—for thoughts like those which the wife expressed had transiently crept over Jasper's mind, though but for a moment—she had determined to tempt him to a great crime, and, in his acquiescence, intended to have brought strongly before him the fearful precipice upon which he stood; but the brave-hearted man resisted the temptation, and his kiss of kindness to his wife opened all the

flood-gates of her feelings, and brought that into both their hearts to which they had long been strangers.

The sequel of this story is very short. Jasper left off his evil pursuits, and retired, with their son, to another part of the sea-coast, where they spent the remainder of their lives in comfort and in peace. The object of my story is to show that one crime leads to another; and that he who leaves behind him honesty and honest labour, has lost, in his travels through the world, the two best guides in it, and that he who forgets God may be sure that it is only an act of especial grace, such as he has no right to expect, which shows that God does not forget him.





Joan of Arc; the Maid of Orleans.

THE story of Joan of Arc is one from which much instruction may be learned; it shows, in the first place, how much may be done by those prompted by enthusiasm; and, in the next, how humble are the instruments very frequently employed by Providence for the production of great results; it, also, teaches us that females as well as men are capable of the most heroic deeds, and that women, although, in most countries, in an inferior position, are, nevertheless, able sometimes to manifest mental, moral, and even physical power.

It is now between four and five hundred years ago since Joan of Arc appeared in the world's theatre. At that time society was in a very benighted condition; people's minds, unilluminated by knowledge, fell into the very worst kinds of superstition: it was generally

supposed that the Divine will manifested itself in a special manner, in all times and places, and that certain individuals had powers given to them by which they effected purposes which could not be accomplished by mere human means. When this is considered, the story of the Maid of Orleans becomes credible.

Peter Parley is, by no means, one of those who would reduce everything to the practical utilitarian spirit of the age; he believes that Divine providence does still influence, in a mysterious manner, human events; that individuals are gifted especially for the performance of certain missions of good to their race and to the world at large; and that such individuals very frequently do perform acts of such extraordinary character, as to be without the pale of human calculation, and that these acts lead to results the most wonderful and unexpected. The mind is ever superior to the body; the mental is before the physical; and the nicety of our spiritual organisation is such, that it is impossible to tell the extent or operation of that wonderful chain of sympathies by which one mind moves many, or by which the mind itself is moved to "things most mighty." Hence it is, that the story of Joan of Arc is one that forcibly affects those who think deeply upon human nature.

To understand the story of Joan of Arc, the young reader must remember that, after the death of Charles VI., king of France, in 1422, Henry VI., king of England, then a child of nine years old, was proclaimed king of France, according to the Treaty of Troyes, which was signed in 1420; his uncle, the Duke of Bedford, acted as regent. France had, for forty years before this event, been distracted by civil dissensions; on one side were Queen Isabella, the Duke of Burgundy and England; on the other side, the Dauphin

Charles, who had been abandoned by his own mother, but supported by the Orleans party. The Dauphin, a youth of nineteen, was crowned at Poitiers, as King Charles VII.

The young king possessed many qualities proper for interesting his countrymen in his favour, and was wanting only in firmness and resolution. Instead of ruling himself, he entrusted the affairs of the kingdom to unworthy favourites, whence his court was one of intrigues, jealousies and dissensions. Under this state of things, the French made little progress against the English armies in France, and, in a short time, Bourges, and the territory belonging to it, were all that remained to Charles in France, while Paris and the whole of the north of France were in the possession of the English.

Since Paris had been in the hands of the English, the city of Orleans had been considered the seat of French royalty, and of what little power still remained in its hands; the English, therefore, resolved to invest it, and to reduce it by siege or blockade; and the Earl of Salisbury began the difficult task of taking a large city with a not very numerous army.

Within the city there was an army of nearly ten thousand men, and the inhabitants had provided themselves with great supplies of arms, warlike stores and provisions, being determined to defend the place to the last extremity. The citizens had exercised themselves in the use of arms, and voluntarily taxed themselves to a high amount for the purposes of the war; they were also prepared to make any sacrifices; and the suburbs, on either side of the river, containing many streets and houses, besides twelve churches, were set on fire without scruple, and reduced to ashes, that the besieged might the more easily fire on the besiegers.

During the winter, however, the English harassed the besieged with several assaults, intercepting their succours, and cut off every kind of communication. Early in the winter months the Duke of Bedford collected five hundred wagons; these were laden with stores and provisions for the army, and put under the escort of Sir John Falstaff and sixteen hundred fighting men. These the French determined to intercept; and a force of four thousand men at-arms, under the command of Lord Charles of Bourbon, came suddenly up with Sir John, at the village of Rouvrai, between Grenville and Orleans.

The English commander, finding himself in this predicament, resolved to fight like a brave man, although the odds were so much against him. He immediately formed a square with his carts and wagons, in which he entrenched his men, leaving but two openings, or gaps; in these he posted his archers, the men-at-arms standing close by to support them. The French came on, quite confident of destroying them speedily, and making prizes of their stores; they made a great charge at one of the openings of the squares, but the English archers shot so well and stiffly, that the attempt failed utterly. The French having received several volleys of arrows, and being frightened by the cheering of the English, ran away immediately, leaving behind them nearly a thousand slain, while Sir John refreshed his men, and passed on in handsome array, with the wagons and artillery, and arrived in triumph before the city.

King Charles, on learning the news of this defeat, was sick at heart, and the great vigour with which the English now pressed the city of Orleans made most of his party despair. The English gene-

ral had dug trenches quite round the city, and no one could pass in or out. Provisions began to fail; murmurs resounded through the city; and Charles was in despair. But at this moment deliverance was at hand. This deliverer was, however, neither prince, warrior, nor statesmen; it was a poor country girl—a good and a devout one—an artless and sincere one—an enthusiast, it is true, but a real patriot, sincerely devoted to her country;—it was JOAN OF ARC.

Joan was the daughter of a humble farmer, and was only remarkable, in her early years, for her piety and devotion; but for these she was famous all over the district in which she resided. Her temperament was melancholic, but enthusiastic, two qualities often blended. She passed much of her time among the mountains, in solitude, and pondered over the wondrous legends of saints and virgin martyrs, of which she had read in her childhood. The passing traveller often brought news of the cruel war then raging between the French and English, and, to the dishonour of France, it aroused in her a strong desire to be her country's deliverer; night and day she prayed fervently; and, at last, working herself up to a kind of passion, she fancied she saw bright lights in the heavens, and that she heard angel voices calling upon her to go forth as her country's saviour. There was, too, an old prophecy in the country, that France could only be restored by a virgin for her deliverer. This prophecy, and her extraordinary convictions, made others believe in the divine nature of her mission. She was brought before a council of ecclesiastics, who, at first, treated her as a crazed person; but her powerful eloquence and impassioned manner wrought conviction in the minds of her examiners. "I am called," said she, "by an irresistible voice, to deliver my country; I am called to save my king; voices whisper

to me by day and speak to me in dreams by night, 'Save thy country and thy king!' There is no help, but in me; the voices have said it."

Convinced of her mission, the Sire de Baudrecourt ordered arms to be brought for her. She was mounted upon a milk-white steed, a sword was put in her hand, and she proceeded to depart for the royal court, attended by two faithful squires and four servants, mounted. The country through which she had to travel was occupied by the English, and she encountered many perils. On one occasion, she was challenged by a party of English horse, and nothing but her address and the fleetness of her steed prevented her from falling into their hands. "Pass!" said she, in French, and galloped through them. On another occasion, the keeper of an inn at which she lodged sent off for assistance, that she might be siezed, but Joan, by departing long before daylight, evaded the danger, and at last got safely to Chinon, where King Charles then was; the accomplishment of such a journey seemed in itself miraculous.

The king at first laughed at the maid's pretensions; but, at last, by the advice of the archbishop, consented to see her. After three days, Joan was introduced to the king, surrounded by his court and council. Although divested of his royal costume, Joan singled him out from the assembly, and, advancing towards him with a bold and fearless air, said, "Gentle Dauphin, I am Joan the maid; I come with a commission from the King of heaven to drive out your enemies, and conduct you to Rheims, where you shall receive the crown of France, which is your right."

Charles looked upon the maid for a moment, and, when he gazed upon her delicate and gentle features, and saw the bright fire of en-

thusiasm gleaming in her eyes, he could not refrain from believing in her sincerity. He took her aside, entered into conversation with her, and, having satisfied himself that she was no impostor, brought her forth again before his nobles, and declared himself convinced that God had placed the fate of France in the hands of the maiden.

From this moment the mission of Joan was received as divine. France soon rang from one end to the other with the glad tidings of a deliverer. Some even looked upon her as a manifestation of the Virgin Mary, the safeguard of France, granted in a season of the most extreme peril. But, to make assurance doubly sure, Joan was confronted with the highest dignitaries of the church—the more subtle members of the universities—but her answers to these high personages were clear and to the purpose.

“If God intends to deliver France, where is the use of fighting!”

“The help shall come while we are fighting,” replied Joan.

“What sign have you to give us?” said one of the friars.

“The sign that I am to give,” said the girl, “is the raising of the siege of Orleans, and to see the king crowned at Rheims.”

Joan was now installed as a knight with great ceremony; a splendid milk-white courser was brought forth, upon which she mounted. She had a squire appointed, two pages and two heralds; a complete suit of armour was made for her; her sword was an ancient blade, bearing the mark of five crosses; her standard, designed by herself, was white, dotted with fleurs-de-lis; on one side was figured our Saviour, and on the other were inscribed the words, “Jhesus Maria.” When mounted on her snow-white charger, in her bright new armour, and with her banner spread before her, the people could not sufficiently admire her noble and warlike appearance; and the effect upon

the army was electric. It infused new strength into the weak, courage to the wavering; and thousands rushed to the standard of the maid who had long kept aloof from that of the king.

A great convoy of provisions was prepared at Blois, for the relief of the people and garrison of Orleans, who were now reduced to the greatest extremity; and a convoy of soldiers, roused by the enthusiasm which Joan inspired, gladly volunteered to carry it to the besieged city, Joan being their leader. The news of Joan's approach soon reached the garrison, who, believing that Heaven had appointed them a deliverer, summoned up all their remaining energies to fall upon their enemies. They attacked the enemy by a sally, crying, "The maid from heaven shall save us!" and, under cover of this *sortie*, Joan and her escort safely entered the town of Orleans, and thus saved the city.

The English camp was now as sad as the city of Orleans was joyous. The soldiers had heard of the wonderful maid, whom they believed to be an instrument of heaven. It was in vain for the Earl of Suffolk to say she was an angel of darkness, for this only made matters worse, as it frightened them the more. The consequence was, that the soldiers were paralysed, and in every skirmish they had with the French they always got discomfited.

Joan had already caused to be written a letter to the enemy, calling on him to depart; and now she determined to address the English by word of mouth. Mounting on a tower opposite to a bridge held by the English, she raised her voice, like a prophet of old, and told them to be gone out of France; that the hand of God was raised to destroy them; and that she was sent to drive them to the sea, and to give the crown to the rightful king. Sir William Gladstone re-

plied to her in words of abuse, and told her to go back and take care of her cows. Upon this she told him that his days were numbered: and the death of this knight shortly after verified her prediction.

Within the town Joan was revered as an angel from heaven by every description of people, and her conduct was calculated to preserve and strengthen this feeling. She was most constant at mass, and at prayer she rarely spoke without an allusion to her Virgin mother and the heavenly voices that inspired her; she denounced the vices of the army, and did all in her power to bring back the soldiers from their wickedness—so common to warlike times. The poor people crowded round her, and were thankful if they could only touch the hem of her garment, or kiss her feet.

But the siege of Orleans was not yet raised—the sign which was to declare Joan a child and minister of heaven. A brother of the French king approached the city with succours; Joan, at the head of a valiant band of warriors, went out to meet him, in spite of the English army, who remained paralysed in their trenches. On the same day, after she had lain down to rest, she suddenly awoke, sprung up from her bed, and called for arms. A divine voice, she declared, had told her to go out and fight the English. She took her banner in her hand, and rode to the gates of the city, and, beholding a Frenchman brought in, “No,” she cried, “I never could see the blood of a Frenchman without wishing to avenge him!” She instantly resolved to lead an attack upon the English entrenchments in person. She put herself at the head of the *sortie*, and, after a desperate fight of three hours, the English were repulsed, with great loss.

Two days after, a grand assault upon the English was resolved

upon. It began about ten o'clock, and, notwithstanding their superstitious fears, the English fought bravely, and, for a time, kept their assailants at bay; but, about two o'clock, Joan planted a scaling ladder against the English fortifications, and, mounting to the parapet, she was struck at the same moment by an arrow, and fell into the ditch below; but she soon appeared again on the wall, and, waving her sword, encouraged the French to the attack. The French rushed on; the English gave way, and the slaughter was dreadful. The same night Joan re-entered the city as a conqueror; and, during the darkness, the English blew up their works and retired from the city, or, in other words, raised the siege, according to the prediction of the maiden.

As soon as the siege was raised, Joan went from Orleans to meet the king, and was received with great honour. He now, by the advice of Joan, collected his army, and advanced upon the English, who were retiring. Paralysed with their fears, the English no longer fought bravely, and were slaughtered in heaps; and the cavalry, that ought to have supported the rest, fled from the field.

Immediately after the battle, the Maid of Orleans rode to the king, who, although he had taken the field, still kept his sacred person far from the scene of actual danger. Joan insisted upon his repairing immediately to Rheims, although the road to that city was almost entirely occupied by the English; and, after some hesitation, the king set out with a moderate force, consisting almost entirely of horse; as he advanced, the people rose in his favour, and, on the 15th of July, 1429, escorted by Joan and a host of priests, Charles made a solemn entrance into Rheims, and two days afterwards was anointed and crowned in the cathedral church.

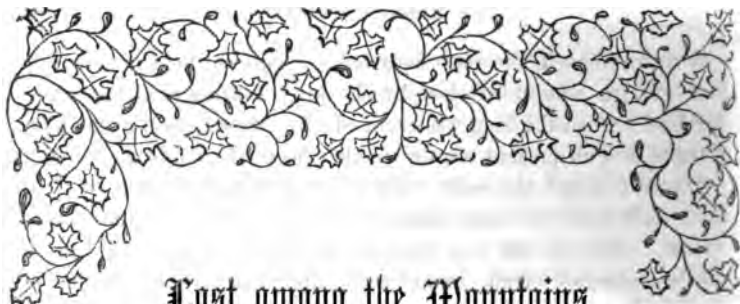
Next to himself, the most conspicuous figure in the ceremony was Joan of Arc, who stood close by the king, bearing aloft her white standard ; when the king was crowned, she threw herself at his feet, in tears, and all present wept when they heard the words she uttered.

“Gentle king,” she said, “now is accomplished the will of God, who would have you come hither to Rheims to receive your consecration. You are the true king, to whom the kingdom of France rightly belongs.” And, immediately after the coronation, she besought Charles to let her depart in peace, now that her mission was fulfilled.

When she was asked what she intended to do with herself, she said she would return to her native village, to her father and mother, who longed to see her again, and that then she would tend her flocks and herds, as she had done before. This modesty, this absence of all wordly ambition, gained her fresh consideration, and touched the hearts of all ; but the king granted not her wishes. Joan repeatedly declared her mission to be at an end, but the king thought her presence too valuable to be dispensed with, and, in opposition to her wishes, kept her as his instrument.

The story of Joan of Arc now becomes one calculated to draw forth commiseration. Its conclusion is reserved for another occasion.





Lost among the Mountains.

WE left Reuben in a sad situation among the mountains, and we must now recur to the situation of his father and mother and sisters. I have related that the young eagle-hunter went on his dangerous expedition without the knowledge of his parents, and that his elder sister alone knew of the cause of his absence. As the evening drew in, Mrs. Ramble more than once expressed a wonder that Reuben had not returned, but his father said, "Oh, he is on one of his rambles, he will be sure to find his way back when he is hungry."

"But something may have befallen him," replied the anxious mother.

And when Kate heard her mother speak her anxiety, her heart sunk within her, and, as she dared not reveal what she knew, fearing

that the knowledge of his perilous enterprise would create an alarm in the minds of both her parents, not easily to be allayed, she hoped that the lad would have the good sense not to remain away long after sun-set, and, without saying a word, she crept slyly out, and, mounting a hill behind the house, strained her eyes in the direction she thought her brother must take on his return.



The sun was setting in all his glory behind the Grampian Hills ; his golden rays cast a gleam of beauty around, not to be seen in our lowland countries ; and the beautiful heath, yellow furze and broom covering the sides and bases of the mountains, touched by the sun's departing beams, made them look like glowing coals of fire. But all this beauty fell dead upon the eyes of Kate, much as she loved to behold it, for her fears wrought dreadful thoughts in her mind regarding her brother. She imagined him lost, perhaps, in the gorges

of the mountains, faint, hungry, overpowered with fatigue, and without help; and she bitterly reproached herself in not opposing him in his determination and in concealing it from his parents. She seemed distracted, and wrung her hands in agony, while tears ran down her cheeks like rain from a pent-house. Without further consideration, she made up her mind to go at once to look after Reuben, and, hastily retiring to the house, she provided herself with a bottle of milk, and some bread, and, putting an old cloak round her shoulders, sallied forth, just as the sun had sunk beneath the horizon.

Luckily, she had taken notice of the direction which her brother had taken. She followed, as he had done, the course of the small rivulet, called a burn in Scotland, and, with a nervous and hurried step, and, with eyes fixed on every opening of the hills, in the expectation of seeing her brother emerge from them, on his way back, she passed into the dark gorge of the mountains, while the glooms of night gathered around her. After passing along for nearly two miles, she stopped to listen for any footstep or noise that might guide her in her search, but all was silent; she looked around her for anything that might indicate the direction he had taken, but in vain. After a few moment's hesitation, as to whether she should return or proceed, she determined on the latter course, and again pursued her way down the terrible pass of Cairn-gorm, which Reuben had taken. She had not proceeded more than half-a-mile, when her quick eye discovered, on the heather, a piece of paper which she knew to have been in the house the day before, and part of which Reuben had used as wadding, in loading his gun on the road. "He is this way; then I am right!" said the delighted girl; and then she stood still, and called with all her voice, "Reuben! Reuben!" but no sound was

heard but the echoes, which repeated to her ears the words she had uttered ; and all was silent again.

She quickened her steps, and went forward again, and, at every three or four hundred paces, stopped and called, "Reuben !" but there was no answer to her cries ; and, after calling out in this manner, many, very many times, the poor girl lost heart and strength, and, sitting down on a rock, burst into tears.

But when the flood of tears had passed, the little maid rose again, but the day was gone, the gloom of evening was about her ; still, being in the summer's prime, the nights are neither very long nor very dark in these parts of Scotland ; besides, the moon, which was then at the full, was just beginning to be seen over the side of the eastern Grampians, and shed a soft light upon the spot. Kate felt certain that she was in the right direction her brother had taken, but whether he was returning by the same path was the question that puzzled her ; he might, at that very moment, have reached home by another route, and, knowing his love of exploration, she thought it not unlikely that such must be the case. This conflict of opinion brought her to a pause, she seemed bewildered in thought ; she did not like to go back, and hesitated to go on. While in this dilemma, the wild scream of an eagle roused her, she looked upwards, and beheld a large one moving in circles round a jutting peak, at some distance ; and the girl immediately concluded that her brother had been in this direction, or that, perhaps, even now he might not be far off. She immediately hastened towards the spot at which she saw the eagle hovering, which, however, took her nearly half-an-hour to accomplish, and, at last, stood immediately under the eagle's nest.

There was one circumstance, owing to the excellence of her edu-

cation, which was of the greatest use to her on this occasion. She had been taught, from her earliest years, to use her senses; not only the sense of sight and of hearing, but she had been accustomed, also, to train and perfect the other senses in a regular manner; she now fancied she smelled the scent of gunpowder, and, directing her whole attention to this, and, moving upwards, under the rocks, she plainly perceived it. "Here he has been," thought the sagacious maiden, "here he has discharged his gun, and that not very long ago; he cannot be far off; I will call him again; 'Reuben! Reuben! hilloo!'"

The mountains again echoed, "Reuben!" then all was silent. After a pause, she fancied she heard a faint cry of "Here! here!"

She again listened, with the greatest intensity, and, after a long pause, called out again, in the shrillest tone she could form with her voice, "Reuben!"

"Why the shrillest tone?" I think I hear some of my young readers asking. This little girl knew that high notes were heard further and more distinctly than low ones, although much louder. Thus, you see, my young friends, that philosophical information and knowledge is always available in the commonest transactions of life.

Reuben, who had in part recovered from his stupor, yet, still unable to rise, heard these shrill notes of his sister's voice, and replied, in as strong a voice as he was able, "Here! here!"

Listening with great intensity, the girl was able to note with exactness the spot from which her brother's voice proceeded; and she attempted to reach it, but huge rocks intercepted her way; she endeavoured to force her way up their almost perpendicular sides, but, after several attempts, was forced to retrace her steps. She still,

however, kept calling out, "Reuben! Reuben! I am here! I will soon be with you!" and then she thought she heard a deep groan; which she really did, for the poor boy was in great pain.

Still determined to mount to the place in which she believed her brother to be, she squeezed herself through various crannies and clefts of the rock, till she had mounted to a considerable height; but great blocks of granite intercepted her further progress, and she had to turn to the outer part of the bold face of the mountain, which beetled over the valley below; but she heard her brother's voice, louder and louder, and, impelled by love and heroic courage, she, without hesitation, placed her feet on the narrow projections of rock, and, squeezing her fingers into the crevices, succeeded in passing, like a spider, over the frightful precipice. When she reached its utmost edge or corner, she could just perceive her brother lying as if dead; and the sight so affected her, that she gave a loud shriek, and would have fallen headlong, had she not retained her presence of mind.

Aroused by her cry, the old eagles soared from their nest, and came fluttering down upon her. The male made a swoop at her, and the poor girl had no alternative but to jump at once down to the spot where her brother lay helpless. She made the spring, and alighted on her feet, while the eagle made another swoop at her.

Reuben uttered, as loud as his strength would allow him, "Kate, load the gun and kill the eagle!"

Luckily, Kate knew how to load and fire off a gun, and, with the quickness of thought, she put in the powder and the shot, and, just as the eagle made another swoop, the heroic girl fired;—and whack came the dead body of the bird upon the rocks.

"Hurrah! hurrah!—oh! oh! oh!" said Reuben.

"O you foolish boy; you wicked boy; how could you be so silly?" and then Kate burst into tears; then fell on her brother's neck and kissed him.

"Kate, Kate, don't cry; why, you have killed an eagle; give it to me, give it to me; don't let it lie there, perhaps it isn't dead and will fly away."

Before Kate could reply to this request, Reuben had made a great effort, and managed to crawl to the spot where the dead eagle had fallen, and to seize it with avidity. "Hurrah! hurrah!" said he again, "we have killed an eagle!"

"Leave the eagles!" replied Kate; "I am sure I wish all the eagles had been dead years ago! A pretty state of mind father and mother are in; they are, no doubt, seeking you everywhere by this time, and me, too. How are you ever to get home?"

"Thank God, it is no worse!" replied the boy; "but, now you are come, just help me to set my leg; I know the bone is broken, for I heard it snap, and, besides, I can feel the place; it is not the great bone, it is only the small bone, that runs at the side of the leg, and, if you can take off your sash ribbon, I can bind it up so as to keep it in its right place, till the doctor can see it."

Here, again, you see, my young friends, that the little knowledge of anatomy Reuben had acquired, by attending to the instructions of his father, was of great use to him; for it enabled him to know the exact nature of the damage that was done to his leg, and how to apply a temporary remedy.

The leg was bound up; but, before this operation was performed, the moon had sunk behind a cloud, and a storm was evidently getting up; the air, too, was very cold. There was no possibility of the

young people getting back; little of any one finding them in that remote situation. This Reuben had foreseen from the first; and, now that a storm seemed to be brewing, the first thought he had was to provide for his sister's and his own safety.

"It rains;" said she; "it will rain harder; we shall be drenched to the skin."



"No, we sha'n't!" replied Reuben; "here is my knife; there is plenty of heather a little below, in the swale, there; cut as much heather as you can, and pile it over me; then make a hole, and creep into it yourself, and we shall be as warm as if we were in a feather bed."

Kate saw the propriety of this, and immediately set to work, and soon cut up a large pile of heather, which she raised over her brother in a conical form, leaving just room to creep in, when the whole was finished. Almost before this rude shelter was completed, the rain came down in torrents; but the two children were protected from it,

and also from the cold, bleak air of the mountain. Overpowered with fatigue, they both fell asleep, and never woke till it was broad daylight, and the sun was shining full on their heather bed.

We must now turn for a few minutes to Mr. and Mrs. Ramble. The loss of their son, as the day closed in, was, of course, a serious grief, but the loss of Kate was still more calculated to distress and annoy them; besides, it divided their attention, for they did not know whether to go in search of one or the other. They suspected that the girl was gone after her brother, but had no positive proof of that; and so the father and mother remained in the greatest horror through the night; they had sent scouts over the hills, in all directions, and, as soon as day broke, Mr. and Mrs. Ramble were themselves upon the mountains. As they proceeded up the valley, they were, however, soon relieved from suspense—they saw two men bearing a body on a litter, at a little distance, and Kate at its side. Mrs. Ramble uttered a groan of agony, and sunk down by the way-side, for she thought that it was the dead body of her son. "My son is dead! my son is dead!" she cried, in her anguish, as the litter drew near her.

Reuben raised himself up, and called out, "I am not dead, mama, but I have killed an eagle; and here it is!" he continued, holding it up in both his hands.

"You have nearly killed me, you wicked boy!" replied she; "I shall never forgive you!"

"And, depend upon it," added his father, "you shall suffer for this imprudent freak."

"I have suffered, dear father, very grievously; I am very much bruised, my leg is broken, my nose is slit, and I have lost a bit of my ear; don't scold me, for that will be worse than all."

"My dear, dear, boy!" said his mother, and began to kiss him as if she would stifle him.

"Well, I think you have had a pretty good dose," said his father.

"But I have killed an eagle!"

"Not you; you forget;" interrupted Kate; "it was I who killed the eagle."



"And so it was," said Reuben; "but I found the nest, and had a good battle with them."

"Yes, and came off worst in the encounter; I think you ought to say nothing about your feats this time!" said Mr. Ramble.

"You are quite right, my dear father;" returned the boy; "sister Kate is the true heroine, after all; what I have done has only been a freak of adventure, hers, a performance of duty!"

"I hope, my son, that your misfortunes will be a lesson to you; you had no right to destroy these eagles—they are free tenants of the

mountains—it is more their domain than yours ; you are an intruder upon their native rights—an invader of their home—a destroyer of their young ! A boy with a truly noble spirit would rather see the monarch of the feathered race sitting on his mountain throne, enjoying his solitude and grandeur—which none but eagles know—than see him like that dead carcass, there, without life or motion. What can be the pleasure of that curbed wing, that sunken eye, that cramped claw, to you ? But how grand, how sublime, must it be to see him soaring over the mountains with his free pinions, and to hear his loud cry of defiance to the storm ! Shame on you ! shame on you ! The dead bird does you no credit, but shows you to be a tyrant ! I am ready to love you less for this exploit ! ”

Thus Reuben was humbled in his eagle-shooting at last ; and the story may show that it is at all times very dangerous to act without our parents’ knowledge and without their advice ; it shows, also, that one false step leads to many ; and I would, as a closing remark, endeavour to impress upon my readers the principle, that “ a truly noble mind never seeks to destroy anything that God has made, for the purpose of gratifying his will, or as a means of pastime or sport ; and that those who do so may look for retribution, from the winds, the waters, the sea, sky, air and earth, who are all God’s ministers in the cause of his creatures.”



THE MIDDLE LIFE OF TIMOUR.



TOLD you I would say something more about Timour the Tartar, whom I shall now call Tamerlane.

Tamerlane was now in danger of being a spoiled child of fortune. He had reached the summit of reasonable ambition, but this passion, like many others, makes itself an appetite by what it feeds on; and the conqueror, believing himself to be an instrument in the hands of his Creator, thought the whole world ought to own his power. He was accustomed to say that, as there is only one sun to illuminate the universe, so there ought to be but one king to hold sovereign sway and masterdom over mankind; so he put himself at the head of a vast army, and began to think himself little less than a god.

At the head of this horde of soldiers, composed of the nations he had conquered, and attended by the princes and most valiant generals of the age, Timour burst forth like a meteor over the country of Khorassan. Mounted upon an enormous elephant, and surrounded by both European and Asiatic warriors, the conqueror charged his enemies on every side, routed them in several battles, subduing every town that came in his way by the mere terror of his name. But the mountain tribes of the country opposed him with great spirit, and fought for their native hills inch by inch. Intranced with this bravery, Timour is reported to have said, "I am confident this nation must be mine, for it is of my spirit; we are made for each other, and I will make it my right arm. The best of horses are not easily broken; the boldest stag is not easily taken; it is my ambition to be a monarch of lions, and not of hinds." When these brave people at length submitted, Timour, in opposition to the spirit of the age, which doomed to destruction and slavery those that resisted, nobly applauded their heroic conduct, granted honours and emoluments to their leaders, and thus made the Khorassans his eternal friends. This is an act that makes a man deserve the name of great more than fighting; and thus it is that moral force always triumphs over physical force.

Tamerlane was now at the height of what is called in this world "glory." His court was that of the supreme sovereign of the Eastern world; he was surrounded by the great and mighty of the earth—emirs and sheiks, descended from Mahommed, and by dependent kings and princes. And now it was that the madness of ambition made the conqueror forget that he was mortal, and caused him to lose sight of humanity—that heart of flesh which keeps man from being a monster. Inflamed by conquest at every step, he

subdued Persia, Georgia, Armenia, Turkestan, and the surrounding states, with the intention of subjecting the whole world to his yoke. From Ispahan, the capital of Persia, he carried his victorious arms into Russia, and penetrated into the northern parts of Muscovy. Astrakhan, Moscow, Tobolsk fell into his power; and, turning back, he advanced with his army to Bagdad.

The sultan's army was encamped before the city, on nearly two leagues of ground; it was gathered from the remotest corners of the empire, to arrest the progress of the conqueror; but, as soon as they saw a cloud of horsemen in the distance, and noticed the simultaneous rush of the grand division of Timour's army, the Bagdadians were seized with a panic, fled, and were scattered like the leaves of a forest in a winter hurricane, while Tamerlane entered Bagdad in triumph.

Success having attended the arms of Timour in every direction, through the agency of his various generals, and distant countries, both to the east and the west, having acknowledged him their lord, Timour set apart a great day of rejoicing and festivity, to celebrate these triumphs, as also the birth of a grandson.

On this occasion, he ordered a splendid banquet to be prepared; and the magnificence displayed was the wonder of the eastern world. The tents erected for this august repast covered three leagues of ground. That reserved for the entertainment of the principal guests, the princes, generals, khans and governors, and in which Timour presided, was nearly a thousand feet in length and five hundred broad, sustained by many hundred pillars, and surrounded with galleries, while the majestic area was left for the performance of various important ceremonies.

Everything being prepared, and the whole regal enclosure filled to the very roof with the most powerful princes of the times and their wives and families, together with his numerous public officers, great captains, lords and ladies, Timour advanced from his head quarters, about a league distant, seated upon an enormous white elephant; hung above him was a splendid canopy of pure gold, glittering with immense precious stones and surrounded with a blazing crescent of most brilliant diamonds; the elephant was also richly caparisoned, and his housings were of rich crimson velvet, embroidered with gold; his head gear was that of a monarch, for he wore, above his forehead, a sort of diadem, overshadowed with ostrich plumes.

Before him marched a strong squadron of Tartar horse, in their most splendid habiliments, with their crimson saddles and cloths of gold; those who rode on them being armed with the sword, and shield and spear. To these followed a phalanx of active bowmen, on foot, twelve deep, with their banners and "horsetails" floating in the air, while the loud roll of the sturdy Tartar drum seemed to rouse every heart.

Next appeared another splendid group of officers and captains, richly habited, bearing above a hundred banners, taken from the various enemies of the empire; and, immediately after them, companies of black horses, carrying, under gorgeous canopies, various articles of costly spoil, the result of recent victories. Coffers of gold, utensils of silver, sacred jewels and vestments, royal armlets, the marks of supreme authority, and coronets of gold.

Twelve heralds now appeared with silver trumpets, and, at the regular distance of every twenty paces, the whole cavalcade stopped,

while the heralds sounded their trumpets in a prolonged clang, and then cried, "Make way for the monarch of all the earth!"

A great crowd of horseman followed the heralds, dressed in the richest clothes: they were the highest khans and officers of the court. In the midst rode the principal emir, bearing the great sword of state, and around him clustered the various public functionaries, each bearing the insignia of his office, and followed by turbaned mufti, in white or in green robes.

The sons, the nephews, and near relations of the emperor came next, armed to the teeth, and with drawn scimitars. These were mounted on milk-white palfreys, with trappings of green—the sacred colour—and ornaments of pearls, cowries and gold. They were flanked by eunuch slaves, and guarded by a numerous body of gigantic blacks, dressed in loose robes of the purest white; and immediately following these came the Emperor Tamerlane, on his splendid white elephant. As he passed, the immense multitude congregated to witness the brilliant cavalcade, immediately fell to the earth in prostrate reverence.

In this pomp Tamerlane came to the grand hall of ceremony, and, everything being prepared, the emperor entered the place by the lower door, and, proceeding through the midst of the glittering assembly, dressed in gorgeous attire, with his royal crown on his head, the sceptre in his hand, the inaugural bracelet on his arm, the whole multitude burst forth into the loudest acclamations.

Advancing to the upper end of the apartment, he ascended by twelve steps the throne that had been prepared for him, and placed himself in a glittering chair of diamonds, whose coruscations were so intense, as almost to conceal his person in a blaze of light, which

flashed on every side. The moment he was seated, a loud shout shook the building, which was caught up by the soldiers without, and repeated from rank to rank, in so many echoes; and now the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, in fierce acclaim; and, when silence was procured, Tamerlane rose, and, advancing to the front of the steps of his throne, held up one hand, in token that he desired to be heard; he addressed the assembly after the following manner:—"There is no god but God! He is the light of the world; the fire of a brave man's heart; the glory of the just. To Him alone be praise, although he needs it not! to Him be glory and power for ever, who hath it evermore! Nations, powers, people, children, I am, through the might and power which has been given to me by God, your ruler, your king, your father. All that I have is yours; my strength is gathered for you; my glory is your glory; I hold nothing for myself alone; I will sustain, I will support, I will defend you in the strength of God!" He then paused awhile, and cast down his eyes to the earth; at last, he resumed his discourse, and said, "Hear me, my children;—I have done evil; to some men I have done wrong; I have often forgotten the God who made me, and my days are passing away as fleeting clouds—the night cometh swiftly—but, while the sun of my heart shineth, let me be faithful. God is God!—there is none other. His name it is mine to spread to the east and to the west, and to the north and to the south, and to bring all nations to him with a strong hand and a mighty arm. I will go forth, as a thunderbolt, and destroy the temples and the idols, and all the foul things that breed among them, and hunt the despisers of the prophet even to the crannies of the rocks. Follow me in my mission as the wild horses follow their chosen captain, and

I will conduct you to victory, and to power, and to glory, and give you empires for your inheritance ; and the whole earth shall declare that the kingdom of the prophet is God's ! ”

The loudest applause followed this address (which is given at great length by Al Suter, the Persian historian) ; and, upon Tamerlane seating himself, a thousand swords flew from their scabbards, and, in an instant, many of the captains, officers and khans rushed towards the foot of the throne and fell prostrate, in token of their readiness to follow Tamerlane wherever he would lead them.

Music of a softer kind was now heard, and the banquet was served up in the midst of the area. After the repast was finished, dancing took place in a space immediately before the throne, and the most beautiful women of Persia and Circassia were seen in the most fantastic dances. When the dancing was over, a series of combats commenced between young men of different tribes, first on foot, and then on horseback, and Tamerlane awarded to the victors the prizes, making a suitable speech to each. The entertainment closed with another oration from the emperor, and the distribution of magnificent presents to his generals, and grants of territories they had conquered. Tamerlane then mounted his horse and advanced to his army, which was drawn up on the plain without, and who received him with the loudest acclamations. He reviewed his troops, distributed prizes to the soldiers, and then retired to his more private dwelling house.


Seventeen days followed, in which feasts and festivities were given by the family of Timour ; after which, he advanced to Samarcand, where he took up his residence and built a splendid palace in a beautiful garden, at the north of the city. It had a pavilion at each corner, built entirely of the most beautiful malachite ; the court was

paved with marble, and the walls, both within and without, covered with porcelain; all the doors were inlaid with tortoise-shell, and the cornices and mouldings of the apartments decorated with jewels; the garden was laid out, with the greatest symmetry, into *parterres* of flowers and fruit-trees; the alleys were planted with palms and sycamores, while fountains, lakes and cascades made the whole an earthly paradise.

But this did not produce happiness in the heart of Tamerlane; his spirit was one of activity; he was soon tired of a voluptuous life, and his mind burned still for conquest. The great empire of China was coveted, and he determined to conquer that mighty empire. His campaign into that part of the world, and of his latter days, will be the subject of my next chapter.



THE GOLD FISH.

N globe of glass and crystal tide,
A graceful golden fish did glide,
And seem'd, within its waveless sea,
As happy as a fish need be.
But all at once, with sluggish pace,
It moped along its watery race,
Searching around the glass in vain,
As if in discontent or pain ;
And, though the tide was cool and clear,
And its young guardian held it dear,
Still, with a sad and sullen eye,
Its finny bosom heaved a sigh,
Desiring some companion gay
With whom to gamble and to play,
Neglecting still to comprehend
The *stranger might not prove a friend.*
And so its master, ever prone
To make another's woe his own,
Indulged the discontented pet,
And bought the first gold fish he met ;
And in his globe, so pure and cold,
He put the new fish with the old.

But how the sequel shall I trace
And tell how soon that stranger base
Destroy'd that trusting, silly fish,
Whose only fault had been a wish
With some gay guest or thoughtless mate
Life's narrow seas to navigate?

Then they who saw its death-closed eye,
All dim beneath the waters lie,
Might think they heard a plaintive sigh,
Soft to their hearts this moral send,
"Be careful how you choose a friend!"





William Wallace; the Hero of Scotland.



IF anything, my young friends, can justify the cruel practice of war, it is the fighting for the liberties of one's country. The right of a people to make their own laws is inherent in every community of men. Those who deny them their rights are tyrants; those who will not resist are slaves.

We are indeed blessed in this country, where there are neither tyrants nor slaves, and where all men enjoy the greatest possible share of liberty; where our monarch herself obeys the laws as much as the poorest of her people; and where the same laws that govern the poor and weak also bind the rich and powerful.

But this has not always been the case, and much blood has been shed in the cause of liberty before Englishmen could obtain just laws; and, now that we have them, we are disposed no longer to fight

concerning the continual improvement of these laws, according to the spirit of the age, as it advances ; and we shed no longer blood, but ink, and, instead of putting on the breast-plate and drawing the sword, we arm ourselves with a few strong facts, and, drawing the sword of argument, we rush against the would-be tyrants, and they fall.

Such is our knight-errantry ; but yet it is pleasing and heart-stirring sometimes to recur to the heroic men of days gone by, in those iron ages, when charges were made by "hard knocks" instead of "gentle speeches ;" and, amongst the foremost of those men, to whom the title of HERO is so justly due, stands William Wallace, the Hero of Scotland.



Dear is the name of Wallace to the Scots. In many parts of Scotland, woods, trees, caseades, caverns, have the name of Wallace

associated with them. This occurs in a particular manner along the banks of the Clyde, of which district Wallace was a native; and here the warm-hearted, enthusiastic Scotchman speaks of him with red blood in his cheeks and bright fire in his eyes.

Wallace came forward at an interesting period. On the death of Alexander III., his infant grand-daughter, commonly called the Maid of Norway, having become Queen of Scotland, Edward I. of England immediately conceived the idea of uniting the two crowns, by obtaining her in marriage for his eldest son. He soon secured the consent of the great nobles who were her guardians; but the death of the princess, on her passage from Norway to Scotland, at once disappointed his ambitious views, and opened the inheritance to various competitors, all of whom ultimately merged in the superior rights of John Baliol and Robert Bruce. These two competitors derived their right from two daughters of the Earl of Huntingdon, he having died without male heirs. Margaret, the eldest, was the grandmother of Baliol; and Isabella, the second daughter, was the mother of Bruce. It was contended by Baliol that he, being descended in the elder line, ought to succeed; but Bruce maintained that he stood in a degree of nearer consanguinity to the throne. From the temper of the competitors and their partizans, a civil war seemed inevitable; it was, therefore, agreed to refer the business to the arbitration of the English king. Edward accepted the mediation, and then requested the states of Scotland to meet him at Norham. He did not, however, attend in person, but sent Roger le Brabazon, the chief-justice of England, who, in his name, told them that the king, his master, in summoning them to that place, designed only to submit to their consideration such matters as would tend to preserve the peace of the

kingdom, which, as sovereign lord of Scotland, it was his duty to do, and, that this might be done with the more tranquillity, he, in the first place, demanded of the states to recognise his feudal superiority.

The states of Scotland were astonished at this communication. The king of England had no right whatever to the claim of superiority he thus coolly set up, and therefore they required time to consult with the absent prelates and barons, that they might be the better able to return a uniform answer, in a matter of so much consequence. Edward affected to be surprised that they should require any time to give an answer, and allowed them only one day to deliberate. On the following day, however, they insisted upon a longer time, and he granted them ~~three~~ weeks, during which time they went to prepare whatever they had to object to his pretensions.

At the end of three weeks the states again met, but returned no answer on the subject of feudal superiority; and the chancellor of England, assuming that his master's right was acknowledged, addressed himself to Bruce, and demanded whether he would acknowledge the king of England for the sovereign lord of Scotland, and receive justice from him as such. To this Bruce replied in the affirmative. Baliol not being present, Thomas Randolph, the master of his horse, stood up, and, alleging some excuse for his absence, requested that he might be allowed to answer next day, which was allowed accordingly; and the same answer was then given by Baliol himself.

After this ceremony, the English chancellor again rose, and protested, in the name of his sovereign, that, although the king of England on this occasion acted as sovereign lord of Scotland, he did not thereby intend to depart from the hereditary right which he might

have to the crown of that kingdom, or to exclude himself as to the property; that he, indeed, expressly reserved to himself the liberty to prosecute his right, like the other competitors, when and how he pleased. As soon as the chancellor had done speaking, the king himself, who was present, repeated the same protestation.

Edward then represented to the competitors that it would be in vain to give sentence in favour of one of them, if it was not in his power to put it in execution. He therefore demanded the possession of the fortresses, in order that he might be able to deliver the kingdom to the person who should be declared king. To this the competitors consented, as if their bare pretensions to the crown had empowered them to dispose of the realm.

In the meantime, the states of Scotland began to recover from the astonishment with which they had been overwhelmed by the audacious pretensions of Edward; but he, having attained his end, so far as legal forms would accomplish such an object, deemed it no longer necessary to consult them, and ordered the competitors to meet him at Berwick.

After many adjournments and delays, Edward at last solemnly pronounced judgment in favour of Baliol, and adjudged that he should be put in possession of the kingdom. Baliol was soon after solemnly crowned at Seone; and all the barons swore fidelity to him, except Bruce, who was not present.

Baliol had no sooner done homage to Edward after his coronation, than the English monarch soon took means to make him feel his dependency upon him. This produced great discontent in the mind of Baliol, who allied himself with France during the war which at that time broke out between England and that country.

Edward, highly exasperated at this conduct of Baliol, collected a vast army, with a resolution of making an entire conquest of Scotland. To tell my young friends of all the events that followed through this war would be to write a large portion of Scottish history, which is not my aim; a few instances, however, are necessary, to complete the picture of Edward's unprincipled political craft.

Baliol, on hearing that Edward was determined to make war on him, gathered together a numerous army, and met him at Dunbar. A furious battle ensued, in which the Scotch were defeated with great slaughter. This victory seemed decisive of the fall of Scotland; all the principal forces were given up, and Baliol came to Edward, at Kincardine, with a white reed in his hand, and formally resigned to him the crown of Scotland, to be disposed of according to his pleasure. This resignation was also signed by the greater part of the barons of Scotland, and sealed with the great seal of the kingdom. Baliol was soon after sent prisoner to the Tower of London, but was afterwards removed to Oxford, where his father had founded the college which still bears his name.

Although the nobles of Scotland meanly submitted to the domination of the English king, the commons displayed a different spirit, and resolved to resist the oppressor. While Edward was in possession of all the strongholds in the kingdom, and his creatures were lording it over the natives with undisputed sway, William Wallace appeared. He was the son of a knight of ancient family, Sir Malcolm Wallace, of Ellershe, in Renfrewshire.

Wallace had all the qualities of a popular hero—a stature and a strength corresponding to his daring courage, and also many intellectual endowments; he possessed military genius; and he had at

command a stirring though rude eloquence, and in every way a wonderful power of reaching the hearts of men, and of drawing them along with them; above all, he possessed an enthusiastic patriotism, and a fierce and unextinguishable hatred of the English domination.

It is the glorious distinction of Wallace that, while all others despaired of his country's cause, he did not; that, while all others submitted to the conqueror, he remained a free man; and that, when liberty herself was almost dead, he came forth to awaken her to deeds of glory and renown, and thus showed, by an example precious to all time, that even in the worst circumstances nothing is really gone for ever, when the spirit of enterprise and effort is alive.

Wallace first distinguished himself in the month of May, 1297. At this time he was merely captain of a small band of marauders, most of them, probably, outlaws, like himself, accustomed to infest the English quarters by predatory attacks; and many castles did they seize by dint of the most heroic bravery, combined with stratagem; and, being successful in these predatory incursions, his party soon became numerous, and he was joined by Sir William Douglas.

Ormesby and Cressingham were the chief functionaries who ruled the Scots under the appointment of Edward, and both made the unhappy natives feel how much they were enslaved. Both ruled with the utmost severity, and only thought of amassing treasures for themselves. Wallace resolved to punish them for their injustice and oppression; but Ormesby got notice of his intentions, and fled into England; his example was followed by many of the English officers, which gave such hopes to the Scots, that they took up arms all over the kingdom.

Edward was at this time at war with France, and was absent in Flanders ; but he transmitted orders to Earl Warrenne, an English general in high command, to collect an army of forty thousand men, and march into Scotland. Warrenne came suddenly upon the Scotch, at Irvine, before they had time to collect their forces, or were prepared to defend themselves. Many of the Scotch nobles, who had joined the rebellion, were so alarmed, that they instantly submitted to the English general, and again swore allegiance to Edward. Wallace and his followers alone remained unsubdued and undismayed, but, finding himself too weak to give the enemy battle, he marched northward, to prolong the war, by availing himself of the natural defences afforded by the mountainous parts of the country.



Warrenne followed northwards with the English army, and, on advancing to Stirling, he found Wallace encamped at Cambuskenneth, on the opposite banks of the Forth, and immediately prepared to attack him. Before the English force could get at the Scotch, it was necessary to pass a narrow bridge over the river. Wallace seized

the advantage which this circumstance gave him :—he permitted one half of the enemy to pass over unmolested, and then attacked them before fully prepared for battle. They were thus soon thrown into confusion ; many were driven into the river and drowned, the rest took to flight, and were overtaken by the swords of the enraged Scotch, who gained a complete victory.

Among the heaps of slain Cressingham was found, and, so hated was he by the Scots, that they flayed the dead body and made saddles and girths of his skin. Wallace was now regarded as the deliverer of his country ; and his followers appointed him regent of the kingdom. The disorders of war and unfavourable seasons had caused a famine at this time in Scotland, and he therefore determined to march into England, to quarter his army upon the enemy, and to revenge all the injuries his countrymen had received. His soldiers joyfully followed him in this expedition : he led them through the northern counties, laying everything waste with fire and sword ; and, after he had extended his ruin as far as the bishopric of Durham, he returned to Scotland, covered with glory and laden with spoil.

The success that now attended this illustrious man, though it inspired the public enemy with dread, did not fail to awaken the envy and jealousy of some of his countrymen. The nobility, especially, repined at seeing a private gentleman surpass them both in worth and reputation. Wallace, sensible of their discontent, and dreading the ruin of his country, from their intestine divisions, with disinterested magnanimity, voluntarily resigned his authority, retaining only command over that body of followers who refused to act under any other leader. Edward having resolved to avail himself of this schism among the Scots, and to redeem the advantages which Wallace had

gained over him, marched with a great army of a hundred thousand men into Scotland, and overtook the Scottish army at Falkirk.

The Scottish camp was filled with contentions about who should command, and before the point was settled, the onset of the English convinced them that they had deliberated too long. The English archers, who, at this time, began to surpass those of other nations, first charged the Scottish bowmen from the field ; then showering in their arrows among the pikemen, threw them into disorder, and rendered the operations of the English cavalry more destructive. The whole Scottish army was shattered ; but, in the general rout, Wallace had preserved his presence of mind, and his ranks, confident in the skill of their commander, retired unbroken behind the river Carron.

Robert Bruce, son of the competitor of Baliol, who had already given many proofs of his military genius, but who served in the English army, seeing Wallace on the opposite banks of the river, called to him, and desired a short conference. He began by representing to Wallace the fruitless and ruinous enterprise in which he was engaged ; he urged the unequal contest between a weak state, deprived of its head, and agitated by intestine discord, and a mighty nation, ruled by the ablest monarch of the age, and possessed of every resource for the support of the war. The answer of the Scottish champion was worthy of his genius, when Bruce insinuated that Wallace entertained views of the crown. " I disclaim," said he, any such ambitious thoughts, " for neither my birth nor fortune can entitle me to command it, and my mind never desired it ; but you by your negligence, to whom that ancient diadem of right belongs, made my fellow-countrymen, when they found themselves destitute of faithful followers, choose me to assist them to vindicate their

rights, and I fulfilled the trust which they committed to me. The nobility have, however, used me unjustly, and but for their envy, I should this day have had a hundred thousand bold and cheerful



warriors in the field. (His whole force did not exceed ten thousand.) I am weary of life, and rather desire to die than to see the misery of

my native land. But the love I bear my country bids me live, till her freedom is accomplished, and her rightful monarch fills the throne."

The nobleness of these sentiments filled the generous mind of Bruce, and opened his eyes to the honourable path pointed out to him by Wallace, and he secretly resolved to seize the first opportunity to espouse the cause of his distressed country.

After the battle of Falkirk, the Scots, though defeated, were still in possession of the northern part of the kingdom, and soon became again formidable to the English. They chose John Cumming for their regent, and made many incursions into those parts where their enemies were masters. Sir John de Legrove, whom Edward had left guardian of Scotland, led an army against them in three divisions. The first division was attended by the regent, and routed with great slaughter; a few escaped, and gave warning of the approach of the victims. The second division prepared to revenge the defeat of their countrymen, but the Scots fought like lions. The English, too, fought gallantly, but at last the Scots were again victorious, and chased the English to their third division, which was now advancing to the relief of their companions. Many of the Scots fell in the first two actions. Most of the survivors were wounded, and all of them dreadfully exhausted with the continued fight; yet, flushed with success, and furious for revenge, they again charged the English and drove them from the field.

Notwithstanding that the Scots obtained several successes of this kind, Edward at length succeeded for a time in subduing all opposition to his sway. He led another great army into their country, which it was in vain to resist, so formidable was it in appointment and numbers. He marched triumphantly from one end of the king-

dom to the other. All the nobility, and even Cumming himself, gave in their submission. The castle of Brechen, alone defended by Sir Thomas Maul, made a gallant defence, and did not submit till the governor was killed.



Edward now conceived that he had made a complete conquest of the kingdom, but he did not think it secure so long as Wallace was

alive ; he, therefore, tried every expedient to discover his retreat, and, if possible, to get his person into his power. Edward had often attempted to corrupt him, but his constant reply was, "that he had devoted himself to his country, and, if he could do it no other service, he would die in its defence." At length, however, what Edward's power was unable to effect, was accomplished by the treachery of one of Wallace's own friends. He had confided the place of his concealment to Sir John Montith, who made it known to Edward. Wallace was, therefore, seized, carried in chains to London, tried by the English lords, as a traitor and rebel, and condemned to be executed on Tower Hill. The hero died as he had lived, suffering the extreme sentence with dignity and fortitude, and denying the power and authority of Edward to the last. The mean spirit of revenge which dictated the trial and sentence, was even seen in the carrying it into execution. The body was cruelly mutilated, the limbs were carried to different parts of the kingdom, and the head placed on London Bridge.

Such was the end of the most illustrious man of the age in which he lived, who deserved to be compared with the most celebrated characters of ancient times, both for the greatness of his mind in encountering dangers, and for his wisdom and valour in overcoming them. In love to his country he was second to none, for in defence of the public cause he was neither to be seduced by rewards nor intimidated by power, and, while the nobles of the land submitted to be slaves, he alone was determined to be free.

The example of heroic virtue displayed in the conduct and character of Wallace was not lost upon his countrymen. The spirit of resistance was deeply instilled into the nation at large, and, though

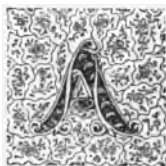
subdued for a time, it soon after burst into a flame, under a new leader, who conducted the Scots to victory and to vengeance.

The lesson to be learned from the history of Wallace is this,—that death for one's country, under oppression, is a thing not to be feared by any good man ; and that, although fortune may at times not favour those who devote themselves to their country's service, still posterity and the opinion of mankind will do them justice, and that it is better to die and afterwards live in the gratitude of mankind, than to live a few years, and to leave a name behind loaded with infamy.





THE OLD AGE OF TAMERLANE.



AMBITION has been compared, my children, to a circle in the water, which, by its wide spreading, spreads itself into nought; and, if we consult the pages of history, we find that those who wish to be everything, very often end in being nothing.

Tamerlane was, of course, very ambitious, and, being ambitious, he was not content with half the world; he wanted the whole of it; and therefore he determined to snatch that vast country called China, with its multitude of people, by whose aid he hoped that he might walk over the rest of the creation.

He, therefore, took the field with a large army, crossed the Indus, and, when he arrived within two leagues of the great city of Delhi,

he prepared for a pitched battle, and, as a preliminary step, consulted the astrologers of his camp as to the most favourable moment for beginning the attack. These wise people entreated him to delay it; but this advice not suiting the conqueror's determination, he told the magicians that he defied the stars; that the Governor of heaven and earth had given him a sagacious mind, which enabled him to look upon the aspect of earthly things, and from them to infer the best moment for his actions. God is in my mind, and, if He were not, hear what saith the Koran, which he opened and read, "Thou shalt go forth like a lion in the night, and seize thy prey in the darkness."

This conference took place late in the day; and the Indian army, which lay in front, supposed it was not Timour's intention to attack them till the following morning, and relaxed their vigilance; but, just as the sun was setting, this great conqueror sounded the charge, and the principal division of the army marched to the attack.

Timour's soldiers were frightened at the sight of the Indian elephants, which, fully armed, with large towers upon their backs, filled with bowmen, came against them in masses, making hideous noises. They imagined that neither the arrow nor the sword could penetrate their bodies; that they were so strong as to overthrow trees by only shaking the earth as they passed along; that they could push down the firmest building, and that in battle they could throw man and horse to a vast height in the air. This alarmed the soldiers so much, that they ran away from the elephants.

To dissipate their fears, Tamerlane called to him two of his sons, and a band of about fifty men; he then leaped on his own horse, with which he charged boldly at the first elephant, which, however, threw down the horse of the emperor with its immense tusks, and was about

to take up the rider with its trunk, that it might dash him to pieces. Tamerlane, however, still active, aimed a blow at the trunk of the animal, and cut it in twain. Uttering a loud cry of anguish, it turned back, and, rushing in wild rage among the others of its breed, occasioned the greatest confusion and consternation.

The soldiers of Tamerlane seeing this, rushed boldly to the attack, and elephants and horsemen, bowmen and heavy-armed infantry, fell in pell-mell confusion; thousands fell, to be trampled to death by the flying elephants, and thousands more perished by the hands of the triumphant victors, who, wearied with slaughter, fell down exhausted among the dead and the dying. In the morning, the victor advanced with his army before the walls of Delhi.



The city of Delhi was, at this period, one of the most beautiful cities in the world. It contained, at the time of Timour's irruption, two millions of inhabitants, and its revenue was nearly five millions sterling. The imperial palace, which was considered the wonder of

the world, enclosed a space three miles in circuit, filled with magnificent buildings, a great number of sumptuous palaces, temples and public buildings. It was the chief depository of the wealth of the empire.

It was on the 4th of January, 1399, that Tamerlane entered this great and magnificent city, and, when he beheld the luxury and wealth with which it abounded, he feared the enervating effect that such an Elysium would have upon his hardy soldiers, so he issued his mandate for its destruction, and gave it up to plunder. The dreadful work of pillage soon commenced; the city was set on fire, and utterly razed to the ground, and the few inhabitants that remained were made slaves.

The true tyrant now appeared in Tamerlane. His troops laid waste all before him, and the terrified inhabitants were massacred in the rocks and mountains to which they had fled. The whole country was devastated, temples and monasteries were razed to the ground, and chapels and mosques erected in their room.

Tamerlane now turned his army against Syria and Egypt, and advanced to Damascus; and his soldiers, whose excesses he had now scarcely the means of controlling, broke into the city, slew the inhabitants, carried off the spoil, and set the place on fire, which was soon reduced to ashes.

Tamerlane now turned his arms against Bajazet, emperor of the Turks, who was his great eastern rival; over whom he obtained a complete victory, by attacking him suddenly before daylight. The Turkish emperor was soon after carried off by a fever. Timour, who had behaved generously to him, bewailed his death with tears, and gave his son liberty; he then buried Bajazet with the greatest pomp.

The invasion of China was still uppermost in the thoughts of Tamerlane, and, calling together his council, he addressed them in a most remarkable speech. He said, alluding to the eastern historian, "Hitherto my ambition has been to make conquests, to extend the limits of my empire; but something speaks in my heart and says, 'greater things than these can be done.' The empire of God is to be



established; but the sword cannot conquer this kingdom. God is just and merciful, full of goodness and truth. I would be the shadow of God—the reflection of his brightness. I am grown old in victory; my hairs are grey, but God is in my heart, and lifts it up. Let me

do justice to every man, lest the oppressed meet me at the day of judgment, and the wronged hang to my robe, when I would mount to Paradise."

This was a strange speech from a man who had spent a long life in dethroning princes, usurping kingdoms and destroying cities; but it teaches us that the voice of God will make itself heard at last.

Having established the strictest order and justice in his dominions, he announced his intentions to make a new war upon China. "I am resolved," said he to those around him, "to be now a soldier of God, to lead my troops against idolatry. The next war is a holy war. It is for the cause of God and the prophet.



The army set forth in the midst of winter, and thousands perished on the march. Multitudes had their limbs frozen; but no obstacle could

daunt the spirit of the old warrior, and his spirit animated every heart; but One greater than himself ruled all. Just as he reached the frontiers of China, the finger of God arrested him, as if a voice had said, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud course be stayed."

Tamerlane was now suddenly seized with a mortal distemper. He thought he heard a voice calling on him to repent, and he began his work by a multitude of just enactments and deeds of mercy. At last, he perceived death to be approaching, and ordered dust to be sprinkled on his head, in token that he was ready for the grave. He then called to him his family, nobles and friends; and, when he saw them bathed in tears, he said, "do not weep for me, but pray for me, for I am going to appear before God. My sins are numerous; I require multitudes of prayers; pray for me."

He then laid still for some time; but he suddenly raised himself on his bed, and, in a loud, strong voice, said, "I am going hence, but you remain. I call upon you to be bold and fear not; protect the weak against the strong; do right to all. He then took from under his pillow the imperial crown, and, calling to him his grandson, Mehemed Jehan Gher, to kneel before him, and placing it upon the head of the youth, called upon those present to acknowledge him as his successor. He then called for the Koran, and made all present swear fidelity and obedience.

He then placed the Koran in the hands of one of the learned doctors, who stood beside him, and told him to read certain passages, which he appeared to have marked many years before, to comfort him in his last moments. These expressed rewards to the faithful, and held out hopes of heaven to those who had spread the religion of

Mahomet. In the evening, he continued to repeat these incessantly, and expired, saying, "There is no god but God."

Such was the end of one of the most extraordinary men that ever appeared. In his person he was tall and corpulent, had a broad forehead, an agreeable countenance, and wore a large beard. He had broad shoulders, his fingers were thick, and he had long legs; his eyes were full of fire, his voice loud and piercing as a trumpet; he feared nothing; and, at his death, his understanding was sound and vigorous, although more than seventy years old.

Timour was a foe to dissimulation, and would not endure a lie. He despised cunning and subterfuge, the stay of weak minds. He spoke and acted the truth at all times. The device on his seal was, "I am sincere and plain." These, and not his conquests, are what made Tamerlane a great man. Let us emulate these virtues, and, in contemplating his character, admit that he was an instrument in the Divine hand for important purposes, of which our finite minds cannot discern the issues.





Joan of Arc; the Maid of Orleans.



HE mission of Joan was ended; she had shown the French how to conquer their enemies; she had taught them to have faith in God; she had led them to look upon female purity and virtue as an incentive to heroism and loyalty. All that now remained was for the French king to follow up his success; and Charles turned upon Paris, but the walls were defended by a small but determined garrison of the English. The Maid of Orleans was put forward, to lead the assault; but her white banner was no longer victorious; she was wounded and thrown into a ditch, where her repulsed companions basely abandoned her. She crawled out of the ditch, and lay for some time alive among the dead; then, rising, she waved her banner, and cheered on the soldiers to a fresh attack; but the soldiers lost heart, and still fell back by troops, till

she was left alone. Some better spirits, ashamed to see a woman stand her ground, while the main of the army skulked behind some mounds of earth, where they were safe from the enemy's fire, moved forward and tried another assault; but they were driven back in the greatest confusion, and fled, bearing the Maid with them.

It was now evening; and the whole force marched away to St. Denis, where Charles had remained the whole day. It was evident that Joan's influence was declining, and that even the common soldiers were no longer inspired by her presence. A few days before the unsuccessful attack on Paris, she had found some of them com-



mitting the most shameful disorders, and she beat them soundly with the flat part of her sword, which broke in twain. It was the miraculous blade, marked with the five crosses, which had been discovered in the church of St. Catharine. She was grieved at this accident;

but the soldiers were more than grieved, for they were disposed to think it an unlucky omen,—that her virtue lay in her sword, and that it departed when the sword was broken; besides, they were weary of her system of morals. Captains, as well as men, laid the whole blame of their recent failure upon her. “You are a false prophetess;” they cried; “you said that we should sleep this night at Paris!” “And so you would,” said Joan, “had you fought as I fought!”

Every day convinced Joan that her mission was ended. She no longer heard the soul-cheering voices that used to awaken her to dreams of hope and inspired her with confidence; she went to the abbey church, and hung up her suit of white armour before the shrine of St. Denis. But Charles compelled her to attend his fortunes, thinking she might still be of some use.

Not being able to make any impression upon Paris, Joan marched to Compeigne, which was besieged; and she fought her way into the city with great spirit. On the same day she made a sortie, and fell upon the enemy's lines; she surprised one of their positions, and killed a great many men, but the whole Burgundian force collected to a point, and drove her back. With her usual intrepidity, she threw herself into the rear of her now flying host, faced about, and fought, in order to check her pursuers; thus, fighting and retreating, she nearly reached the gates of the town; but there she was unhorsed by a powerful company of knights, and her troops, without pausing to rescue her, basely fled over the drawbridge, and closed the gates upon her. Joan in vain tried to defend herself, and at last surrendered herself a prisoner, and was carried in triumph to the hostile camp.

Joan now languished in a prison. Her friends forgot her, and her enemies, who conceived her to be the cause of all their reverses,

longed to reduce her to ashes. She was accused of being in league with the Prince of darkness ; and priests, and lawyers, and lettered men were summoned from all parts, to examine her, and, if possible, convict her of sorcery.

For sixteen days Joan was sharply questioned by these people, who twisted her answers into every possible meaning. Though frequently puzzled by the long, hard words they used, Joan pleaded her cause with great spirit ; at times confounding the doctors with her prompt and clear replies, and her plain good sense ;—for still, on all points but one, she was perfectly rational.

When questioned upon her attachment to the Roman Catholic church, she said that her whole life bore witness in its favour, that she had been constant in her duties and ceremonies, even in the midst of war and carnage. But they drew from her an admission that she would not submit to the ministers of that church when her "voices" ordered to the contrary. This sealed her fate ; and articles of condemnation were drawn up against her.

After undergoing trying examinations in the court, the Maid was tormented in her cell by monks and confessors ; and the poor maiden was staggered by the array of bishops, doctors and devout priests, and she begged the mercy of the church ; virtually acknowledging, as it was interpreted, her crimes. The decree was at last announced to her, that these were to be expiated by the purification of fire. Poor Joan ! Infamous judges !—but not half so infamous as the kingly wretch, Charles, who made not the least effort to save her.

On the 24th of May, Joan was brought up to hear her sentence. It was known that her mind had been confused and confounded, and every means was adopted to render the scene imposing and terrific,

in order to make her confess in public crimes of which she scarcely knew the name. She was placed on a scaffold in the cemetery of St. Owen, and at a short distance stood a stake, surrounded by fagots. The bishops and doctors sat in a gallery opposite to her, and a priest mounted the pulpit to preach, while the executioner stood by with his cart. The churchyard was crowded with French and English soldiers, and citizens of Rouen. The preacher dwelt long upon the sins of heresy and sorcery; and Joan listened in silence so long as the sermon dwelt upon her own character; but it was otherwise, when the preacher attacked Charles, the man who called himself a king. "Speak of me," said the noble-minded girl, "but sully not the sacred name of the king—he is good and loyal; he is a Christian, the best in France." This, however, was saying a vast deal more for the king than he deserved.

"Make her hold her tongue!" cried the Bishop of Beauvois. The Maid was silent, and the priest continued his discourse. In the end, Joan submitted. A paper, containing a renunciation of her errors, was then put into her hand, and she was obliged to sign it with a cross, to save her life; her punishment was then commuted into perpetual imprisonment and a penitentiary diet of bread and water; and, after being made to thank the church for its mercy, Joan was re-conducted to her dungeon, where she put on the dress of her sex, as she agreed to do, her male attire being considered as the worst feature of her heresy.

But when the solemn trial and the horrid stake and fire of execution was no longer present, and no bishops, doctors, or friars were near to puzzle and bewilder her, her mind became again affected with its old enthusiasm. She still fancied that angels hovered round her,

and she again heard voices floating on the silence of the night. She examined her own heart, and felt that she was innocent of wrong; she prayed fervently to Heaven; she recalled all her former glories; she longed to have again her foot in the stirrup and her hand on the white banner, to be once more fighting for the independence of her country. She meditated, in all probability, an escape; and, having been found one morning in the dress of a soldier, it was considered as a proof of her relapse into heresy; and it was determined she should DIE.

On the 30th of May, only seven days after her abjuration, she was put into the executioner's cart, and carried to the old market-place of



Rouen, in the centre of which was a stake, and on the sides scaffoldings and galleries erected for the doctors, bishops, priests, and other

select spectators. At the sight of the stake and of the fagots which were heaped round it, Joan shuddered and wept, but, by degrees, she recovered her self-possession, and said that she hoped to be that night in Paradise.

The cart halted under the wooden gallery in which were seated the great Cardinal Beaufort and the French bishops. A monk delivered a short discourse, which reproached her with her backsliding, and which ended with these words, "*Go in peace, Joan, the church can no longer defend thee!*" The poor Maid knelt and prayed



aloud fervently, though in tears. Much as he hated heresies, and hard-hearted as he was supposed to be, the Cardinal Beaufort could not bear this lamentable spectacle; he rose from his seat, followed by several bishops, all shedding tears, like himself.

The more rancorous of the priests and her enemies then covered her with the livery of the inquisition—a garment painted with flames and devils; then fixed on her head a black cap, which bore the inscription, “HERETIC.”

They then forced her to the centre of the square, tied her to the stake, and set fire to the fagots. As the smoke and flames rose around her, Joan was seen embracing a crucifix; and the last word she was heard to utter was the name “Jesus!” When the fire was burnt out, the attendants of the execution carefully collected the ashes, and threw them upon the placid surface of the Seine, which flowed close by.

Such is the story of Joan of Arc. It exhibits very strongly the spirit of the age in which she lived, and proves that the religion of our blessed Saviour may be horribly perverted by fanaticism and ignorance. There can be no doubt whatever, that Joan is entitled to the highest rank among patriots, and that she preserved, in the midst of the dangers, both of courts and camps, a spotless innocence, and an unsubdued courage, constancy and virtue.



MY MOTHER.



FTEN into folly straying,
 O, my mother, how I've grieved her ;
 Often heard her for me praying
 Till the gushing tears relieved her ;
 And she gently rose and smiled,
 Saying, " God will keep my child ! "

She was youthful, then, and sprightly,
 Fondly on my father leaning ;
 Sweet she spoke, her eyes shone brightly,
 And her words were full of meaning.
 Now, an autumn leaf decay'd ;
 I, perhaps, have made it fade.

Well, whatever ill betide thee,
 Mother, in them I will share ;
 In thy sickness watch beside thee,
 And beside thee kneel, in prayer.
 Best of mothers, I will love thee,
 With the smile of God above me.



Something about Emigration.

WHETHER TO GO AND WHITHER.



WHETHER to go—why go. Take a map before you, my young friends—a map of the world. Put your fore-finger on the little red spot called England, which you can most likely completely cover, if your map be a moderate one. Look to the west, and there lies unexplored ranges of mountains, rivers, forests, savannas, plains, lakes, seas. Look to the south, there South Africa invites you. Here, according to Mr. Sidney Smith, the best authority for such matters, are 200,000 square miles and 1,300 miles of sea-coast, and where lie high ranges of hills, peaks and tablelands, valleys of great fertility, and where the lion, river-horse, panther, elephant, wolf, porcupine, quagga, ostrich, await you as friends or foes. Then trace your way along the map to the great southern

ocean, extending from the 34th to the 48th degree of south latitude, and from the 166th to the 178th degree of east longitude, and you have New Zealand and its dependent islands, with 8,000 miles of coast-line and 70,000,000 of acres; and here the climate is delightful, the vegetation exuberant, the forest-scenery being rich and magnificent beyond description, while stupendous mountains, with innumerable rills pouring down their verdant slopes, their feet washed by the ceaseless South-Sea swell, their flanks clothed with the grandest forests.



Let us now turn our eyes to that large extent of territory called Australia—the largest island in the world—a complete continent, as the Irishman called it, surrounded by water. It is from 2000 to 3000 miles long, from east to west, and from 1700 to 2000 miles broad, from north to south, and contains 3,000,000 of square miles, with a coast line of 8000 miles. The climate various, the produce equally so; in one part, we have tropical plants of the greatest grandeur, and in another our own English vegetables thriving luxuriantly. In Tasmania, or, Van Diemen's Land we have a climate greatly

resembling that of the south of England, and everything that thrives in our old country will thrive there, while the country produces immense forests of timber, and many of the trees are so fine, that some of them measure 150 feet stem, and are thick enough to drive a coach from end to end of the stem, when cut down and squared.

Above all places, Tasmania is the place to go to. Here a family or a young man will not be quite removed from artificial life, while he will have ample opportunities of leading a life of enterprise and activity. Were Peter Parley a young man, he would emigrate; and therefore he writes these few pages to impress upon his young friends the advantages of a new country compared with those of an old one. In old England we have much to love, much to cling to; but "awa in the sooth" we have much more to enjoy and to hope. Let my young friends, then, have an eye upon emigrants and emigration. Hereafter I intend to give them an account of some young emigrants, and show how some young gentlemen, brought up in the lap of luxury, were made to shift for themselves.



THE serpent is one of the most remarkable of animals. Allusion is made to it in the most ancient and the most holy of all books; and there can be little doubt that the worship of the serpent was common for many centuries among the nations of the east, and that records of its worship are to be found among the nations of the west, in Druidical circles, and carvings in stone. It would be a most interesting subject of study to trace the worship of the serpent through past ages, and to collate it with the sacred records, and other ancient books. Peter Parley is now too old to attempt this, but he bequeaths the task to some of his young readers.

Speaking of serpents, in a general point of view, there are few groups of animals more varied, or more universal. Some are in length only a few inches, while others are fifty or sixty feet long;

and, if we give credit to the stories of the sea-serpent, would measure a couple of hundred. There is the terrible boa, the dangerous rattle-snake, hooded serpents, naked serpents, asps, snakes and vipers, *cum multis aliis*.

Of the great boas I have often spoken; they are very formidable, and will wind round a stag or even a young bull, and crush his sides with their strong grip. The rattle-snake is as dangerous for his poison as the other is for his strength. It is found principally in America and the West India Islands. It feeds on birds, squirrels, mice and rats, and such small animals. At the end of its tail is a series of horny rings, the number of which increases with age, one of them being added every year. When startled, it springs its rattle,



as a warning for its enemy to flee; but, should its aggressor be bitten, scarcely any medicine will save his life, so active is the poison, that, in a few minutes, or even seconds, death results.

The common viper is the most dangerous reptile in Great Britain; and it is curiously formed. On each side of the upper jaw, instead of the outer teeth, are two or more long fangs, attached to moveable bones, connected with the jawbone, and moved by a peculiar muscle. When at rest, these fangs incline backwards, and are covered by a fold

of the skin; but when used, stand erect. The tooth is pierced with a long hole through its whole length, the base of which is imbedded in a bag, into which the poison is poured from the gland which secretes it. When the serpent bites, the pressure upon the tooth forces the poison through the tube, and it is lodged in the hole made by the tooth.

Previous to making an attack, the animal coils itself round, raises its head and neck, bends the latter back, and then darts its head forward, and strikes its fangs into the enemy with the greatest quickness and force. The poison soon affects the victim, who, if a small animal, generally dies in a few minutes; larger ones are some time before they die, and often live for several days. When a man is bitten, it is necessary to apply the most active antidotes to the venom, or death would be the result. The common viper is the same snake which is frequently called the adder.

The stories told about serpents, snakes and vipers are very many, and of course very wonderful; and a great number of them are doubtless true. I heard of a gentleman, who, while in the act of drawing on his boot, found a viper at the bottom. He had the presence of mind to force his foot in lightly, and then to stamp several times on the ground; when, finding all still, he ventured to take his boot off again, in which the reptile was found dead. Another gentleman told me that, when he was in the West Indies in a bed, entirely covered with musquito curtains, on awaking at daylight, he saw a small poisonous snake sleeping at the top; and, while he was considering the chances of its falling in upon him, and whether he ought to get up and try to kill it, a much larger snake climbed up the bedpost, and, seizing the smaller one, dragged it down and devoured it.

In the "Travels and Adventures of Charles Durand," a little book

full of interest, an account is given of a cockatoo and of a serpent. The former was of extraordinary sagacity, and was the companion of Charles through many wanderings; its name was Billy. It was perfectly tame and tractable, and would eat out of any one's hand who treated him gently. He used to attend on a sick man; and would bring him bunches of grapes, refusing to eat one till the poor man had begun them; and, on one occasion, when Charles was dying of thirst, he pecked open a cocoa-nut for him, that he might drink the milk.

“On the same journey, the faithful bird had an opportunity of being of signal service to his little master, and perhaps of saving his life. Charles was asleep in his tent, and the cockatoo, as usual, was perched by his side. Day was just dawning, but the bird had not yet made its morning cry, though he had opened his bright eyes, and was busy in arranging his feathers and the fine tuft which ornamented his head. Suddenly, in a tone of great anger, Charles heard him call out, ‘Time to rise, time to rise,’ and then screamed out in his own natural manner several times. He looked up, and saw the enraged bird flapping his wings, and his keen eyes fixed on some object by the side of his bed. It was a deadly serpent, that had glided under the curtains of his tent, and was now coiled up, with its head erect, preparing to dart upon Charles, and inflict a mortal wound. The poor boy was at a loss what to do; he had no means of defence, and, if he had, he had little chance of preventing the impending blow; but the courageous bird sprang forward, and, with wonderful instinct and sagacity, seized the venomous reptile by the back of the neck, so that it could do him no injury, and held it firmly in his beak, in spite of all its writhings and efforts.

“Charles ran to the door of the tent, calling for help, and one of

the Indians came to his assistance, and, with one well-aimed blow of his short sword, severed the snake in two pieces. Billy then relinquished his hold, and the separate parts of the animal continued to writhe about for several minutes, till an Indian took a club and crushed its head."

No doubt our young friend would have died in a few minutes, had he been bitten by the serpent, and he was thus saved from a horrible death.

I will tell you more about serpents some other time.





The Electrical Light.

LIGHT! Is it a substance, or an undulation? Does it come from the sun in atoms, or is it only the waves of some ethereal fluid put in agitation? As philosophers are at issue upon this question, I shall not expect my young friends to answer me this year at least.

For some time past, many theories of light have been propounded; and, in regard to the light of the sun, a work on the motion of the planets recently published, attempts to prove that the sun himself is not matter, but a mass of electricity, which, by its attractive and repulsive powers, acts on all the bodies within its range. But I do not know how he accounts for the motion of the moon round the earth, as it seems to prove that the power which exists in the earth is analogous to that of the sun; at the same time, I have no doubt

but that the matter of the sun is of a very different nature to that of the planets.

But, leaving the sun for awhile, and the light which emanates from it, let us look at a few of the other kinds of light. There is the light of a fire, of a candle, of gas, of a glowworm and fire-fly, of putrid fish seen in the dark, of phosphorus, and, though last, not least, of electricity. It has long been thought that the light of electricity would some day or other be made use of for some practical purpose; and during the present year Peter Parley has seen it used as an illuminating power for lighting the streets of London.

The inventor of the electric light is Mr. Staite, who has studied the theory of light for a long time. I saw his wonderful light first exhibited from the Middlesex pier of Hungerford Suspension Bridge, and the light was exhibited both with and without the reflector. When the reflector was used, and the beams of light sent to any particular direction, the effect was almost supernatural—the Houses of Parliament, the Nelson Column, the tower of St. Martin's Church, St. Paul's dome, the bridges and the steamboats being rendered as clear as by daylight; and, when directed along the bridge itself, Hungerford Market and the crowds assembled there appeared as if illuminated by a sunbeam. From the market side it was almost impossible to look at the light, and the general observation was "it is a sun."

"And how was this wonderful light produced?" my young readers will inquire. Simply by a galvanic apparatus: but this apparatus is of too complicated a structure to be detailed here, and very difficult to be understood, without a vast number of drawings and explanations. It may, however, in brief, be said to consist of an electric or

magnetic current of light, generated by a regular galvanic battery, and brought into extreme intensity by nice arrangements of the illuminating part of the apparatus, and thrown between two points of carbon, in a stream of light.

There seems to be no limit to human invention ; and, as we have at the present moment our streets illuminated by gas running in tubes underground, it does not appear impossible that, some day or other, we shall have all London illuminated from the waters of the Thames !





Peter the Great.



PETER PARLEY is called by some people Peter the Great; he, however, always considers himself Peter the Little. He has no higher ambition than to be king of little children, and, if he governs, to govern with moral and not physical power. Peter Parley is a very poor creature, and by no means fit for anything besides what he undertakes to do, and sometimes he fancies he falls very far short of being what he ought to be.

There is one thing, however, that he feels great delight in, and that is, in telling true stories about truly great men; and the person, or personage, I suppose we must call him, of whom I am about to speak, was great in more senses than one. The person to whom I allude has been called Peter the Great; but the greatness of this king did not depend so much upon his success as a conqueror, as

upon his exertions for the improvement of his country, which he raised from a state of semi-barbarism to one of civilisation.

Peter was born on the 30th of May, 1672 ; and, at a very early age, discovered a great genius for improvement. It is said of him, that when any toy was put into his hands, he was not content with making it his plaything, but was continually pulling it to pieces to see how it was made, and what it was made of. As he grew older,



he became ingenious in making various things ; and it was a common practice for him to divert some little running brook from its proper channel, and form it into lakes or docks, and to build miniature bridges over it. Having seen the pictures of some ships, Peter soon made one like them of wood, and, although it consisted only of a plank and a few paper sails, it seemed to be the index of his mind, and to hold out an assurance of what he would do when he had an opportunity.

When Peter was very young, his eldest sister endeavoured to wrest

the throne from him; and would have done so, but for Peter's superior sagacity. An ancient custom required the future sovereigns of Russia to be present at certain festivals of the Greek church, in their most sumptuous habits of ceremony. To one of these his sister Sophia contrived Peter to be invited, with the intention of taking possession of his person, and then assassinating him. Peter penetrated this deep design, and suddenly left the assembly, by the advice of a General Gordon, a Scotchman, who, with all his foreign officers, formed a guard for the protection of his person. As soon as the plot was known, his nobles flocked round him, and his treacherous sister was banished to a convent, and ended her days in obscurity.

Peter's first undertaking for the good of his country was to form a naval force; and, being convinced of the truth of the old Russian maxim, "That he who would be a smith must work at the smithy," he determined to obtain practical lessons in the art. He set out on his celebrated journey to foreign countries, to learn the business of ship-building, April 1697, and arrived first at Amsterdam, where he worked as a common shipwright, unknown to those who employed him. From Amsterdam he went to Saardam, where he appeared in the dress of his own country, and caused himself to be enrolled among the workmen under the name of Peter Michaeloff.

During his sojourn at this place, Peter worked hard all day long; he lived in a little hut, and made his own bed, prepared his own food, while he kept up a correspondence with his government at home. He returned to Amsterdam, and there helped in the building of a ship of war of sixty guns, which he sent to Archangel. After this, Peter came to London, for the purpose of completing his apprenticeship; he engaged lodgings near the Deptford Dockyard; after

which, he took the house of Admiral Benbow. During his stay in this country, he applied himself to the study of naval architecture,



and his relaxation during the time was to sail up and down the river, trying the speed and sailing qualifications of boats of different build. His evenings were generally spent at a public-house in Great Tower-street, close to Tower-hill, to smoke his pipe with his Russian acquaintances and English friends.

After some time spent in this manner, and in inquiring into the British manners and laws, Peter returned to Russia, and devoted himself to the improvement of his empire. He laid the foundation of a new city near the sea, that a large port might be established, and

named it Petersburg. This is now one of the finest cities in the world.



The mansion in which he was accustomed to repose himself, after he laid the foundations of St. Petersburg, was a wooden cottage. This humble dwelling is sacredly preserved in Russia, and a large building is now erected over it for this purpose. His whole stock of moveables was confined to a bed, table, compass, a few books and papers. In the shortest days of the winter, while in these latitudes, the monarch was preparing his plans for the day's business from four o'clock in the morning, and very often he sat up the whole night in devising plans for the good of his country.

The royal table was always served at one; but it had little of royalty about it. His dishes were very few, and these of the hardy kind, such as a hungry man could relish. His ordinary food con-

sisted of soup, with *sauer kraut*, gruel, lampreys, cold roast meat and pickled cucumbers. Peter, however, was fond of a draught of good wine, and, it is said, that sometimes he drank rather too much; but he never made a habit of getting tipsy. He would have been little fit for business had he indulged in this wickedness.

Instead of the magnificent entertainments of the ancient czars, where the tables groaned under the massive plate and luxurious dishes, the emperor invited his officers to a common mess, where each paid his share. The viands were simple, and Peter took care that the appetites of his officers should give it a relish, by drilling them well before dinner in the open air, and by military evolutions on parade. When this did not take place, he would frequently make all join him in the game of "hard ball," which was a play something like our English cricket.

It was the ancient custom in Russia for the czars, or emperors, to give audiences to foreign ambassadors with great pomp and ceremony; but Peter conducted these tedious affairs with great simplicity, and, on one occasion, when the grand marshal and ambassador of the Prussian court wished to present his credentials to the ruler of this immense empire, he was conducted on board an unfinished ship. Upon his demanding, with great pomp, to be ushered into the presence of the emperor, the attendants pointed to a man, who was actively employed in attaching some ropes to the top of the mast. Peter, for such was the dexterous sailor, on recognising the ambassador, called upon him to ascend the shrouds, but the astonished and stately Prussian pleaded his inability to perform so dangerous a feat, upon which Peter, in true sailor fashion, ran down a rope, and held a conference with him on deck.

The vigorous mind of Peter was resolutely set against everything that had the least appearance of superstition, and he was the decided foe to all those who made a trade of deluding mankind. Information had been given him that, impelled by fanaticism, and by some jugglery of the priesthood, crowds of people were gathered together in one of the churches of St. Petersburg, to witness the sight of the miraculous tears of a wooden image, which represented the Virgin Mary. Peter hastened to the church, determined to expose the fraud. On his arrival, crowds of people stood before the figure, marvelling at the miraculous tears. Peter, with an axe in his hand, ascended the altar, hewed from its place the puppet, and, laying it bare on the steps of the altar, exposed the secret contrivances which the priests had invented for producing the assumed miracle.

The same good sense of Peter which endeavoured to defend the purity of the gospel from superstition, prompted him to secure justice to all his subjects. While he took care to encourage and reward the deserving, he, at the same time, punished with great strictness those who broke the laws. It had been a custom of the ancient czars, whenever they fell sick, to order the prison doors to be thrown open to robbers and murderers under sentence of death, under the vain hope that their impious prayers might arrest the stroke of death. This superstition Peter denounced, and when, on one occasion, he fell sick, and was called upon by the clergy to release the prisoners for his recovery, he replied, "do you suppose that my malady will be abated by the prayers of assassins? No; let the murderers, who are pests of society, die at once; for if anything can propitiate heaven, it will be justice done upon those who violate its laws."

Such is a slight outline of the character of a truly great man—a pattern both for kings and subjects; but Peter was not without many serious faults. He was very tyrannical in his way; but still he was a tyrant for good, and not evil, purposes. He was at times furious upon any opposition being made to his will, and not unfrequently belaboured with his cane those who opposed him; but his great efforts through life were for the good of his country.

Peter died at an early age, being only in his fifty-third year when summoned to give an account of his stewardship. After his death, his body was carried into the Imperial Hall, adorned with the vain symbols of greatness, and all had free access to kiss that hand which had been so much exerted in his country's honour. He expired on the 28th of January, 1725, in the forty-third year of a most glorious and successful reign.



THE OLD HEN AND YOUNG COCK.

A FABLE.

AS an old hen led forth her train,
 And seem'd to peck, to show the grain,—
 She raked the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
 And glean'd the spacious yard around,—
 A giddy chick, to try her wings,
 On the well's narrow margin springs,
 And prone she drops. The mother's breast
 All day with sorrow was oppress'd.

A cock she met—her son, she knew,
 And in her heart affection grew.

“My son,” said she, “I grant your years
 Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
 I see you vigorous, strong and bold;
 I hear with joy your triumphs told.
 'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread,
 But let thy ever wary tread
 Avoid yon well; that fated place
 Is sure destruction to our race.
 Print this, my counsel, on thy breast;
 To the just God I leave the rest.”

He thank'd her care ; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey,
And, every time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law.
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.

"Why was this idle charge?" he cries;
"Let courage female fears despise!
Or, did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or, does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolved; and dare th' event!"

This said, he mounts the margin round,
And pries into the depths profound.
He stretch'd his neck; and, from below,
With stretching neck, advanced a foe.
With wrath his ruffled plume he rears;
That foe with ruffled plume appears.
Threat answers threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
And, when he found his watery death,
Said this, while gasping still for breath,—
"I ne'er had been in this condition,
Had I but minded '*prohibition*!'"

MORAL.

Obey your parents; or, 'twill be your fate
To feel repentance when it is too late.



By SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

—♦—

SHE is a country girl, who is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all face physic out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellencies stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for, though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, which is far better wearing.

She does not, with lying long in bed, spoil her complexion and health, for nature hath taught her too immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with nature's harbinger, the cock, and

at night the bleatings of the lambkin is her curfew. In milking a cow and straining it through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter, for never came almond glove or aromatic ointment on her palm, to taint it.



The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet, when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that pulled them. Her fragrant breath scents all the year long of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and, when winter's evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the wheels of fortune.

She does all things with so sweet a grace, that it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, it being her very mind to do well. She bestows her year's wages at the next fair; and, in choosing her garments, accounts nothing so comely as decency, and cares not to flaunt in fine clothes but in honest habits. She dares go alone and unfold sheep from their wattled cotes at night, and fears no ill, because she knows none; and yet, to say the truth, she is never alone, but is accompanied by old sayings, pure thoughts and prayers—but short ones. Thus she lives; and all her care is that she may die in the spring time, to have stores of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet, or thrown upon her grave.



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